June 15th - - - Ten Cents

Maclean's

...azine



In This Issue: Canadian Stars in Hollywood — By Paul Morton



SIGNALS OF WARNING

Among the numerous methods used by the Indians to signal the approach of the enemy or the presence of game was the nightime flaming arrow. One meant 'Warning' Two meant "Danger!" Three meant "Serious Danger!" Inflammable material was wrapped around the arrow's head and ignited by the torch in the hands of a second Indian as the bow was bent.

NO arrow flames across the sky to warn you when your motor is threatened. The first signs of the costly troubles caused by lazy, anaemic oil are hidden. When they do appear...it is too late to do anything, except see your repair man.

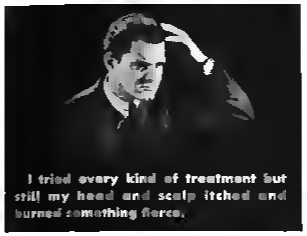
Your motor is safe with rich-bodied Red Indian Motor Oil—always. The highest operating temperature cannot break it down—the lowest cannot interrupt its free flow. Red Indian is wax-free—a 100% pure lubricant, tested and proved in laboratory and on the road.

RED INDIAN THE OIL OF ENDURANCE — **MARATHON "BLUE"** THE POWER GASOLINE

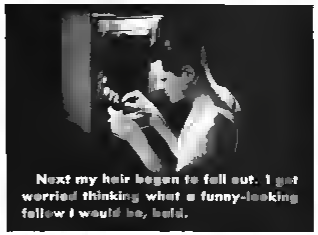
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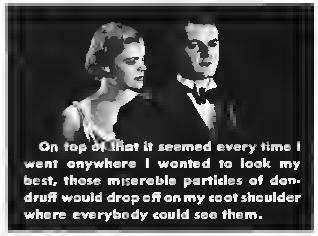
"Dandruff was driving me crazy"



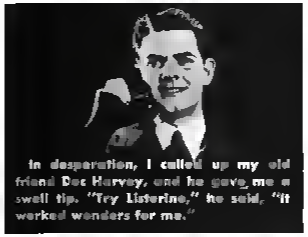
I tried every kind of treatment but still my head and scalp itched and burned something fierce.



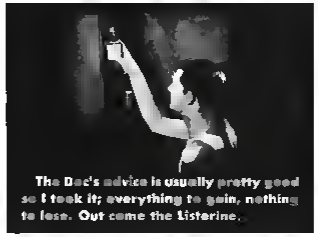
Next my hair began to fall out. I got worried thinking what a funny-looking fellow I would be, bald.



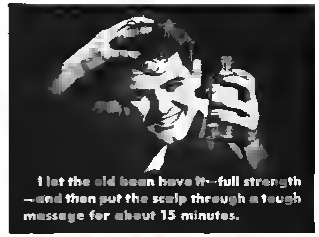
On top of that it seemed every time I went anywhere I wanted to look my best, those miserable particles of dandruff would drop off on my coat shoulder where everybody could see them.



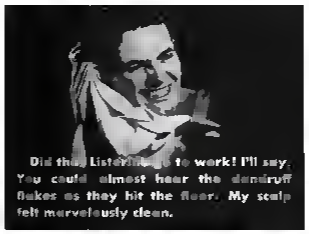
In desperation, I called up my old friend Doc Harvey, and he gave me a swell tip. "Try Listerine," he said, "it worked wonders for me."



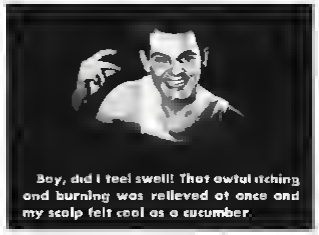
The Doc's advice is usually pretty good so I took it; everything to gain, nothing to lose. Out came the Listerine.



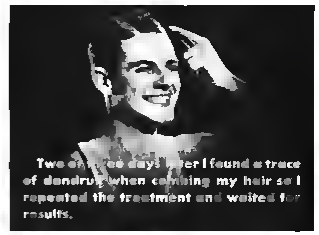
I let the old bean have it—full strength—and then put the scalp through a tough massage for about 15 minutes.



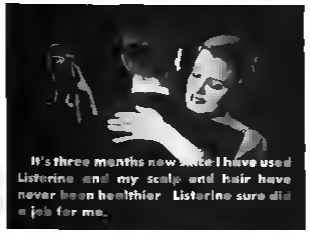
Did that Listerine go to work! I'll say. You could almost hear the dandruff flakes as they hit the floor. My scalp felt marvelously clean.



Boy, did I feel swell! That awful itching and burning was relieved at once and my scalp felt cool as a cucumber.



Two or three days later I found a trace of dandruff when combing my hair so I repeated the treatment and waited for results.



It's three months now since I have used Listerine and my scalp and hair have never been healthier. Listerine sure did a job for me.

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff, if your scalp feels hot and itchy, try Listerine now. Don't wait. Literally thousands of men have demonstrated to their satisfaction how quickly Listerine attacks ordinary cases of loose dandruff. It has often triumphed even against stubborn cases, but usually such cases are best treated by dermatologists.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *Toronto, Ont.*

NOT A TRACE OF DANDRUFF SINCE USING LISTERINE



PRODUCED IN CANADA

In the Editor's Confidence



¶ THIS WOULD have been a good day for aspiring authors who have been told by Uncle Clement that their stories are much better than those the magazines are printing, to come in and see us

We are in an expansive mood today For we have just floored Horace, the composing room messenger

This morning Horace having collected a bit of copy, lingered. Straightening his tie with inky fingers he announced, "I saw Mary Pickford in person last night '

We said we thought Miss Pickford would be overjoyed to learn that.

"I'll tell you something," said Horace rather belligerently "A lot of people don t appreciate what this country has contributed to the screen Look at Marie Dressler and Norma Shearer and Walter Hinston and Ruby Keeler and—

"True ' we said ' And Ned Sparks was born in Guelph and lived in St Thomas, and Fay Wray is an Alberta girl, and David Manners comes from Halifax, and Richard Travers was born in a Hudson s Bay Post in the Far North '

Horace's eyebrows lifted. "Well, what do you know about that?" said he, "I didn t know you was such a fan"

He departed A few minutes later the phone rang. It was Horace

"You're a great little kidder, aren't you," said Horace 'You just read all that information in that article you just gave me — Starring Canada by Paul Morton.

"It goes on page eight of the June 15 issue," we said and hung up



Testing Future Husbands

¶ "MEN" said Alethea Martin- ' are all darlings. For a time I adore them But there's always some thing wrong with them, and when I find it out—well, I just can t"

Which explains why Alethea, who was very good looking, had a good job and could eat even pastry without adding an ounce had not married She had four sisters with husbands, all of whom (the husbands) had serious flaws Such as a habit of sneezing heartily or leaving burning cigarettes on polished table tops

Then Alethea met Pat Apart from his irritating policy of steadfastly declining to eat fish and crawly things Pat seemed the best prospective hubby she had encountered But he had to be tested for faults and Alethea tested him by carting him around to the domiciles of each sister in turn in order that she might observe his conduct under circumstances most trying It was a sort of dress rehearsal and there really is no reason at all why we should hide the fact that "Dress Rehearsal" is the title of the attractively written story by Edith B. Delano which appears on page five of this issue.

Statistics, eh?

¶ EXCEPTING Mr Coats of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics we have felt up to now that if all the statisticians in the world were hid end to end it would be a good thing We feel that up to a point Mary Heart would have said Amen to that Because Heber Freeman Singleton Wace must have been a bit of a trial



Heber was compiling for the Fundamental Statistical Bureau a report on the Five Ingredients of Matrimony Mary was his secretary and no doubt she could have told Heber at the very beginning that his ingredients—Supply Propinquity Habit. Appearance and Character—wouldn't score correctly But Mary had to quit and throw undarned golf stockings in the face of Heber Freeman Singleton Wace before that young man discovered what was missing from his recipe Or it may have been Joe Jeffers who quickened his perception We leave it to Ruth Burr Sanborn, whose 'The Vital Statistic' on page ten is the liveliest statistical reporting these weary eyes have pored over in many moons

When Thompson came aboard the *Dolphin* in Suva, the schooner's crew eyed him with suspicion, for ' even his eyes looked as if they were hiding ' And if you don t think the voyage was an eerie one, turn to page fourteen and read "The Last Shall be First' by one of the best-known sea story writers on this continent—Arthur Mason

The Kangaroo Leaps

¶ IF IN the matter of falling in love, statistics don't carry much weight, there can be no question that they are exceedingly bothersome when it comes to a question of national debts and budget deficits. If you read our panel editorials inside the book you will have learned by this time that we get all worked up over debts and deficits

In suggesting that Canada needs a plan by which to straighten out her affairs we have in issues past referred to The Premiers' Plan by which Australia has booted the wolf from her door Now, on page thirteen of this issue, we present an article which tells in detail just what that plan is, how the Commonwealth has stuck to it and the results it has achieved. The author is T C Bray of the editorial staff of the Melbourne *Argus*

Some day, when we get around to it, we hope to examine the question of why it is that the Finns are such extraordinarily good runners. There must be a reason At the moment we content ourselves by introducing you to Dave Komonen. Dave is a carpenter working in the Frood Mine, where the nickel comes from A few months ago, he went down to Boston and won the famous Marathon so easily that he wasn t even breathing heavily when he finished the twenty-six mile gallop. His story is told by James Y Nicol, who edits the Sudbury *Star*.

Next Issue

¶ OUR COVER will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Jacques Cartier and, inside, T Morris Longstreth has written a sketch of the explorer that will make him an exciting figure even to the most modern young person.

Fiction for summer? Ah! Such refreshment in "Hello Lifeguard!" by Walter Haefeli, Junior such a tug at the old heart strings in "The Boys are Cowards," by Mabel W Betts; such adventure in "Voodoo" by Lew Dietz and such an amusing comment on life as it is lived in the Hollywood screen colonies in "No Romance," by K Haviland Taylor

Then Richard Finnie will tell us of some of the white folk who seized by the lure of the Arctic flatly refuse to leave it R T L will present another of his famous character sketches Henry Roxborough will look over Canada's entrants in the Empire Games and other articles will deal in breezy forthright fashion with things prominent in the news headlines

Plus all our regular features of fact fun and fancy.

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H. Napier Moore

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CONTENTS

Vol 47 JUNE 15, 1934 No. 12

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FICTION

DRESS REHEARSAL (short story) *Edith B. Delano*

THE VITAL STATISTIC (short story) *Ruth Burr Sanborn*

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST (short story) *Arthur Mason*

SECRET ENDS (serial) *Seymour Winston*

FORBIDDEN MEAT (short short story) *Louis Arthur Cunningham*

GENERAL ARTICLES

STARRING CANADA *Paul Morton*

OUR NEIGHBOURS *By a Politician with a Notebook*

HOW AUSTRALIA HAS DONE IT *T. C. Bray*

'ROUND THE GASPE *Alan M. Longstaff*

HOW TO MAKE MONEY GROW (Key No. 6) *Herbert N. Casson*

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

EDITORIAL

SHOTS AND ANGLES (The New Movies) *Candida*

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

MACLEAN'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

SPORT

DAVE KOMONEN *Jimmy Nicol*

HUMOR

AN INSIDE HISTORY OF CANADA *R. K. Hall*

WIT AND WISDOM

WOMEN AND THE HOME

FRANKFURTERS *M. Frances Huck*

STRAWBERRIES *Helen G. Campbell*

ASPARAGUS *M. Frances Hucks*

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The ANCIENT AND MODERN . . . !

JUST HALF A CENTURY ago the designers of the old Plongh Boy positively could not believe that anything more efficient would ever be devised Household Science was still unheralded, Electrical Engineering was in its earliest infancy But tremendous strides have been made in the past few years Household Science and Electrical Engineering have collaborated in perfecting this age-old domestic necessity Moffats 1934 Electric Ranges are striking results of this combination of science and engineering

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The man who sentenced himself– on circumstantial evidence

Fade into the night he sat there, worry gnawing at his heart.

It was that pain in his chest again. The pain that had been haunting him for several weeks. The pain he had told no one about, but had diagnosed, in his own mind, as evidence of a serious ailment—something that might make him quit work and completely change his way of living.

He hadn't seen his doctor. Inventing delays, he had put off going, he dreaded having his fears confirmed.

Fortunately, though, his wife observed that he had been worrying and *insisted* that he go.

He was a changed man before he left the doctor's office. For there he learned that the pain in his chest did not mean what he had feared it meant, the doctor assured him that his condition was not serious, but something that would yield readily to treatment.

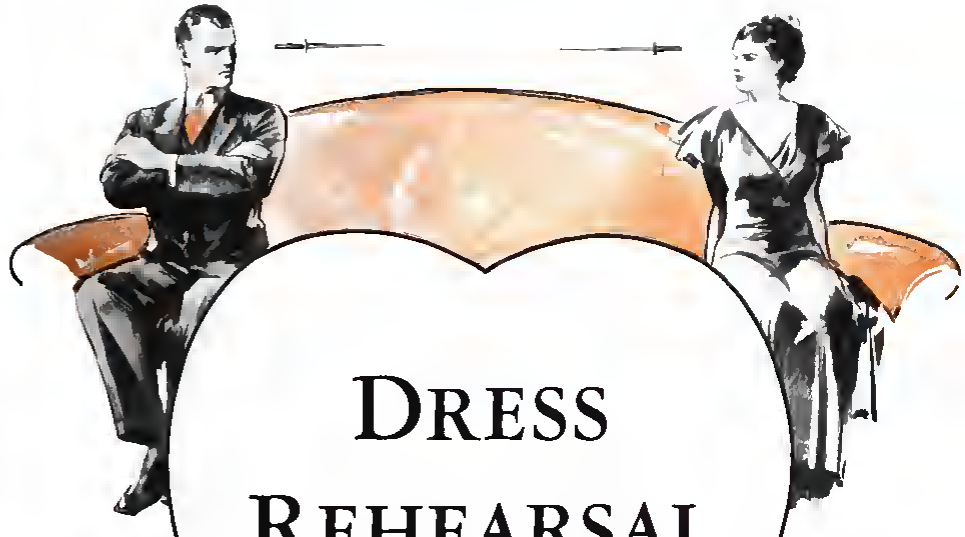
Diseases have warning signals. Some of them—like pain, discomfort, loss of appetite, and weakness—you can feel. Other signals, even more important than these, you are entirely unaware of. Only your doctor can detect them by careful examination.

Don't make the mistake of attempting to interpret and diagnose your own ills. Occasionally you may exaggerate their importance and, in so doing, give rise to needless worry. But you are much more likely to make the serious mistake of minimizing the trouble. That is how diseases which might be cured easily in their early stages are allowed to gain a dangerous foothold.

To you, a warning signal should mean merely that *something* is wrong. Leave it to your doctor to say *what* is wrong and what should be done about it.

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Editor H. NAPIER MOORE **Maclean's** Associate Editor W. A. IRWIN
JUNE 15 1934



DRESS REHEARSAL

By Edith Barnard Delano

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

THE FIFTH GIRL of the Martin family turned out to be Alethea.

Eight years younger than the sister who had next preceded her, she was, of course, possessed of the frankly realistic attitude of her contemporaries. She had crisply curling hair that was a warning, as her sister Grace remarked—Grace was the one who had all that alimony—every body knows that a woman with hair like that can get away with murder. She had a job that she was not in the least afraid of losing and she shared a very neat apartment with Molly Pearson, a studious mouse of a girl who was for ever attending night classes and therefore did not get in the way. Alethea had a debonair way with her, of course, there were plenty of men. Taking it all in all, her sky seemed to be cloudless; but there was one small patch of darkness that loomed up every so often.

'For goodness sake, what's the matter? Betty Clement, the wife of her boss and her own closest friend, demanded one lovely day. They had met for luncheon, and Lee had ordered something creamy *au gratin*, being one of those creatures who can eat all they want of anything and not put on half an ounce a year. Mrs. Clement was lunching on tomato salad and Melba toast, but that did not wholly account for the acerbity in her voice. 'Though I suppose it's the same old thing, she added. 'When you have off your rouge and put on eye-shadow in the daytime. I know what you've got on your conscience again.

Lee shook her head. 'It's not my fault, she affirmed. 'It never is.

Mrs. Clement sniffed.

'Which one is it this time? ' she demanded.

Lee's expression was pensive.

'I think Phil Howard is going to fall for that red headed Hennway girl, she murmured. 'I had them to supper Sunday. She had on a peach of a thing. Green.

'I knew it! You lead a man on and then you—

'Why, Betty, I don't!

'You lead a man on, Mrs. Clement repeated firmly, 'and then you get tired of him. Why? Why?

'They're all darlings. For a time I adore them. But there's always something wrong with 'em, and when I find it out—well, I just can't.

'Nonsense, as if that matters when a woman's in love!' Mrs. Clement gave her a withering look. 'Now what was wrong with Phil Howard?

'Oh, Bet, have you ever heard him sneeze?

'Piss! You make me—

'I am perfectly sure he's one of those men that sneeze and sneeze in the bathroom every morning. And—

'What was wrong with Jack Hillis? And Watts Milburn—poor dear—going around this minute with a grudge against the whole world of women because you treated him that way. What's the matter with—'

'Lambs. Sweet lambs. I adore every one of them, said Lee, and carefully selected a very rich pastry from the platter held at her side.

It isn't, said Mrs. Clement when they were alone again, 'as though half the men you know wouldn't make perfectly good husbands either.

A flicker of smile passed over Lee's face.

'Which half, darling?

Mrs. Clement leaned across the table.

'Either half,' said she impressively. 'And a husband's a mighty good anchor to windward, let me tell you.'

'If they were all like your Bill!

'Of course you're happy, but—

Mrs. Clement's look seemed to turn inward for a moment.

'Oh, well. But men are just men to begin with—naturally. You've got to take 'em as you find 'em and then do the rest. What you're looking for is something out of heaven.'

They got up, and a minute later Alethea was smiling after her friend's departing taxi. Then she walked away, but not back to the office. It was that season of the year when every dealer in town was having an exhibition, that morning the girl who covered the art shows had rushed in, and it was not the first time that Lee had been asked to substitute for her—or for the dramatic critic or the one who wrote up the concerts, for that matter, when everything fell together.

And look up Pat Ayres's picture at Wilkie's, will you?' Ruth had said before she rushed off again. 'You know—he's doing those grand caricatures for the *Tocsin-sun*. Say something nice. The old man wants to book him for us next year.'

THE DEEPLY carpeted rooms of the small gallery seemed to be empty—and no wonder, Lee thought, after a glance around the walls. Well, she would not have to waste much time here; just look up one picture.

She found it. She stared at it, frowned, moved forward—moved back, shook her head. Hoping against hope, she looked at the slim catalogue again. No, that was the one—Number Thirty-two, Pastorale, Cyrus Patterson Ayres. Now what could you write about that lot of blotchy color, and the grubby people at tables with glasses and mugs? Of course you could fairly smell the stuffiness, the smoke in the air, but still—

Oh, gosh, she said aloud. 'These kids that try to be funny!'

And a voice spoke at her shoulder. 'That is not humor. That is a masterpiece, ' it said.

She neither started nor turned. Her gaze remained upon the canvas.

Well, go on,' the snapped after a definite moment. 'I'm

naive I m only one of those people who know what they like when they see it Il that daub s a masterpiece do tell me why!'

There was another marked silence then the voice at her side—a very nice voice—said

'Would you mind just—er—looking at me?'

He was not so much taller than she not what the picture suggested Cyrus Patterson Ayres might be like not arty or down at the heels or bitter

I thought so, said he and nodded. Her raised eyebrows for once were not effective He laughed aloud joyously, triumphantly, and to Alethea s ears most melodiously But almost before her chin went up he had added "I thought so. Now I know."

That was too much.

Aren t you mistaking me for someone else? ' she asked, and men had gone down before that ice in her tone.

But this one did not. He shook his head

'No. I thought I was right when I came through that door Now I know'

Now why on earth should his luck go through her like that—her Alethea? Why should her breath catch?

'Oh, yes. You were going to tell me about the—the masterpiece'

Loveliness, said he I am going to spend the rest of my life telling you things."

Incredible but it really happened just like that Neither knew how or why, neither cared Daily they lunched together, dined together let the evenings drift deliciously on toward the morning hours or until Molly Pearson gave signs from the room beyond that she was being kept awake To complete the blissful round, there was always the telephone in the mornings.

'Got a mess hat? Bill Clewett asked when she came back from luncheon one day she only laughed and passed on She knew she was looking her best feeling her best—oh, on top of the world Just to stay there

You know," she said one evening a week or so after that first encounter I m frightened "

They were on her deep sofa his arms tightened about her

Loveliness—why?

If anything were to happen to this if anything were to happen to you!'

I know Too big Whom the gods love they destroy—that sort of thing

She shivered Don't! You re frightened too!

'Surest thing you know "

A a-ah!' She rubbed her cheek against his hand

Woke up last night scared stiff

You darling you darling! Tell me why"

All that crab you had for dinner If you were to kill yourself eating crab—like getting run over by a bike on the highway

She sat up stiffly gave him a look

s matter?' he grinned

That, said she is just the sort of thing that gives me a panic

"Crab?" His grin widened her stiffness increased

Your being an ghost in moments when you ought to be serious

Wow! said he and put his arms back of his head and sank farther down on the sofa He chuckled looked at her

Loveliness! Don t be cross Give me a kiss.

I will not! When you say things like that you remind me of Dennis

Nice chap, Dennis?"

He is not He s odious A joker—a joke—the wrong sort of joke He s always saying silly things at the wrong times. He s always losing his job He s the only one of the four that I never did like really

Four what?' he asked lazily and lit a cigarette.

SHE EYED him silently, speculatively she bit her lip, ignored the kiss he blew toward her

It rightens me I ve had too much experience of marriage not to know the danger signals, Pat."

He laughed—and his laugh was so dear!

Marriage—you?

Well, after all—four said she

He came out of his laziness with a jerk. "Say that again!'

She looked her surprise a sort of pained surprise the sort one shows when one is doubted

"Well after all darling, when one has had—'

But his gasp stopped her

My stars—you!"

He jumped up went to the window when he swung back again it was not to the sofa

All right," he said past his clenched teeth. I m ready to take it. Which one was Dennis?

Dennis Malone He s—

Malone! Hah! Mrs Dennis Malone! Hah!"

Well I know But of course he s from the north of Ireland and his grandfather was a baronet. And he really can be ever so charming But poor Theo—'

Hah! Theo! He the next one?

The next what? Theo is one of my four sisters. I've told you about them—Louise and Theo and Grace and Amy Poor Theo—

Leave Theo out of it!' he barked His fists went up, went down. "Go on, will you? Go—on!"

She sank back. "Well you don t have to speak to me like that"

I om wanting to hear about your marriages.

'My marriages — mine? How d you get that way?'

He groaned, dropped forward, elbows on knees, hands grasping his hair Ha missed her outraged glare.

My marriages—when I have four brothers-in law to fat me in on just about all there is to marriage! If you think I d—'

He looked up. Brothers-in law Did you mean—

Perhaps you had better explain what you thought I meant said she, with all she could summon of hauteur

But, with a rush, he was at her side, on his knees.

'Don't, don t, he said his face pressed against her

Don t let me in for a thing like that again. Lee—Loveliness—Lee "

Presently, when he was at her side once more, she said

That s just it. Just what I meant. Now maybe you'll let me say what I started to say '

I'll let you say anything on earth he groaned sheepishly

Oh you lunch "said she and Cyrus Patterson responded

Loveliness "

No—don t! Sit up and be serious I ve seen so much of marriage—oh, stop laughing! It s just those horrible little misunderstandings, rubs, habits that make it go wrong Like—like this. I get provoked at your teasing at the wrong moment You got foolishly jealous and made a scene. I hate jealous men, Pat darling I do

Sorry said he very stiffly

Her hands went up "And there it is again! We ve got to do something about it, Pat

"Clever wench-' he grinned but at her look quickly added No, I ll be serious. What? What'll we do?

"Promise."

'Promise?'

She nodded emphatically "To tell each other, at once, before anything can happen when anything rubs gets on our nerves.

His hands went through his hair again 'Oh I say!'

It s the only way, Pat. Promise?

Ah his dear smile, the way his eyes crinkled

'Surest thing you know! said he Now gi me a kiss



"Did you mean to go into that ditch?" asked Alethea sweetly

Standing there in the downpour, he stared at the car, at the splintered telegraph pole.

THE days drifted away, days of discovery, days of wonder and thrill but the time came at last when she sighed

Of course we ve got to tell them. But I don t want to '

He was in that favorite position of his, down on his spine, his arms under his head his legs stretched out

Who s them?' he asked when she seemed to be waiting.

Family Friends. But I want to keep it all to ourselves, like this."

Yeah s all right this, he agreed and yawned He had his cigarette aside closed his eyes

She looked on him silently for a moment, flushed slightly

"I do hope you are comfortable darling, ' said she

But her irony did not reach him

Fi l me, he drawled, and yawned again "Come, snuggle

She ignored his outstretched arm

I will not! Pat, please sit up I want to talk seriously "

Shoot Sweetest voice in the world

She started to speak, thought better of it though her flush deepened She crossed the room to her desk fumbled for paper found a pen

Next week-end s a double holiday We'll stay with Louise and Barren the first night then with Amy and John You ll adore the kids. I ll write them now

He did not answer in a moment she swung around

Pat, are you asleep?" She waited a moment more. 'Pat!'

Huh?

Then suddenly she shrieked

Pat your cigarette!

His feet came up and his hand She rushed but he had rescued the stub before she got to the table He rubbed the tip of his finger over the scar, looked up at her guiltily It was great-aunt Alethea s Duncan Phyfe, which was worse

'You don't help any by rubbing it in, she informed him tartly That was one of Ludlow Halsey s horrid ways. Grace had n t a thing that wasn t burned

'Oh He coughed slightly Halsey The one that s paying alimony Yeah Well?

I think I ought to tell you frankly, Pat, darling, that I simply couldn t stand having holes burned all over the place It s just—well sloppy I m telling you for your own good You know we promised

'Oh, certainly Quite all right. I'll try to be careful, said he and remembered to add darling '

' I know you will, she assured him in her best manner ' I'm going to be so proud to show you off to my family '

He frowned uneasily Aw, say, have we got to?"

' But of course we have! '

'Oh well Family Anyway I have n t any, thank the lord Except my aunt. Aunt Julia Horrible woman. Nagger."

She gave him a quick look, but he was unconsciously smiling

' Now see here don t you be late, he warned her that Saturday when they parted after lunch.

You might pick me up at the hairdresser s, she said pensively I haven t had a minute to get my hair trimmed I ll have my suitcase with me. '

Another day or two longer won t hurt—I like it that way You know what the highway is on Saturday holiday, at that "

But I simply must have it done she protested, and went off nonchalantly

Yet when she emerged from the hairdresser s two hours or more later, she was not quite so cool She had been just a wee bit late once or twice before, and Pat had not taken it easily

"It wasn t very long was it, darling?" she asked as he went into gear

His face was rather tense looking

Might move away from my arm till we get out of traffic, said he and she replied

Certainly darling It was perhaps half an hour thereafter when she asked sweetly Must you pass everything, really?'

Probably not, said he, and slowed down to twenty five

Oh, well let him—if that was the way he was going to behave Catch her speaking to him again!

But, of course, she did; nobody could stand that pace for ever

Really darling she said at last, "I'm sorry I made you cross. But we don't have to drive quite so slowly, do we? After all, we ve more than sixty miles—

Would you prefer to do the driving entirely?' he asked with extreme politeness and she with equal impressiveness informed him

No thank you.

BUT AFTER ALL, one does not cover sixty miles in a minute, and time does much There came a moment when she leaned against his arm and murmured contritely, A a-ah," and when he looked down sideways, and grinned and said Loveliness And the car swerved and both of them laughed And, of course they were late in arriving at Louise s, and Barron was one of those men who likes his dinner at six

Louise was never so ponderous as when she was playful

Now now said she, and shook her finger at Cyrus Patterson You young lovers! I m afraid you ve been dawdling on the way

Alethea giggled, looked at the other young lover

Well, yes, we did," she admitted. I m afraid we only drove twenty five miles an hour for a while. Didn t we, Pat?'

But Pat only stiffened Alethea shrugged

The dinner was good—Barron liked good food—was lussy about it

' And I get crab especially for you, dear Louise said sweetly I know how you love it

' It s marvellous, Alethea assured her, and looked at Pat s plate Presently Louise looked at it, too

Why, Cyrus, don t you care for crab? she asked. "Or isn t this good?

'Sorry Awfully sorry You see, I was brought up in Saskatchewan Pat looked his suffering "Far from the coast. That sort of thing Sorry If you don t mind—"

'Oh I see Louise smiled ' Western ways are —or—different, aren't they?'

Continued on page 53

STARRING CANADA!











Left to right: Marie Dressler, Ned Sparks, Fifi D'Orsay, David Manners, Norma Shearer, Walter Huston, Beatrice Lillie. Below: Douglass Montgomery.

By PAUL MORTON

HOLLYWOOD has said that the motion picture industry could not continue if members of the acting profession from outside the United States were barred under the terms of the existing immigration laws. Great Britain, Canada, France and Germany contribute a very large number of actors and actresses to the various great American studios, and the silver screen has proved itself solidly impervious to nationalism.

It will be remembered that Frank L. Shaw, mayor of Los Angeles, was opposed for office on the grounds that he was of Canadian birth. Naturally this objection was given more publicity than serious consideration; but the instance proves an excellent illustration of the existence of a veritable army of Canadians now resident in California.

Keeping this fact in mind, I decided to make a survey of the motion picture industry based on the supposition that many Canadians must be closely connected with this glamorous medium of entertainment. The various studios readily co-operated with me, and placed at my disposal a great deal of information relative to the subject.

Years ago many Canadians became pleasantly conscious that Mary Pickford, much publicized as "America's Sweetheart," was a Canadian. Appearing on the then strange medium of the screen, she was an almost mystical little girl, recognized as having an abundance of charm and considerable ability as an actress. Checking over her career, however, we find she was a driving force in motion picture pioneering. A brilliant business woman, she is unquestionably responsible for much of the present popularity of motion pictures.

Twenty years ago she became vice-president of the Mary Pickford Famous Players Company. Her position entitled her to a drawing account of $10,000 a week, and fifty per cent. of the profits. At that time she was said to have been the highest paid woman the world had ever known.

Discussing, for a time, the earlier film personalities, let us consider the contribution the De Grasse brothers have made to the screen. Joe and Sam De Grasse were born in Bathurst, New Brunswick. Joe had been a Shakespearean actor in Boston, and later became associated with the French firm of Pathe Freres. He was sent to California by this company, where he became the first exponent of the once popular Western action film.

Later Joe De Grasse turned to directing. He was the discoverer of such old favorites as Charlie Ray and Priscilla Deane, and was also responsible for his younger brother Sam becoming attached to films. And it was this same Sam De Grasse who portrayed with exquisite villainy the part of Prince John in Douglas Fairbanks' greatest success, "Robin Hood."

Marie Dressler might almost be said to have succeeded Mary Pickford to the title of "America's Sweetheart." Certainly no other screen personality has climbed so far into the hearts of theatregoers as "the grandest trouper of them all." Born in Cobourg, Ontario, where she made her stage début as Cupid at a church entertainment, she later won fame on Broadway with Weber and Fields. And when most stage celebrities of her years were dreaming of the past, she was awarded the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences statuette for the best performance of any actress during 1932.

I was given the opportunity of speaking to Miss Dressler some time ago. And her answer to my several questions came in the typical Dressler manner, accompanied by the famous smile.

"I wrote a book once, son. I guess I told almost too much about myself in that."

Naturally enough, my next library book was *The Life Story of an Ugly Duckling*.

From Many Provinces

THE FAMOUS English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, recently paid Norma Shearer a rare compliment describing her as "the Sarah Bernhardt of the screen." And certainly Miss Shearer's screen technique is superb. All of which reminds us that she, too, has won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award.

Hollywood, like any other city, has its social leaders, and it was inevitable that Norma Shearer and Mary Pickford should share this position in the movie colony. Incidentally, I have recently been given to understand that Miss Shearer is also Hollywood's best-dressed woman.

Every province in Canada, with the possible exception of Saskatchewan and Prince Edward Island, has contributed at least two screen personalities to motion pictures. Even the Northwest Territories have sent a son to Hollywood. He is none other than Richard Travers, who was born at a Hudson's Bay Post and educated in Toronto.

One of the most likable of the younger Hollywood leading men, David Manners was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His real name is Rauff Acklom, and he was educated in Windsor, N.S., and in Toronto, where he received his first stage training with the Little Theatre Guild. Called to Hollywood for the part of Roleigh in "Journey's End," he remained to win popularity in a long series of pictures.

Ruby Keeler was born across the harbor from Halifax, in the town of Dartmouth. Sparkling performances as a tap dancer on the Broadway stage won her a part in the musical film "42nd Street," and she is assured of an enviable future in pictures. Probably her first introduction to movie fans came as a result of her marriage to Al Jolson. Today she rates as No. 1 woman star of the musical films.

Comparatively sparsely populated New Brunswick has contributed more than its share of players to the film world. I have already mentioned the De Grasses from Bathurst, and three others worthy of recognition are Clarence Geldert, Walter Pidgeon and Genevieve Blinn.

It is doubtful if there is another actor on record who has appeared in as many films as Clarence Geldert. Born in Saint John, he left home to wander through the then unknown wilderness of the Northwest Territories. He served as a scout during the Riel Rebellion, taking up the stage as a profession a few years later. While Geldert's name is practically unknown, his face has been familiar to audiences for two decades. Appearances in 500 films are bound to leave an impression.

Genevieve Blinn was also born in Saint John. A sister of May Nemarq, she toured the United States for several years. Playing leads with Willard Mack resulted in a film contract. Her outstanding success was in "Common Clay," and she appeared in nearly all Theda Bara's pictures.

The popularity of musical comedy brought Walter Pidgeon to the screen. He was born in East Saint John, and began his professional career with Elsie Janis. Later Pidgeon made an outstanding reputation as a Victor Recording artist. He will be chiefly remembered for his rôles opposite Bernice Claire, appearing in "Mlle. Modiste" and many similar productions.

Moving into the province of Quebec, we find that Montreal has contributed all Quebec's motion picture luminaries. Included are two Canadiennes, Fifi D'Orsay and Pauline Garon; and the two outstanding favorites, Norma Shearer and Huntly Gordon.

To Hollywood Fifi D'Orsay is the typical Parisienne. She made a sensational début in motion pictures several years ago, and recently was featured in "Wonder Bar." Her real name is Lussier, and she is a niece of the once-famous Canadian dramatic actress, Blanche de la Sablonnerie.

Pauline Garon once held a prominent place in the movie colony. She made a name for herself in "Satan in Sables," "Compromise" and "Must We Marry?" and she was at one time the wife of Lowell Sherman, actor and director.

Huntly Gordon starred in films several years before Norma Shearer appeared upon the scene. First acting in amateur theatricals in Montreal and later on the New York stage, he was starred in a long series of popular films. Mr. Gordon still makes a play each year, and he recently appeared in the film "Only Yesterday."

Demonstrating that environment has little to do with the type of rôle an actor is likely to be given in films, let us consider the career of Gypsy Clarke. Born in Montreal, in one of the dignified old homes on Sherbrooke Street, not far from McGill University, she carved a niche for herself in Hollywood as D. W. Griffith's favorite "vamp" of the silent melodrama. And when her distinguished cousin, the late Lionel H. Clarke, was holding office as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, Gypsy was gaily tossing pies at the once famous comedian, Bee Turpin.

It might almost be said that the old parliamentary ruling of representation by population holds good with reference to Canadian screen players. For the province of Ontario has contributed by far the greatest number of motion picture personalities. Of these, Marie Dressler, Mary Pickford and Walter Huston are the most famous. Beatrice Lillie and James Rennie have both added to Broadway's nightly display of electric lights. Mary Pickford's young brother, Jack, once enjoyed wide popularity as a boy, and Edward Earle was long a leading player on both stage and screen.

All these just mentioned, with the exception of Marie Dressler, were born in Toronto. And equally great has been the contribution of Ontario's other cities and towns. Ned Sparks, famous for his droll comedy, was born in Guelph, and his home is now in St. Thomas. Richard Carlyle is from Guelph. Marie Prevost hails from Sarnia; Barbara Kent was born in Gadshill; Del Henderson, comedian and director, calls St. Thomas home; Marion Clayton is from Kimberley; Joseph Kilgour hails from Ayr; Walter Dumbrille is from Petrolia; and the once popular Rockliffe Fellowes is from Ottawa. The place of birth of Willard Lucas and Bob Fleming continues to remain a mystery, but I have it on excellent evidence that they are natives of Ontario.

The varied talents and accomplishments of this imposing array of personalities are all worthy of particular mention, but elaboration would be impossible.

Beatrice Lillie is considered Canada's outstanding stage star, and her most important film rôle was in "Exit Smiling." James Rennie will be remembered more recently for his performance opposite Ann Harding in "Girl of the Golden West."

Ned Sparks needs no introduction. Enjoying the unusual but descriptive nickname "Cold Pan," he continues to delight audiences with his peculiar flair for comedy. Marie Prevost, Barbara Kent and Rockliffe Fellowes, were all well known on the screen, and Edward Earle appeared with Agnes Ayres in a series of twenty-five O. Henry stories. Walter Dumbrille is a recent importation from the New York stage. He recently appeared in "Massacre" and "Golden Gate," and a successful screen career has been predicted for him.

Walter Huston is unquestionably Canada's premier screen actor. He was educated in Toronto with the idea of becoming an engineer and, although he tried several times to give up the stage for an engineering career, he was always drawn back. Huston literally startled the theatrical world with his splendid characterization of Abraham Lincoln in the picture of the same name. He is the only actor twice to portray Presidents of the United States, recently playing a mythical President in "Gabriel Over the White House."

The Prairie Provinces next come up for consideration. Edna Gregory and Marjorie White represent the Province of Manitoba. Both are from Winnipeg. Edna Gregory has been in pictures for nine years. A talented comedienne, she was Bobby Vernon's leading lady for two years.

Marjorie White toured Canada and the United States in vaudeville, in which she was billed as a child wonder. During the war she left the stage to entertain Canadian soldiers in the various training camps. Like Edna Gregory, she is a comedienne of unusual ability. She has supplied the comic element in a considerable number of films, most important of which were "Sunny Side Up" and "Just Imagine."

From Alberta come three well-known screen players—Fay Wray, Phyllis Crane and Rita La Roy. Fay Wray was born in Wrayland, a community founded by her grandparents. She is recognized as the most versatile actress in Hollywood as well as the most industrious. During 1933 she was starred or featured in twelve pictures, an average of one a month.

Phyllis Crane became a popular screen favorite through her work in college student pictures. For several years she was considered America's typical college girl, and she has a long list of comedies to her credit. A thorough actress, she gained recognition for her work in the Mary Pickford film "Coquette."

Daughter of Sir James Stuart, a rancher, Rita La Roy has made rapid progress in films. She specializes in portrayals of bold bad women and has appeared in nearly 100 films. Her best performance is said to be her "Garbo" rôle in "Hollywood Speaks."

Vancouver and Victoria have each contributed two screen players. Ricca Allen and Mickey Bennett are from British Columbia's capital, while Betty Eagen and Lorraine Eddy were born in the mainland metropolis. Ricca Allen's specialty is portraying old hags, witches, or the film version of slanderous gossips. She helped add color to "Voltaire" grovelling for a crust of bread in a gutter.

Mickey Bennett has appeared in seventeen important productions over a period of years, of which "Big Business Girl" was the most recent. His first part in pictures was with Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance." Betty Eagen is a product of the famed Fanchon and Marco school, and Lorraine Eddy appeared for several years in Christie Comedies and had a leading rôle in "The Carnation Kid."

Wandering around Hollywood and every day coming in contact with various screen players, I have come to the conclusion that there is no end to the actors and actresses having a Canadian connection. Meeting Douglass Montgomery of "Little Women" fame, I learned with surprise that his father was born Brantford-Ontario. And I have no doubt I shall have many similar experiences. In a city governed by a Canadian born mayor and entertained by Ontario's Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, what else should I expect?

Last year the British American Film Company was incorporated in Victoria, B.C. The project was expected to contribute to the needs of Hollywood producers, who might then continue in the British market free of quota restrictions. To fulfill the British quota laws, the studio staff, including actors, must be seventy-five per cent. British. So when Canada finally begins active motion picture production we may expect that a considerable number of Canadian players now in Hollywood will return to the Dominion.

It was once estimated that there were more Irishmen living in the United States than in Ireland itself; and, while it would probably be somewhat of an exaggeration to make any such assertion about Canadians, it has been roughly estimated that there are a hundred thousand persons in Los Angeles alone who once owed allegiance to the British flag as citizens of the Dominion.

I have included these vague statistics in order to show the difficulty one would have to completely cover Canadians in Hollywood in fields other than the motion picture industry. It is interesting to note, however, that Canadians have concentrated their abilities in a number of particular fields of endeavor. In fact, several years ago a leading American publication drew attention to the extraordinary number of Canadian girls who had graduated as nurses in American hospitals.

While Hollywood is certainly a glamorous and cosmopolitan city, it is hardly the wicked place many writers would have us believe. Strange religious cults flourish remarkably, and Canadians have played a big part in the evangelical side of Hollywood life. Also more than one large Hollywood church has a Canadian preacher in the pulpit.

Any discussion on the religious side of life in Los Angeles would hardly be complete without mention of Canadian-born Aimee Semple McPherson and the Four Square Temple. Despite much adverse publicity, she continues to hold the affection of her immense congregation, as well as the respect of thousands who often fail to agree with her theological policies. Her temple is known as a haven for the poor of the city, and many a refugee from the recent earthquake in Long Beach has reason to express gratitude for the remarkable way her organization rallied around with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of food and clothing when they needed it most.

The Vital Statistic

By Ruth Burr Sanborn



HEBER FREEMAN SINGLETON WACE ruled five neat columns on the page before him. At the head of each column he neatly wrote a word: Supply. Propinquity. Habit. Appearance. Character.

"These," he said to Mary Heart, "are the five ingredients of matrimony."

"Honestly?" said Mary Heart. "Isn't that funny!"

"It is scientific," said Heber Wace. He dipped the pen in the inkwell Mary Heart had filled, and ruled some lesser columns underneath.

Heber Freeman Singleton Wace was employed by the Fundamental Statistical Bureau, an organization whose function it was to supply to industry, to science, to philanthropy or law, the basic facts on which the world was founded. Heber Wace was one of the bureau's most trusted members. He had a staff of field workers—men who went from door to door asking irritating questions; he had an excellent secretary.

Mary Heart was an efficient and reliable machine—probably also a human being, though Heber Wace had never looked to see. She helped him with the sorting of evidence, but the responsibility of weighing and co-ordinating lay with Heber Wace alone. Heber Freeman Singleton Wace was the author of *Who Votes How and Why*—unmeasurably significant during the last election.

At the moment Heber Wace was concerned with the assembling of statistics for *The Causes of Matrimony*. He was, beyond the ordinary, a man fitted for the task. Heber Wace was not married. He never had been married. He intended that he never should be married. It gave him a fine, broad, unbiased view of the whole proceeding.

If there is anything in names Heber Wace felt that he was armed against wedded life. Surely "Freeman" and "Singleton," both sought to mean something. The thought was reassuring. Heber Wace shrank from the complications of marriage. He liked things to be well ordered. He liked his long quiet evenings, enlivened by some readable book like *The Census Report*; he liked his big mahogany desk and his efficient machine-like secretary—and neat columns ruled on sheets of white paper. Moreover, Heber Wace felt a dread a fear of marriage. He knew none better than of 100 men married, only 1.1 achieve happiness and only 29.9 a decent content. Heber Wace, recalling these facts, shuddered.

"Take Supply," he said hastily. It was Heber Wace's custom to rehearse to Mary Heart the substance of his findings; it clarified his thoughts. Mary Heart was a good listener. She laid down her pencil, folded her hands in her lap, and took as instructed: "Supply."

"It will be obvious," said Heber Wace, "that in order for a man to marry, there must be a woman to marry him. Where there are no women, there will be no marriages. Perhaps an army in the field is the best modern example of this situation. Nevertheless, out of 100 points only 4.1 can be accorded to Supply." The records show — Heber Wace turned over the records— that men swayed by the will to marry tend to go where women are. This accounts for the labor turnover in mining and lumber camps. Even in the army—

"There are a lot of women in this city," said Mary Heart.

"There are indeed," said Heber Wace, shuddering anew. "An even distribution is, of course, the norm. 125 women to 100 men is excessive. In this city there are 137." The thought unnerved him. All those women—swarming, in the streets and the houses and the restaurants. You couldn't go anywhere. He pulled himself together. "I must go to lunch," he said.

"Don't eat crabs," said Mary Heart. "They give you indigestion."

"I never have indigestion," said Heber Wace. "I never eat crabs."

It was true that Heber Wace had not had a bad attack of indigestion for thirteen months—not since he prepared statistics for *The Digester Tract: Ameritis's Weakest Link*. In thirteen months he had not tasted crabs. Neither had he tasted fat little sausages swimming in their own grease, or mince pie, or doughnuts, or steak smothered in onions, or blueberry roly poly. Sometimes it was a little hampering to know as much as Heber Wace knew. Knowledge made him thin. He pulled on his coat.

"Here's your scarf," said Mary Heart.

"Thank you," said Heber Wace. Mary Heart was a very efficient secretary.

ONCE in the street Heber Wace was oppressed by a sense of multitudes of women. His morning's work had made him more than ever sensitive to their presence. 137 women to every 100 men! 1.37 to every man. A thought occurred to him with a sudden new sharpness. Against him, personally, Heber Freeman Singleton Wace, there were arrayed 1.37 women. What if she, or they, caught him?

Heber Wace sat in the street car with his eyes fixed on the floor. There was a woman on each side. He did not look at them—of course—but he could see their ankles. One was a thin pair of ankles, crossed, the other was a thick pair. What if 1.37 women with thick ankles—. Heber Wace rose precipitately. A girl standing in the aisle slipped into his seat. "Thank you," she said prettily. Heber Wace was so startled that he looked up. The girl was a blonde. Blondes were the worst. The records showed it. Gentlemen were said to prefer them. Heber Freeman Singleton Wace did not prefer blondes. He fled to the vestibule.

Heber Wace sat at his usual table in his favorite restaurant and ordered poached egg on spinach, two slices of whole wheat bread, stewed fruit and a glass of milk. There was a woman at the next table. She was a brunette. Heber Wace did not prefer brunettes either. She was a very deep brunette, of the type known as dark and dangerous. It occurred to Heber Wace that he had seen her there before. Perhaps she came every day. Perhaps she sat beside him on purpose. His mind flew to column three, the one marked Habit. Heber Wace called the waiter.

"I should like to change my table," he said. "There is a draught here." And when the waiter looked surprised, in the absence of open windows, he added, "I—I feel the cold wind of apprehension."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter tolerantly. "Quite." (These fellows who lived on spinach!) "I can give you a very nice table under the balcony, sir. Sheltered. There is a lady there now, but she has nearly finished—"

"It wouldn't do at all," said Heber Wace. "Bring me my check." He left his pale pure egg to pucker on its green bed, and ate a sandwich wretchedly, at a lunch-room counter frequented by men.

Heber Wace's hasty lunch gave him time to go home, to calm his nerves with the *Record of Fatal Accidents* which had arrived that morning. Heber Wace lived in a tall apartment house in a street of apartment houses. As he was approaching, suddenly the door opposite his opened and a young woman came out. She had on a red suit with fur, and there was a red feather in her hat. It occurred to Heber Wace that he had several times seen the same young woman, in the same red suit, emerge from the same door. He didn't like the look of it. It occurred to him also that she was the young woman whose windows faced his, who wore purple pyjamas with lace ruffles, and kissed men good night on the doorstep. Unmarried men, as like as not. He hurried a little faster.

The young woman crossed the street and turned in his direction. Heber Wace averted his eyes. But just as she reached him she stumbled, and forthwith a red leather bag dropped at his feet. Heber Wace was so agitated that he stopped.

The young woman stopped too. "I dropped my pocketbook," she cried. She clasped her hands together despairingly, as if she could not imagine any means by which she could raise up a great big heavy red pocketbook from the cobalt hard distant pavement.

There was only one thing to do. Heber Wace picked the bag up gingerly by a corner. A lace handkerchief stuck out. The handkerchief smelled sweet. Perfume. It was, Heber Wace saw, a feminine wile. He held it out to her.

"Oh, thank you so much!" she cried. "So awkward of me, wasn't it? But then, it isn't as if we weren't neighbors, is it? You are Mr. Wace, aren't you? I saw your name on the mailbox. I live just opposite. My name is Wiley."

"Very appropriate, I'm sure," said Heber Wace, and fled in utter panic.

Heber Wace did not go home that noon. He went back to the office. There were women in the elevator and he walked up nine flights. He stopped in at the wash room and straightened his tie, which felt very crooked, and combed his hair, which felt still on end.

Heber Wace, combing his hair, paused to examine himself in the wash room mirror. He was of medium height, with the clear eyes and healthy color of one who keeps regular hours, eats in moderation, and never forgets his morning exercises. His eyes were a good conservative grey, his hair a good conservative brown. There was, he felt, nothing offensively outstanding about him. His shoulders were neither so narrow as to look scholarly nor so broad as to be pugilistic. His nose was a nose, straight and simple. His chin was neither jutting nor retreating; his ears neither too high, too wide, nor too handsome. Nevertheless, Heber Wace had to admit that there was something not unprepossessing in his appearance. A horrid phrase occurred to him—"Attractive to women." What if—

Heber Wace leaned closer to the mirror and examined his mouth. It was a good enough mouth in its way, rather wide and well-controlled, with strong straight teeth and steady lips. But at one corner there was a scar. It was a very small, neat scar, blamelessly received in an automobile accident in which Heber Wace had played no part save that of innocent bystander. And yet that scar indubitably raised the corner of his mouth the least fraction of an inch. It gave it a quirk. A half humorous— quaggle. Dreadful words rushed to the mind of Heber Wace. Whimsical. Appealing. Debonair. The comb fell from his fingers.

HEBER WACE arrived breathless at his office. He threw his coat on the dictionary stand. Mary Heart hung it up. Heber Wace sank into the refuge of his armchair, behind his big masculine desk.

"Take," he said to Mary Heart, breathing hard, "take Propinquity."

All that afternoon Heber Wace and Mary Heart worked on "Propinquity." Heber Wace covered seven pages with very small neat figures.

"Propinquity," he said to Mary Heart, "must receive twenty three points. Propinquity is very important."

"I suppose it must be," said Mary Heart, leaning over his shoulder to see the figures better.

Heber Wace covered with figures fourteen pages more. He ranged before him the reports that had come in from the field. He checked their results one against another. It was appalling. What chance did a man have anyhow?

"Members of the same race tend to marry," he said to Mary Heart. "This is less because of race prejudice than has commonly been supposed. Rather it is because the same races live in the same places."

"It sounds like a slogan," Mary Heart said.

"It is a fact," said Heber Wace. "Listen to this. A man is thirty two times as likely to marry a woman from the same city as from another city. He is sixteen times as likely to marry from his own section as from a distant suburb. He is four times as likely to marry from his own block as from the next block. He is twice as likely—" Heber Wace stopped, swallowed, went on again—"twice as likely to marry a girl who lives across the street as one who lives in the next house. This is because a girl living opposite is more readily visible. He sees her going in and out. One day he meets her—"

"What's the matter?" cried Mary Heart, thoroughly alarmed.

"I don't know," said Heber Wace. "It—feels like indigestion."

That night Mary Heart spoke to Heber Wace about a personal matter. This was surprising. Nevertheless it is necessary to maintain one's office at the peak of producing power. Anything which threatens efficiency is the concern of the office head. Heber Wace gave the matter his attention.

"I think," said Mary Heart, "that I shall have to move. There is a man where I am now. His name is Joe Jeffers."

Heber Wace saw that the situation was more serious than he had realized. A man. A boarding house. Mary Heart. Mary Heart was, he supposed, for the first time, a girl. Boarding houses were notoriously hotbeds for orange blossoms. Propinquity. Why the fellow might marry her.

"Does he want to marry you?" he cried.

"I guess so," said Mary Heart.

Heber Wace was thoroughly upset. It was unthinkable that Mary Heart should marry. He would lose the most efficient secretary he had ever had. Right in the middle of the matrimonial report. The interests of the Fundamental Statistical Bureau would suffer. It was not to be borne.

"You must leave at once," said Heber Wace.

"That's what I thought," said Mary Heart. "I thought maybe you'd know a place."

It was at that moment that the idea came to Heber Wace. Statisticians often have them. If the Wiley young woman could be miraculously removed, then Mary Heart could take her apartment. This would be advantageous. To him. To Mary Heart. To the Fundamental Statistical Bureau.

"There is an apartment in the house opposite mine," he said, "that I have reason to think will soon be vacant."

"That would be nice," said Mary Heart.

That evening Heber Wace called up his landlord, Mr. Bursch, who was also the landlord of the house across the way.

"I wish to make a complaint," he said. "There is a young

Continued on page 44



"Come in," called Mary Heart. Heber Wace opened the door—and there sat Joe Jeffers

Illustrated by Julian Michael

BACKSTAGE at OTTAWA

By A POLITICIAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

WHEN a session of the Alberta Legislature closes they issue a summary of what the session was about. Somebody should induce Mr. Bennett to adopt the same practice. For if Ottawa's uncertainty about what Parliament is doing or trying to do is reflected in the country, then the country must be hopelessly bewildered. And small wonder. If all our voters—what the politicians call "sovereign citizens"—had the appetites of encyclopedists and an unlimited quantity of public spirit and interest they still couldn't keep up with the swarming confusion of things that go out from Parliament Hill. Each day brings a new bill or the promise of a new bill or an amendment to an old bill, and what with oratory, statistics, prophecies and propaganda, curiosity becomes just industrious fatigue.

Partly, the blame lies with Parliament's methods. Reason of the Bank Act and the setting up of a Central Bank were entirely separate tasks. The first had to do with mending the laws governing our commercial banks; the second was concerned, though only indirectly, with questions of monetary theory. Faced with two such distinctive jobs, any ordinarily efficient body would have dealt with them separately and in order. It would have made a distinction between commercial banking credit and currency bases, especially since the new Bank of Canada is going to deal with the latter.

Parliament, unfortunately, had its own way. That way was to mix one job with the other; to get monetary theories all confused with the Bank Act—one of the consequences being that for days on end we had money scientists present us with a glittering choice of complicated formulae. True intellectual fun of the medieval dialectician who worried about how many angels could dance on the point of a needle, these gentlemen presented their schemes under thick layers of statistics and verbiage. While they presented them, while the inscrutable Major Douglas spun webs of baffling words and our own Mr. Gerry McGeer fascinated with his eloquence, the committee forgot its job. No more concerned with the Douglas theory or the McGeer theory than with the Einstein theory, they ceased to be concerned with the Bank Act—which was the task in hand.

Stevens Hews to the Line

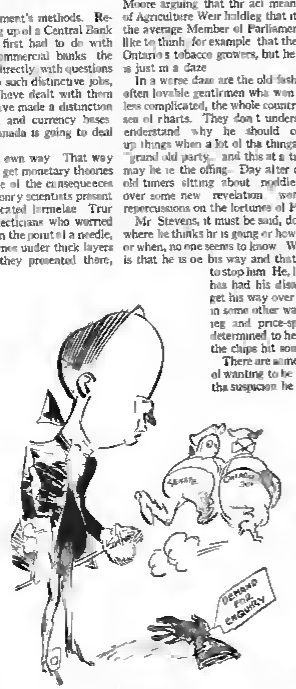
THEN there's the Stevens committee on price spreads and mass buying. Presumed to be on its way, to use a Rooseveltian phrase, no one seems to know where it is going, where it proposes to stop. For months—at this writing—witnesses have been telling about dubious practices, other witnesses telling how to cure dubious practices. The great trouble is that most of the proposed cures are as dubious as the dubious practices. Any sort of a reformer can get together a lot of charts and graphs and show how, by card-indexing this class and regimenting the other, everything will be fit for the best in a perfectly dragooned world. Unfortunately, Dominion Governments have had experience in card-index government, and in the case of card-indexing and fixing prices the experience has been somewhat sad.

There is, of course, the Natural Products Marketing Act. But the trouble with that act, at this juncture, is that there is as much controversy over what it means as over the Athanasian Creed. No two politicians agree as to what are its powers. There are those who insist that it assumes power to fix prices, others who argue just the opposite. So with Mr. "Billy" Moore arguing that the act means one thing and Minister of Agriculture Weir holding that it doesn't mean that thing the average Member of Parliament is confused. He would like to think, for example, that the act could be used to help Ontario's tobacco growers, but he is by no means sure. He is just in a daze.

In a worse daze are the old-fashioned veterans. To these often lovable gentlemen who won their spurs when life was less complicated, the whole country seems to be sinking in a sea of charts. They don't understand Mr. Stevens don't understand why he should constantly keep stirring up things when a lot of the things he stirs up may hurt the "grand old party," and this at a time, too, when an election may be in the offing. Day after day one may watch these old timers sitting about nodding their heads dubiously over some new revelation, wondering what will be its repercussions on the fortunes of Premier Henry in Ontario.

Mr. Stevens, it must be said, doesn't seem to mind. Just where he thinks he is going or how he proposes getting there or when, no one seems to know. What everybody does know is that he is on his way and that it will take considerable to stop him. He, like some of his colleagues, has had his disappointments. He didn't get his way over silver, has been "edited" in some other ways, but in this mass-buying and price-spreads enquiry he seems determined to hew to the line even though the chips hit some good party friends.

There are some who suspect Mr. Stevens of wanting to be Prime Minister. Whether this suspicion be correct this notebook, an honest chronicle, cannot pretend to say. What may be said, however, is that if tomorrow Mr. Bennett were to put off his premierships armor Mr. Stevens would be the man most likely to put it on. Not so able as Mr. Meighen and not as experienced as Mr. Rhodes, his path to the knighthood would be smoother than that of either. Big Business would be against him but as the political legions of Big Business are largely mythical, and the opposing legions in these days violently vocal, it would be a case almost of Stevens or nobody.



Mr. Meighen can find no one to accept his challenge

But, truth to tell, there are no signs of Mr. Bennett putting off his armor. For four years now they have been telling how Mr. Bennett is tired. His tiredness takes the curious form of digging into everything at the same time, of being in the House through long hours, of turning up at committees, of presiding over Cabinet meetings and caucuses, of hobbing up—as though for recreation—to make speeches before scores of organizations. Nor does Mr. Bennett look tired. Four years may have added slightly to his girth; the double chin may be a little more double; the temples greyer or higher. Otherwise, Mr. Bennett is as physically and mentally fresh as when he stormed through Canada in 1930. It is as though he thrived on turmoil.

Dr. Watson Sommerville, K.C., and Hon. Sherlock Stevens hot on the trail.



Election Prospects

WHETHER he thrives on it to the extent of a general election this summer, only Mr. Bennett can tell. Ontario, despite its occasional heresies, is the favorite Conservative fighting ground, and a Henry victory over Mitchell Hepburn on June 19 might make a difference. Mr. Bennett might then decide upon a quick, decisive stroke—a tactic which, while it might not mean anything, might mean a lot.

Then again—and this is important—the promise of legislation like the Natural Products Marketing Act is often more politically potent than its performance. Hope springs eternal, as one poet has assured us, but when another poet begins to get his innings and men find that they're "always to be, but never best," then the story politically is different. Mr. Bennett, who knows his poets, not to say his politics, may decide that there are more votes in the promise of a central bank and a marketing act, plus some other things, than in their performance, which reasoning might well induce him to announce an election some more September morn. This, of course, depending mightily upon the tale of Mr. Henry.

For the time being, the tale of Mr. Henry may or may not greatly please Mr. Bennett. There is that incident, for example, between Mr. Henry and Mr. Meighen. So many absurdly inaccurate and, incidentally, unfair things have been written about this matter that a little truth telling should do no harm.

The first bit of truth that should be told is that Mr. Meighen did not resign from the Hydro Commission of his own volition. He resigned at the suggestion—it was actually an invitation—of Premier George Henry. There was no quarrel between the two. Mr. Meighen, without a word of protest, did the only thing he could do in the circumstances—wrote the cryptic letter that Premier Henry published.

Why did Premier Henry ask for Mr. Meighen's resignation? Premier Henry did not ask it because he thought Meighen's conduct as a Hydro Commissioner was in any way improper. He himself has made that clear. His reason therefore, was undoubtedly his thought that with Meighen off Hydro the Hepburn attack on Hydro would

Continued on page 44

How Australia Has Done It

By T. C. BRAY

A SPECIAL correspondent in Australia describes the methods adopted in that country to expedite recovery from the depression. The political leaders took advice from the economists and rapidly adjusted the country's life to depression conditions, with the result that Australia is farther on the road to recovery than any other country.

Australia was first in, and first out of the world depression. Signs of bad times were seen as early as the middle of 1928, but in two years thereafter the country had become adjusted to drastically changed economic conditions. A world economic survey issued by the League of Nations last year credited Australia with having been on the upgrade since the last quarter of 1931. It would be misleading to assert that she had broken with the depression as early as that—although it is true that by that time Australia had trimmed her sails and was assured of weathering the storm. Since then, Australia has made slow but sure recovery to a position which enabled Prime Minister Lyons to present a "restoration" budget toward the end of 1933.

"Australia's credit is restored," he said. "Industry is reviving; trade is improving, export prices are moving upward, unemployment is declining, and public and private finance is much sounder."

As a reward for the people's sacrifice and self-discipline, he proposed to relieve them of some of the more irksome measures applied in the time of crisis. Australians did show great capacity to face the facts of a national emergency, to take expert advice and to act upon it although it was unpleasant and involved hardship. They made a successful experiment in adapting the national economy to the conditions of the depression.

The measure of the success of their experiment cannot be appreciated without knowledge of the magnitude of the crisis. To get the facts in perspective, it must be emphasized that Australia is a sparsely settled continent, having a population of only 6,000,000 people in an area of 3,000,000 square miles against Canada's 10,000,000 in 3,500,000 square miles. It has been developed on borrowed money, and interest on this money is paid in London with the proceeds of primary produce exports, chiefly wool, wheat, meat, dairy produce and fruit.

The first sign of bad times appeared in the middle of 1929, when the price of wool fell. The wool industry is so important in Australian life that its price, more than any other single factor, affects prosperity. The fall in wool was only a preliminary to a general tumbling down of prices, the return for some Australian produce falling to forty per cent. of its former level.

In this year, too, the supply of fresh loan money from London was cut off. British investors had become alarmed at Australia's extravagance. In the preceding ten years Australia had borrowed at the rate of £21,500,000 a year—the equivalent of approximately $100,000,000. The interest bill that Australia had to pay on overseas loans amounted to £28,000,000 ($140,000,000) a year.

The crisis came early in 1931. The annual national income had fallen from £650,000,000 to £400,000,000. The combined deficits for the Commonwealth Government and the six State Governments for that year were £27,000,000 and the Governments faced deficits of £40,000,000 in the next year. Australia was virtually bankrupt. The immediate need was to steady Government finance.

The Premiers' Plan

THIS WAS achieved by the famous Premiers' Plan, which was prepared by a committee of economists and treasury officers and adopted by a conference of the Premiers of the States with the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth.

The Plan imposed sacrifice on all sections of the people. In the first place, it reduced by twenty per cent. all adjustable Government expenditure. This involved the cutting down of the salaries of civil servants—a large section of the community—and of pensions which are paid for indigent old age, invalidity and war disabilities. The internal debt of the Governments—loans amounting to £556,000,000—was converted to a lower rate of interest, which represented a reduction of 22½ per cent. in the rate. All but three per cent. of the holders of the bonds and stock converted voluntarily, and finally the dissentients were compelled to convert. The Plan increased the revenue of the Governments by proposing more taxes. The Plan lowered costs by forcing banks to reduce their rates of interest. It also gave general relief to private mortgages.

The Premiers' Plan was the first concerted effort to modify the economic conditions of the country to cope with the depression. A few months earlier, the Arbitration Court, which fixes wages in a large field of industry and gives a lead in wage rates made a general emergency cut of ten per cent. in wages. Under the system of adjusting wages to the cost of living, many workers actually had their money wages cut by one third.

The admirable spirit in which the cut was accepted by the workers was typical of the manner in which the whole community made the sacrifices imposed by the Plan. Dissension occurred, however, in the Labor Party, which then held office in the Commonwealth Parliament and a majority of the States. An extreme section of the party denounced the Plan and proposed in its place a policy of inflation of credit and repudiation of debts. This aroused such revulsion that eventually Labor was swept from power and replaced by national Governments pledged to carry out the Plan.

The Plan laid the basis of Australia's recovery. Economists pointed out that there were three essentials. They were to balance the Governments' budgets, to reduce costs to meet the fall in world prices of Australia's produce and to prevent a general collapse in industry through lack of profit.

The Premiers' Plan and subsidiary developments provided for all three essentials. It imposed upon all Governments the obligation to balance their budgets. The strain of attempting a balance immediately would have involved unbearable hardship, and it was agreed that this should be sought over a period of years.

Constant review of public finance was required to keep pressure on the Governments to economize. This was achieved by periodic meetings of the Premiers' Conference, which has become a supergoverning body, one not provided by the constitution but which has performed invaluable service in giving to Australian policy a unity and effectiveness that would have been impossible under ordinary circumstances—the various States and the Commonwealth acting independently.

The co-ordination of institutions on time of crisis, and their flexibility, are the chief secrets of Australia's rapid recovery. These factors permitted national

Continued on page 50



Hon. James Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia.



The Australian Parliament Buildings at Canberra.

Maclean's Magazine, June 15 1934

The Last Shall Be First

By ARTHUR MASON



"Maybe he's dead. No, he's raising himself. He's trying to crawl"

Illustrated by Paul Dudley

WHEN THOMPSON came aboard the *Dolphin* in Suva, the schooner's crew eyed him suspiciously. He was a tall, well-set up man in his late thirties who wore a full dark beard. That beard looked like a disguise. It seemed to cover his entire face. Even his eyes looked as if they were in hiding. So the crew thought.

How did you come to get stranded in Suva?" one of them asked.

The answer was curt.

'Circumstances.'

'Ain't you got any clothes at all?'

'No.' And Thompson walked across the deck as if to cut off further enquiries. But the crew continued to eye him.

'He's not a beachcomber. They're always full of news—and hungry.'

'He's got the look of the see about him.'

'No, he hasn't. Did you see the way he looked in at the fo'c'sle? He ain't one of us.'

'Well, we'll soon find out if he's a sailor man. We'll be leaving Suva in an hour.'

'He's anxious to get away from here, that's what. He's running away from something. Not a rig'lar dunnage has he got.'

'Do you think the captain is wise to him?'

What if he is? He couldn't help himself. He had to have another sailor, with Benson washed overboard. Thompson was all there was in these South Sea Islands that called himself a sailor. He had to ship him.'

'Aye. But where do we come in? Sailing with a man who won't talk about himself. He might be a murderer, for all we know. His hand would kill a man that stood in his way.'

As the *Dolphin* sailed away from Suva the captain called:

'Hey! Forard there! Send that fellow Thompson to the wheel!'

As Thompson walked aft all eyes were on him.

'The captain is wise to him all right,' said one to another with a wink.

Thompson steered the schooner out of the channel. He appeared to know it. So the question as to whether or not he was an able seaman was disposed of. But still the crew sniffed suspiciously. And when supper-time came Thompson took his food to the fore hatch and ate alone. That settled it. He was not one of them and never would be.

Day followed day. Thompson never spoke to anyone unless spoken to. His short clipped words and clear enunciation indicated that he was no ordinary sailor. His hands too, although brown and knotty, were free from calluses. But he did all the work that was required of him. He kept to himself, and moved away if any one came near him. Yet in spite of his silence the crew sensed a spirit of restlessness in him. They watched him closely and checked up with one another regarding the strange expression in his eyes as he gazed out across the Pacific.

It's as if he was ghost-ridden,' one of them said. 'Look out for him. There's one thing certain—he's running away from something and he's not to be trusted. It's easy to see he has no use for us, so steer clear of him.'

The schooner wore her way north through the tropics. Then one day as she was nearing land she sailed into a world of fog and disappeared.

"Only one thing to do,' said the captain. "Keep her afloat as long as we can."

THE CAPTAIN—a short, heavy-set man—stood on the poop, staring into nothing. His beard was full of fog drops and looked like a frog spawn hanging from his chin. He cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted:

"Keep that foghorn going!'

Someone answered him.

'It is going, captain. Thompson's blowing it.'

'Oh, *he's* blowing it, eh?'

'Aye. He's on the lookout.'

The wind was fair. About a five-knot breeze came abaft the beam. As he blew three long blasts on the Norwegian foghorn, Thompson would listen for the fog signal of another ship. Below him on the forward deck he heard the muffled voices of the crew.

'Say, men, ain't it thick?'

'Aye. A man could sup this fog.'

'We were to be in port tomorrow.'

'Aye.'

'Hang out the side lights.'

'What good will the side lights do?'

'That's the mate talking. The sun must have gone down.'

'Hang out the side lights!'

'Aye aye, sir.'

The man at the wheel struck eight bells—eight o'clock in the evening. Then the voice of the mate was heard again.

"Relieve the wheel and lookout.'

'Who's lookout is it?'

A sailor who had been nicknamed The Crab answered:

'It's mine, sir.'

'Who are you?'

'Jones, sir.'

Well keep that foghorn going and listen for any sound outside the *Dolphin*. We're in the lane of ships. Keep your ears open.'

Jones groped blindly up to the forecastle head.

'Where are you?' he called to the lookout.

The clear voice of Thompson answered him.

'There's no need of you here. I am keeping the lookout tonight.'

'But it's your watch below. I'm up here to relieve you. Where are you?'

And now the voice of Thompson rang out a command.

'Get off the fo'c'sle head! I'm keeping the lookout. I don't want you here.'

'You don't, hey? Well, you can't boss me around. The mate knows it's my lookout. If anything happens I'll be held responsible. You can't bully me. Not the likes of you. We all know what you are—trying to make your escape on the *Dolphin*. But I ain't going to fight with you. I'm going aft to tell the captain.'

Thompson heard The Crab crawling down the forecastle head. He was alone again. The fog drops that fell on him off the forestay reminded him of time; they came like the tick of a clock—drip, drip, drip. Again he blew three blasts on the foghorn. He crouched now to listen as if his life depended on what he heard. The only human noise was the sound of The Crab's footsteps stealing aft to the captain.

Now the inner jib slammed with the roll of the schooner. It was wet and it cracked like a whip. It sounded as if the flying jib boom had snapped. The surprise in Thompson was to shout: 'Look out, men! Look out for yourselves!' That which he had tried to stow away in the depths of him now floated to the surface.

THE CLOCK in the mind of Thompson flung back its hands. Only a year ago he was Captain John Waring, master of the bark *Sea Witch*, feeling a grave responsibility for his men and ship. Rain squalls and heavy seas—a night he would never be able to forget—a lee shore—then the crash as the struck the reef—masts overboard—stern sinking—waves galloping the length of her. 'Look out for yourselves, men!' Every man of you get into a cork jacket!'

Aye, he did tell them; even if no one heard or paid attention. They were on the fo'c'sle head now, lost only for a few moments. That giant wave that swept them all off the fo'c'sle head together—it was terrible, the pounding of the breakers! He felt again the sensation of clinging to something—what was it? The figurehead of the *Sea Witch* bobbing in the surf. Oh, but it was light—or was it because of the cork jacket that kept him afloat? Then the inrushing wave that lifted him and carried him, still clinging to the figurehead, and deposited him on the shore.

If only he had died there instead of having to face that court of enquiry! Of course he expected them to check him up on his navigation. He had thought he had plenty of sea room but he hadn't calculated correctly on current drift. He admitted that.

But why didn't you see to it that every man had a chance for his life? You took the time to get into a cork jacket yourself. The drowned men who were washed ashore were no jackets."

Oh it was easy enough to condemn him. He might have survived the disgrace of losing his master's license, but to be branded the kind of coward who would save his life at the expense of others—no, he would never be able to live that down.

But he must quit thinking. Thompson blew the foghorn on the schooner *Dolphin*. All at once he heard a voice behind him.

'Are you up there, Thompson?' It was the mate.

'Yes, sir. I'm here by the capstan.'

'Get off the fo'c'sle head. The captain wants to talk to you. Jones here is to keep the lookout. Find the foghorn, Jones.'

'Aye. I have it, sir.'

'Well, blow it then and make sure you keep it going.'

The Crab blew the foghorn.

'Come on now, Thompson. Find your way aft to the captain. He has something to say to you, and you'd better answer him if you know what's good for you. So get aft and be quick about it.'

As Thompson worked his way along the weather rail to the poop he noticed that none of the crew were around the decks. Not a voice did he hear. He wondered where they could be, for a crew should keep themselves handy in such weather. He knew the mate was behind him, for he heard him cough the fog out of his lungs. There was nothing else to do but see the captain—not because he had any respect for him or fear of him—but, after all, who was he to assume responsibility? Still he couldn't help straining his ears to listen.

Thompson was on the poop now. He groped his way along the cabin deck. The light that bulged from the binnacle outlined the wheel so that it looked like a huge spider's web, and the form of the helmsman, bent around the spokes, gave the impression that the spider was spinning a web. And now Thompson heard whisperings and the shuffling of men's feet on the poop. What! Were the crew up here? The master in him was astounded at the idea of a crew on a poop, especially when there was danger of a collision. Suppose they had to task in a hurry or wear ship? But he got no farther with his thoughts of a master's responsibility, for the mate called:

'Are you about, captain?'

'Aye. What is it?'

'Thompson is up here, sir.'

'He is, eh? Can you hear me, Thompson?'

'Yes, captain.'

'Well, what are you trying to do here, Thompson, in this fog—wreck the schooner? It's your watch below, but you wanted the lookout so you could keep your ears closed to any ship you heard blowing her horn. I suppose you'd like to sink the *Dolphin* so you could make your escape in an open boat, eh? Well you're not going to escape. What have you to say for yourself?'

'I have nothing to say,' answered Thompson. "You wouldn't understand why I wanted to keep the lookout tonight.'

'Oh, I wouldn't, eh? Well, I understand well enough what you were up to when you tried to heave Jones overboard as he came to relieve you.'

'That's a lie,' answered Thompson. 'I didn't.'

I'D TAKE his word against yours, and I have my reasons,' said the captain. 'Look here, I've been suspicious of you ever since you came aboard at Suva. You lied to me then when you told me your last ship was the bark *Sea Witch*. You didn't think I knew anything about the *Sea Witch*. Well, I did. I knew all the time that the *Sea Witch* was lost over a year ago. The only man saved out of her was the captain. But he got what was coming to him: the dirty, white-livered coward leaving his men behind him to drown! They cut the buttons off him, that's what they did. And that finished him.

'So you see, I spotted you for a liar from the first. I knew you were trying to make some kind of an escape, and I've had my eye on you. I had my reasons for shipping you, but I intend to turn you over to the authorities as soon as we land. And I'll have good cause. The crew have a case against you, too, and they're up here now to tell what they've found out. Speak up, men.'

Voices now leaped out of the dark.

'Don't all talk at once,' shouted the captain. "One is enough.

'You tell him, Pete.'

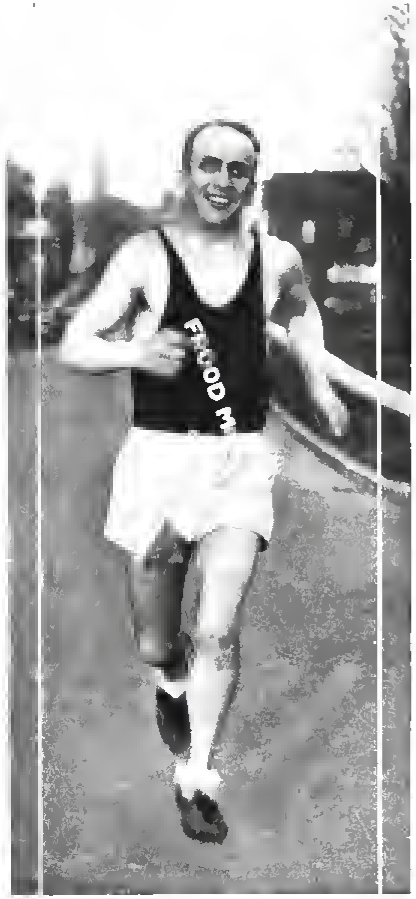
'Aye. Well it was this way, captain. All of us men have our thoughts about him. Who knows what crime he has committed on the land that he's trying to run away from? That we don't know. But this much we do know. He's not the man he makes out to be. He answers to the name of Thompson, but yesterday while he was aloft he left his coat in his bunk. Well, feeling like we do about him, we went through his coat pockets and we found a signet ring with the letters J. W. on it, so we sends where does the name of Thompson come in? And tonight when he refused to give Jones the lookout we knew he had something bad in his mind, and we're afraid of him, captain. There's no telling what he'll do now that we're nearing the land.'

'Well, anyway, he's here on the poop now. Are you there, Thompson?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Take the wheel. You can't do any dirty work there. Steer till the log lifts. I'll take you to port to the proper authorities if I have to swim with you.'

Continued on page 55



Dave Komonen, Sudbury,
long-distance champion of North America

Dave Komonen

By JIMMY NICOL

IF LIFE begins at forty, then Dave Komonen, winner of the Boston Marathon foot race has a four year lead on most mortals—the same as he had a four minute lead on his nearest rival in the twenty-six-mile, 385 yard jaunt into Beantown

Dave Komonen at thirty six feels he is only commencing his career as a Marathoner—a career which took him through five years of rigorous training without much recognition, and five more trustless years during which he was pronounced physically unfit because of a stomach that couldn't take it. From 1926 to 1931 he was out of the sport entirely

So possibly there is something to the theory about his athletic life commencing at the very time when most athletes are supposed to be all washed up, wrung out and hung on the line like a well worn dish rag

Five years ago—in the month of May, the celebrated Finn set his feet on the shores of Canada He had no particular reason for leaving the family farm and the hens and chickens near Kaki Salmi Finland

Far away fields look green, he explains. "That's all

On the green pastures of the North American continent and on its pavements, too, he proceeded to go places with so much speed that he has filled two trunks with silver and gold, though until he came north to Sudbury from Toronto last winter he had scarcely a dime to his name

Jewellery? He owns enough of it to open a silversmith's shop The champion Marathoner of the continent and recognized as Canada's outstanding athlete naturally, he has silver trophies decorated with everything from images of Greek gods to miniatures of the Statue of Liberty

In Canada and the States they give him cups, handsome medals, and when he wins the Boston Marathon a crown of laurel leaves. Back home in Finland, they showered him with twenty seven spoons and several pieces of bronze. One of them, set as large as a copper and by now as black as a bad penny, he prizes most of all Fourteen years ago he ran his first race in the Finnish army and finished third The piece of bronze is his proof

Dave smiled proudly as he produced it for inspection

Before that I never ran," he stated

Did you think then that you might have a career ahead of you in the game?" he was asked.

No, no.

Have you ever heard about that Greek chappie who won the world's first Marathon? Do you know his name?"

No he said I'm sorry I can't remember

But if Komonen doesn't know of Pheidippides and Marathon history- the winner of the Boston Marathon has his own opinions in connection therewith Finland not Greece or Canada or the United States, is the home of the world's best Marathoners The fastest mortal on the North American continent over a long distance Dave will tell you that there are four other Marathoners in the world who are superior to him They all reside in Finland

Paavo Nurmi- he was asked. "when do you expect to take him out for an airing?"

The question was sheer sacrilege Komonen looked positively insulted Had someone splattered a bucket of tar all over his gleaming array of silverware, the Finn would have appeared tickled to death in comparison

Nurmi!" he exclaimed with awe Me, I'll never be as good as Nurmi No, no, no!

Then Dave's chest expanded, though he didn't start to talk about himself Rather, about the other Marathoners back home in Finland As well as Nurmi, it seems there is a lad by the name of Lahtanen, another named Heiko, and—yes, certainly—Wirtanen

"They are all better than I am," Komonen asserted. He might well have been boasting about himself the way he said it At the most I'm fifth Nobody in the world can beat those four over in Finland

So before going farther, write these names on the cuff Nurmi, Lahtanen, Heiko and Wirtanen After that, and not before, one may be permitted to write about Komonen

When Perspiration Freezes

DAVE is modest, and, with his two trunkloads of cups, medals, spoons and bronze pennies, is genuine

When he came to Sudbury from Toronto in the midst of the most severe winter the North has known—and there wasn't an old inhabitant who had ever seen the mercury sink to sixty four degrees below, as it did in Sudbury last winter—Komonen asked for a job. Joe Halonen, an osteopath in Sudbury, gave him the cash to buy his ticket to the nickel city and room and board at his sanitarium, where Dave still lives. But Dave wanted work as a carpenter to pay his way

Herman Mintz, superintendent of the Frood Mine, heard about the fleet footed Finn He gave him work and Dave put in his time wrestling with timbers like any other employee

The miners formed an athletic association At Easter, they gave Komonen some money to defray his expenses to the Bloor Street road race in Toronto The Finlander didn't even finish the race. His stomach went back on him He had cramps. For the first time in his life he dropped out.

Returning to Sudbury after this flop the first thing he did was to offer to repay the miners the money they gave him for his expenses.

When he left for Boston there were five people in Sudbury who knew he was on his way When he returned with the crown of laurel leaves, not even Mayor W. Marr Brodie or all his aldermen knew on which train he would arrive. A few public-spirited chaps wanted to get the band out for Komonen's homecoming but nobody could find out when Dave would be home, so there was no tooting of horns or blaring of trumpets.

A couple of days after his return they gave him a civic banquet. A dozen speakers, including the Hon. Charles McCrea told the 300 guests what a fine chappie Dave is. The Finn sat through it all bowed half a dozen times, once for each presentation, and when it came his turn to talk he pulled out a piece of paper and asked the chairman to read it for him

My only regret is that my knowledge of English is not adequate to express to you my appreciation for what the people of Sudbury have done for me," it read.

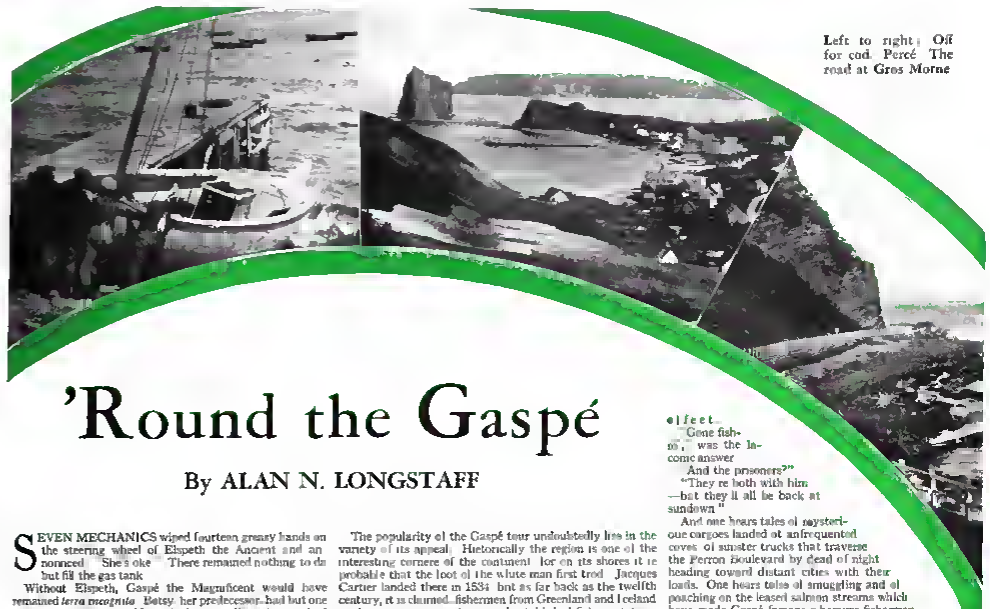
Then he went back to his room to bed and to work in the morning

Every evening he trains. Tonight he will run ten miles, tomorrow possibly only two. But he never misses an evening's outing on the road

All last winter he hit the trail He ran with the mercury twenty and thirty degrees below zero.

Often, Halonen stated Dave came home at night with a sheath of ice over his shoulders with icicles on his ear tips. The perspiration from his face and shoulders froze on his clothing He wore only his ordinary working togs, his

Continued on page 58



Left to right: Off for cod. Percé. The road at Gros Morne

'Round the Gaspé

By ALAN N. LONGSTAFF

SEVEN MECHANICS wiped fourteen greasy hands on the steering wheel of Elspeth the Ancient and announced "She's oke" There remained nothing to do but fill the gas tank

Without Elspeth, Gaspé the Magnificent would have remained *terra incognita* Betsy her predecessor had but one claim to consistency Never in her metallic existence had she passed a service station or another vehicle upon the highway Elspeth, however, came of a sterner and more modern line, though her passage had been through many hands and over a bumpy and tortuous road Joint family study of the highways maps issued by the Minister of Roads for the Province of Quebec was followed by anxious mechanical consultations. These latter bolstered up the idea that "only tuning up" was needed And Elspeth became the family heroine before she wheezed and coughed her way back to the garage

Maps of the Province of Quebec show a finger of land sticking out into the Gulf of St Lawrence down toward where the Bay of Chaleurs divides the province from New Brunswick and where Jacques Cartier first set foot on Canadian soil. Highways maps show a highway known as the Perron Boulevard encircling the finger of land, and the opening of this highway in 1928 revealed to visitors a glance of French Canada long denied them Roads which antedated the boulevard around the peninsula were so called rather by courtesy than as a matter of good judgment There were hills, stretching both up and down, but chiefly up There was one hill in particular to descend which in the days of travel by horse and buggy old timers tell one "You tie all four wheels of the buggy and then, by gar, you can't sit on the seat."

That has all changed with the completion of the Perron Boulevard Villages hitherto accessible only by sea nested the construction of gasoline stations many of them huxable in their beginning but soon rivalling those of other parts with their modern pumps and tanks of varicolored motor fuel not unlike those colored jars which once adorned the windows of the corner drug store Men whose thoughts had seldom traversed beyond the nearest fish dock or the operation of a powered fishing smack became enamored of the life of a garageman able to greet the visitor with a smile and care for the needs of his vehicle Tourist homes" began to open their doors, and locally-owned cars made their way along the Perron Boulevard to the cities of Quebec and Montreal, to return with their occupants filled with a new sense of importance and clothed in raiment chosen directly from the counters of department stores rather than from the pages of mail-order catalogues.

Variety of Appeal

DOWN the shore line of the St Lawrence from the Ancient Capital of Quebec wanders Route 10- the highway leading to Gaspé At Ste Flavie it loses its identity to become Route 6 the Perron Boulevard which circles the peninsula and returns to Ste Flavie after traversing some 550 miles of scenary

The popularity of the Gaspé tour undoubtedly lies in the variety of its appeal. Historically the region is one of the interesting corners of the continent for on its shores it is probable that the foot of the white man first trod Jacques Cartier landed there in 1534 but as far back as the twelfth century, it is claimed, fishermen from Greenland and Iceland made journeys to its shores and established fishing stations there And since fish drew the first white man to Gaspé it need cause no surprise to realise that fish keeps many of them still there King Cod is omnipresent and ruins supreme

Scenically Gaspé is a region of mountain and shore line The Shickshocks, pounding the backbone of the peninsula, are never more than a seeming stone's throw from the tourist who traverses the Perron Boulevard, particularly on its north side while on the south they ease gradually down to the beaches along the Baie des Chaleurs. Steep cliffs and gigantic headlands rugged coves and boisterous streams rushing down to the river and gull through their deep narrow gorges, characterize the north shore Striking panoramas face the tourist at every turn Landscapes are varied with every curve of the road, but always, as one journeys along the boulevard, are the shale cliffs and mountains on the one hand, the gulf and Baie des Chaleurs on the other

Fishing stations, or "houses" as they are known to the Gaspesians mark the way and these houses are as deeply rooted in the history of the region as are the fur posts of the Hudson's Bay Company in the North and Northwest.

Families and communities have grown up on fish, and King Cod is always present In the harbors are fishing smacks riding at anchor between their trips to the banks. In the fields are rack upon rack of drying cod fish flakes One hears of the beachmaster, the culler and the salter, each monarch in his own realm of this fish industry- of fish which are green or round or "made," the latter term applying when the fish are cured One learns of tolgal fish, which is a term approximating run of mine in the handling of coal, indicating that the buyer takes them as they come And one may visit the fish-curing plants if the experience of fish has been insufficient by the time Percé is reached and there witness the commercial industry in full swing, where cod liver oil is extracted, cod tongues are garnered by ambitious youths who sell them to the hotels and residences and where acres of cod flakes lie on the clean shingle to dry in the sun as the cod were dried in the days of the old Basque and Norman fishermen.

There are other things of which one hears during a journey around the Gaspé Peninsula. For instance, there is the carefree life which not so long ago prevailed in the community when the jail was so little used that caring for it became a nuisance to the man charged with that duty And then- one day the inspector of jails arrived unheralded

"Where is the jailer?" he demanded or words to that

A sawmill windmill

effect.

"Gone fishing," was the laconic answer

And the prisoners?"

"They're both with him—but they'll all be back at sundown."

And one hears tales of mysterious cargoes landed at unfrequented coves of sunster trucks that traverse the Perron Boulevard by dead of night heading toward distant cities with their loads. One hears tales of smuggling and of poaching on the leased salmon streams which have made Gaspé famous wherever fishermen gather One hears of the owner of fishing leases who followed the old adage by hiring the man with the strongest reputation for poaching and putting him to guard the streams, reasoning that at least he would know all the tricks and be able to forestall anyone else whose tastes might run to salmon illegally caught And one hears of the ardent fishermen who found pools teeming with huge salmon and trout

Ah, those Canadians are modest people," he declared They only need to advertise the sort of virgin fishing once in the States to have every fisherman up here

But just as be prepared to cast a fly over the waters a Hatchery attendant stepped into the picture to say *Verboten*

No Fleece for Flivvers

THIS THING called depression may be a factor in many holiday jaunts, but when one visits Gaspé there is a factor called "Compression which rules the roost Road signs warn the driver to use compression in descending hills those same hills where all four wheels of the buggy she steed The motorist needs no warning to ascend hills in first or second the slope of the highway being the determining factor in this regard

One would not as a matter of choice, select the Perron Boulevard as the spot upon which to begin his driving lessons, nor would any one who had previously driven an automobile

Can't'd on page 58



As I watched, he bent and kissed her

Secret Ends

By Seymour Winslow

THE STORY *Wishing to prepare a thesis for a Ph.D degree and also earn some money David Kimball secures a job for the summer as caretaker of the closed Hastings estate at Ste Agathe Quebec Mr and Mrs Hastings are touring in Asia a daughter Judith is supposed to be in Alberta a son Bud is holidaying in Northern Ontario*

Kimball expects to find solitude and peace and plenty of time for study He finds instead, that some mysterious person has moved into the house This turns out to be Judith, young and attractive, who insists she must remain on the estate in seclusion for the summer

Moving in a room over the garage, Kimball is further astonished to find that the bed has been slept in and a man's clothing has been scattered around

I SHOULD have been somewhat broken in to the surprise of finding unannounced guests at Shoulder Hill But my astonishment now was even greater than when I had come upon Judith Hastings. After all, she had merely gone to bed in her own room after flinging wide her windows with aristocratic unconcern But this mae above the garage had been occupying his suite for days It shattered all my self-esteem as caretaker

Morning and evening for over a week I had visited the garage on my daily patrols True, I had not climbed to its second floor But I had given a look to all doors and windows Clearly enough, whoever had moved in to that apartment had practised deliberate secrecy The place was a hideaway But how had the man entered originally? I went from window to window and came upon the answer at the one nearest the outside stairway The catch was intact but the lower sash loose in its frame had so much play that anyone on a ladder outside might, with patience work it free The outer door at the top of the steps was fitted with a spring lock. This I discovered was set at open, although it never had been so when I rattled it twice daily on my inspection

Since getting into this state had been so simple it occurred to me that its duplicate also might be tenanted I crossed the hall and opened the opposite door hall expecting to find an entire little family comfortably settled in But a glance around told me it was unoccupied No dust cloth had been wielded for months. I was as relieved as a hotel-room clerk, discovering an entire vacant floor on the eve of a convention I went to the far window and pet up a shade to get a better light on things. And there I stopped with the window cord still in my hand Out beyond I sighted my second unregistered guest.

A washing yard abetted the garage on the south Then came the kitchen garden Near its far end, plying a hoe between rows of bean plants, was a tall slender man in an all-over khaki worksuit. It bagged and flapped about his spare figure He evidently had borrowed it from the garage He was working diligently and as I watched him came to the end of a row With a hand to his back, as if unused to such labor he straightened himself up mopped his forehead beneath a wide straw hat and viewed his work with pride

I would need no gun to deal with this man I rattled down the outer stairs, circled to the front of the garage, crossed its wide concrete apron and followed the wall of the washing yard toward the garden. The man could not see me coming but he must have heard me. As I rounded the corner of the wall he seemed to have been waiting for me I thought I saw a trace of a welcoming smile His face was lean and marked with lines that made it somehow distinguished—lines of thoughtful sobriety He made no move he continued to lean on his hoe His manner disconcerted me I had no words with which to challenge him. Before I found any he spoke

You're early sir, he said pleasantly as if we had parted the day before

HIS TONE took all the drive out of me

Early? How do you mean? Were you expecting me?"

Yes, in a way sir, he said "I was expecting to see you, though not expecting you to see me You're early on your evening round I meant to say By about an hour, I believe. His manner was one of amusement over being caught

I had to force myself to be stern

You've made a close study of my habits,' I conceded him

Without meaning any impertinence, sir, I found it necessary to learn your routine Doubtless by now you've discovered my quarters

There was a fine self-respecting dignity about the man, Without being obsequious, he granted me an importance I had not felt up to then

I have I said. "Is it possible you've been living there since last Thursday without my knowledge?"

It's no reflection on your watchfulness, sir The garage can't be seen from the house And I've turned my comings and goings He looked at me puzzled "It *was* Thursday," he said "but I don't see how—

The date of the newspaper,' I explained, 'with which you lined your drawer

"I never should have thought of that, sir" he paid tribute to this minor deductive feat.

The rejoinder "Elemental" came to me, but it was no time for rejoinders

"Well what's the story? Who are you? And where from? And why?

He tilted back his straw sunshede

"The name is Tremper, sir I am, or rather I was, Mr Hastings' butler He squared his shoulders. "I had been with the family eighteen years up until this spring As you doubtless know sir, Mr Hastings thought it best to retrench rather radically It was shortly after Easter when he let his servants go—the staff here at Shoulder Hill I was one of the last to leave Mr Hastings did what he could to place me I declined to take a role from him But there is small demand for upper servants today, sir extremely small for butlers.

He mopped his head, smoothing sparse grey hair across its top from one side to the other

I did my best, sir, to find a situation There was none to be had- None at all

'And so, I prompted him 'you moved back

As you see sir Shoulder Hill has been the only home I've known for eighteen years. I held back from adding my personal troubles to Mr Hastings' much greater ones, but when I read that Mr and Mrs Hastings had sailed, I had the thought that I might be of some ease up here—something in the way of a voluntary caretaker perhaps. Or an assistant,

I have had it in mind a hundred times to make myself known to you ' He met my eye fraekly I'm glad you discovered me, sir An under-cover life doesn't suit me at all'

As Tremper talked I began to see him as a godsend Judith Hastings, whether she thought so or not, was going to want service. Tremper would be another mouth to feed. but he would release me from added work connected with meals and supplies Tremper wanted only a home And in his case, without doubt the desire for it—not to say need of it—was what had brought him back

The butler had been hacking about him sombrely with the hoe as he gave me time to think

"And now, sir," he said, "I suppose you'll be telling me to pack up and move along

"Prepare for a shock, Tremper, I said 'My impulse is to kiss you on both cheeks. The incongruity of a temporary caretaker passing judgment for the second time in twelve hours on the rights of such people as members of the family and ex-butlers to live on the Hastings estate, made me laugh aloud. Lean hard on that hoe, now, while I tell you" I advised Tremper Miss Hastings arrived at Shoulder Hill last night Moved right in And she's staying on '

Tremper's eyes widened

"Miss Judith here? But Miss Judith is summering at a dude ranch in the West

Was not 'is" She took wing and hopped back. I turned her up on my early round today A case of acute homesickness, she says.

Tremper pondered this a moment Some disturbing train of thought seemed to be passing through his mind Judith Hastings return to Shoulder Hill was a surprise to him and something more than a surprise He spoke guardedly

A case of homesickness, you say, sir?

Her explanation

"Ah! I hope it was only that " He turned away from me as if in fear I might read something from his features.

TREMPER'S WORDS hinting at another possible motive for her return, suggested too, that he might know what the motive was I thought it best not to question him outright. But who, if not the old family butler, would be able to throw light on the girl's precipitate homecoming as well as her wish for secrecy?

Since the young lady has decided to stop a while, I continued, she is going to need a certain amount of waiting on Also, she landed home without a nickel Even with what we can get from the garden here it will come to a slim living for three But if you'll combine the duties of gardener, butler, cook and—to a degree—lady's maid, the household will run the better for your being here

"I believe I can be useful sir in all those capacities. In the matter of money, I have a very small income from a permanent trust, a sum that usually reaches me monthly from abroad If I could be of help financially

I told him I couldn't consider such a thing. Voluntarily he revealed more of his circumstances He had, it seems, followed Mr Hastings in the investment of his savings and suffered in like proportion The difference was that Tremper had been completely wiped out The small remittance from an English source was all he had.

There will be one more delay on your list," I told him at last. "Something along the line of chaperon I came down to the garage with the idea of moving in since Miss Hastings is occupying the main house But now we'll both move right up to the castle. You may as well take your old room."

There was still no evidence of Judith Hastings as Tremper and I carried our things from the garage to the house. While Tremper got settled I looked around for bar to tell her that Providence had sent a servant for her use. She was nowhere on the lower floor As I started up the staircase I heard footsteps above Then, as I reached the second floor, she emerged from her room, a new and breathtaking Judith Hastings.

She wore a low-cut evening dress of a peculiar blue that shimmered It had a tiny train which she managed with great accustomedness. Catching sight of an audience in me, she put on a little extra manner as any attractive woman would

"Like it?" she asked, promenading like a mannequin

The fact was, she was gorgeous.

"If you're dressing for dinner, I said, "I forgot to tell you that it's banned for the season.

She fell back in mock astonishment

"Don't tell me you're going to let down' Just because we're three thousand miles from Maylair and don't know when we're going to see another white face! Hardly cricket, is it? And certainly not soccer " She dropped the nonsense and looked down at her dress.

Sort of pretty, though, isn't it? It's an old one I found in my closet when I was digging up those overalls you ordered.

She was beautiful. It was hard to believe she was the tomboy of that morning I wanted to urge her to keep it on, to sit across from me just as she was. But that wouldn't do

Hope you found the work pants, I said "You're going to need them more than ever We've had an addition to the household. '

It took her a moment to get going

'Oh, who—for heaven's sake?" It was a tense hall-whisper

Help, I said 'Efficacious help "

Stop being obscure. Did you go out and get somebody to work here?" She looked ready to pounce.

"Certainly not It just happens that an old Hastings retainer has showed up. In a word, Tremper

"Tremper!'

'The man himself And at the range we speak "

I couldn't have foreseen her reaction to this.

'Tremper!' she exclaimed again then picking up the skirt and train of the blue gown she rushed past me to the stairs The tapping of her heels on the steps was a drum roll 'Tremper, I heard. Darling Tremper!'

I GOT TO THE kitchen to find her pumping the butler's hands up and down rotating him in the centre of her dancing circle. Tremper, his face fleshed his eyes moist, was speechless. Both of them beamed with a fondness that told of long affectionate association

It was like being an outsider at a family reunion I left them alone and crossed the room to a window that gave out over a sweep of side lawn In the middle distance one of the local gardeners was steering a motor lawnmower across the grass If the inmates of Shoulder Hill were to remain undiscovered these work hours would best be switched to early morning

I let myself out the service door and intercepted the man on his next trip across the lawn I gave him the secret that the water pressure would be better earlier in the day and asked him to shift forward to before one



She emerged from her room a new and breathless Judith Hastings



in the forenoon The reason hit him m antirely logical As a dissembler I was making progress. I remembered my grocery deliveries. They had been coming up from Ste. Agathe and one was due the following morning But the way things were now, I'd have to haul our supplies from town myself

With the idea of phoning the grocer to hold tomorrow's order until called for, I returned to the house. In the kitchen, as I passed through, Tremper was busy at the mixing board Judith Hastings was not in sight—gone to put away the blue dress I supposed I made my way to the telephone in the rear front hall and picked up the receiver Then before I had a chance to give the number the operator's voice said "I'll ring them again"

"Wait a minute," I told the girl "You don't know the number yet Let me have—"

"I beg your pardon Did you complete your previous call?

"I made no previous call," I said, and spoke the grocer's number But as I hung up after giving my instructions to the store I had the belated thought that someone else must have been using the phone just before me After all, the house was populous now And since the girl assumed that the previous call had been mine it must have reached her in a man's voice The only other man around was Tremper Had the butler made a phone call? It was he seemed to have chosen a moment when he was alone on the lower floor to do it

Had my suspicious nature been, at that time, as fully developed as it later became, I should have investigated the circumstance of the previous call then and there But I was still quite green in matters of intrigue I dismissed the thing as of no moment. The operator was doubtless mistaken as to the source of the call Or if she were not, what business had I prying into the personal affairs of the decent and admirable Tremper? I was not a prison warden Had I known it, I might have got a line on coming events by asking the switchboard girl a simple question or two But instead I started off on my six o'clock patrol with the inner satisfaction of being big natured As I returned, at seven Tremper appeared in the doorway

"Dinner is served, sir," he announced "In the breakfast room"

NEVER in my life had a meal been announced to me with such formality Would I be able to manage my voice to say "Very well, Tremper?" I decided I would not, and let it go

The meal was a revelation of what can be done with the most ordinary commercial and domestic supplies When I commented on it to Judith Hastings she told me that Tremper was her father's cook when he took a crowd of men to his fishing camp

There was a clear soup that might never have known a can; a melting omelet with parsley and chives folded in; young spinach from the garden; hot biscuits, maple syrup a fruit salad also from a can but served with a special dressing Cheese and toasted crackers ended it. So far as I was concerned Tremper had earned his right to stay with my first spoonful of soup.

I took occasion at a moment when Tremper was serving us, to tell them both of the new gardening hours, and warn them not to so much as shake a mop out of the window before nine Both agreed solemnly

Judith Hastings' usual flow of conversation was somewhat modified She was still making up for having missed dinner the night before Since my own work had suffered so badly that day, I decided to put in the evening at it It was toward eleven-as I was laying aside my papers, that a knock came from the kitchen door

It was Tremper He crossed the room to my table.

"About the wine—sir I've been wondering if you had instructions as to its care?"

I had not yet found time to get acquainted with the wine cellar

"What care does it need Tremper?" I asked him "I'm not very well up on my vintages"

"Mostly a matter of turning, sir Chang

[AN EDITORIAL]

Purge the News-Reels

Recently it was reported that audiences in United States picture theatres were applauding news-reel "shots" of Dillinger, escaped gangster

Applauding a man responsible for several cold-blooded killings!

At the same time, Canadian audences were being shown the same pictures.

Pictures of the killer, smirking in the presence of almost solicitous and respectful officers of the law

Pictures of uninteresting people who, having been forced by the fugitive thug to harbor him, were dragged in front of a sound-camera to grin and tell the world that the murderer seemed to be a nice, friendly sort of chap who enjoyed a game of cards, called an old woman "Mother" and gave her a blanket

There was no applause in Canadian theatres

But why should Canadians be confronted by such sewage?

Where were the censors?

Were they too busy clocking the length of a kiss or measuring the length of a bathing suit?

Were they too busy to notice the glorification of a machine-gun maniac who has run amok and made a pitiful spectacle of the law forces of a people who frankly envy the security and rapidity of British justice?

Or do they subscribe to the nauseating, morbid craving for sensation that has made the gutter press and screen of the United States the handmaiden of crime?

It is high time for ruthless censorship of United States spews reels

We are told that we in Canada have not sufficient sound equipment to provide a satisfactory footage of Canadian news pictures

We are told that our customs regulations bar U. S. sound equipment from more than limited operation in the Dominion

These may be matters demanding correction.

But in the meantime there can be no excuse whatever for the showing in Canada of so much inane, uninteresting and, in such cases as the above, of such abominable trash

There is no taste in Canada for news-reel or feature pictures which make heroes of gangsters and elevate machine-guns and revolvers to emblems of smartness.

ing the position of the bottles now and then."

Neither my knowledge of wine nor my curiosity about it had increased since the day Mr Berryman lost himself among the Hastings Burgundies Tremper's interest in the cellar it developed was as great as Mr Berryman's, but of quite a different sort His attitude toward the Hastings wine was that of the head librarian of the British Museum toward the treasures under his care

He himself he related had acted as adviser to Mr Hastings when the place was last restocked Early in 1929 he had travelled to France as valet with his employer Together they had visited the famous French cellars. They had bought heavily at Voisin's and had made trips to the Côte d'Or for some of the Burgundies, and to the Bordeaux region to pick up some rare château vintages He mentioned names that meant nothing to me Volnay Barsac, Château Lafite But in his telling he made me feel his own enthusiasm I was convinced, as he finished that the cellar needed a caretaker of its own

Here, Tremper," I said, detaching the key from my chain "I appoint you custodian of the wines. *Sommelier!* I'd like to have a look at the place with you some day."

He thanked me appreciatively I had a feeling of shame, when he had gone, at having shown myself such an ignoramus. About all I could do was to tell the difference between *vin rouge* and *vin blanc* of the sort served free with nine-franc dinners in the little restaurants near the Sorbonne. I went to sleep determined to take some schooling from Tremper

JUDITH appeared next morning at breakfast in a pair of couturier overalls with gay ornamental patches sewn over each knee and a demure little round necked blouse with the briefest of sleeves. It was the costume of the *ingénue* in the apple-blossom number of any musical comedy I steeled myself and assigned her to the beet patch.

Later in the morning I caught a glimpse of her head under its floppy linen hat bobbing to the rhythm of the hoe. She was paying her first laborious installment of the price of living in seclusion at Shoulder Hill.

At dinner on her second day of gardening, she was scarcely able to keep awake As Tremper served the dessert she dozed off in her chair her head nodding forward

Hungry as I still am, I've got to go to bed And right this minute." Her feet dragged as she crossed the floor her "Good night" was hardly audible Tremper hurried to open the door for her Returning to the table his eyes met mine

"Getting herself so fatigued, sir, is wholly needless She might perfectly well be enjoying the summer elsewhere"

"Well where, Tremper? I begged her to name a place within driving distance. Hasn't she any friends around here?"

"She would be welcome at a ball down near-by country houses, sir" Tremper started for the kitchen, his hands full of dishes, then as if impelled to it he returned to the table The fingers that held the used table things trembled a little as he spoke.

"I should like to offer a suggestion, Mr Kimball He swallowed desperately "In your capacity as temporary guardian over Miss Judith there's a matter I think you should know There has been—that is to say, there is—" he hitted to say it—"an admirer, sir A suitor I'm afraid it's possible that he has something to do with all this"

"Possible? I'd bet on it!" Nebulously, the idea had been in and out of my mind since Judith first returned Tremper remained standing with the uneasy look of a man who has let out a family secret

I wondered how far I could guess the rest.

"Stop me if I'm wrong Tremper From the family's point of view electrocution would be too good for this menace?"

"Menace, sir?"

"Boy friend"

Continued on page 58

FORBIDDEN MESA

By

Louis Arthur Cunningham

SO THROUGH impenetrable jungle so thick that the bright light of noonday could scarcely filter in, hatten and tormented by hosts of flies, with deadly serpents slithering across our path or hanging from the branches of trees, ready to strike and destroy in an instant, we six men and our few servants pushed our way through the fever-infested lowlands of the Amazon and into those hills where the foot of white man never before had trod So, worn and exhausted but buoyed up by the triumph of discovery, we came to the Forbidden Mesa and climbed its thousand steps to the ancient stronghold of the Incas.

Among other things we brought back these four little images beautifully carven in stone These, we surmised and have since definitely concluded, were meant to symbolize the days of their week, and were probably worshipped as minor gods. They are figures of men each bearing some burden This one carries a star, this one a sword, this one a bow and arrow, this one has an eagle perched on his shoulders. We thought it odd that, where these lost people were sun worshippers, there was no image bearing a sun, although in such of their writings as have been translated there are numerous allusions to the Day of the Sun

Captain Hilary Ross-Morton, the renowned South American explorer, continued to hold enthralled the great audience that packed to the door the Brant Museum's large auditorium. On the platform on either side of Captain Ross-Morton sat James K. Leyden president of the Natural History Society, and Dr Munro, the curator They were proud and happy men Not in the town's history had a personage so famous, so much in the public eye, as this noted explorer, deigned to come and give a lecture in the Brant Museum

The cost was fabulous—for the Brant Museum. Even the receipts from the completely sold out auditorium would not cover the lecturer's fee and expenses It would be necessary to dip into the treasury, to curtail expenditures for a while and bring minor celebrities for the ensuing lectures of the series. But it was all worth while.

The lecture ended A thunder of applause shook the high white walls and fluted pillars of the auditorium Townsmen and their ladies crowded forward to shake humbly the hand that had helped claw its owner's way up the thousand steps of the Forbidden Mesa Young and old gazed with reverent awe on Captain Hilary Ross-Morton. And the lion smiled with graceful condescension and accepted their homage as his due

When the last of the worshippers had reluctantly drifted away James K Leyden and Dr Munro invited the lecturer into the curator's office Jenkins, the treasurer, was waiting there The cheque of four impressive figures Captain Ross-Morton pocketed casually, without glancing at it. He said, "Thank you, gentlemen," and went out with two representatives of the Ladies Auxiliary who were waiting in the lobby to escort him to the hotel where a reception would be held

Silence, in the curator's orderly and spacious office, succeeded his going Dr Munro's eyes, behind their bespectacled spectacles held a far-off, vacant look, as if the worthy scientist, out of tail coat and stiff shirt and into a khaki blouse and shorts, were climbing the treacherous crumbling stairway of the thousand steps to the towering top of the Forbidden Mesa Jenkins was working at his books. James K Leyden was drumming on the smooth desk top with thick fingers. He was frowning. He was a businessman This had been a great stroke of business—bringing Ross-Morton here, but it had cost Lord, how it had cost! Of course, everybody was pleased Everybody had a good word for the Brant Museum and for the Board of Governors, and especially its distinguished and active president

Just the same a thousand dollars was a lot of money It set them back quite a bit. It had to be made up Economies must be instituted at once Mr Leyden glanced through the open door and saw the auditorium lights still burning He jumped up

"Good lord!" he said "Look at the way the lights are burning here—simply burning up money! Who's to look after that Munro? Where is the janitor? Why isn't he on the job? The man is incompetent. You had better discharge him and get someone at lower wages"

"They're pretty low now," said Dr Munro, pressing a bell. "And he's been here a long time.

"No matter" James K Leyden wore the impressive, stern-eyed look of the captain of industry before whom incompetence lolled up and died "It's his place to see that the lights are turned off the moment there is no need for them Where is he? What's keeping him?

"He's pretty feeble now Ah, here he is."



"There was no gold, just some little stone gods—and I fetched 'un away."

A LITTLE old man, bent his white hair scanty, the skin of his face cracked and wizened like the shell of a walnut, shuffled into the room His name was Barney No one around the Brant Museum knew his other name. Dr Munro had heard and forgotten it.

"What kept you, my man?" demenand James K Leyden "Why aren't you about your duties?"

Barney lifted to his vanished forelock a gnarled hand that had a blue star tattooed on the shiny, veined parchment skin of the back.

"Sorry, Mr Leyden sir I were hankin the furnace fire for the night. I didn't know the lecksher was over"

"Why, sneered James K. Leyden "it's a wonder you weren't present! You seem to be a privileged character Turn out the lights."

Barney's pale blue, lustreless eyes looked vaguely at James K before in obedience he shuffled to the switchboard in the hall and blackened the auditorium in a slow moment Leyden watched his deliberate, aged motions with chill-eyed contempt

"See about replacing that man tomorrow, Dr Munro We have to save money around here and I'm showing you one way it can be done

"I really don't see—" began the curator timidly

"Beg pardon, sir and doctor" Barney had shuffled into the room.

James K Leyden stared at him with repressed rage

"Yes, Barney?" Dr Munro looked at the floor "I been here a number o' years now, ye know An' maybe I'm not so quick as might be but I've tried to do my duty as best I knew how I spoke to ye doctor, about needin' five dollars a month extry It's not for myself. I have a married daughter whose husband isn't been so lucky of late and—"

"Well!" James K Leyden exploded. "Of all the nerve! Listen to me, my man you're discharged. You're through here You aren't up to the work and we can get a better man for less money"

Eh!" Barney squinted at him, dazed, for a moment not comprehending him at all

"You understand?

"Ye mean I—I lost me job here! Why, I been here—I never done—Dr Munro, it ain't true what he's sayin'?"

The curator looked unhappy He avoided Barney's watery gaze.

"I'm not the one who has the say in that, Barney It's Mr Leyden"

"I—I see."

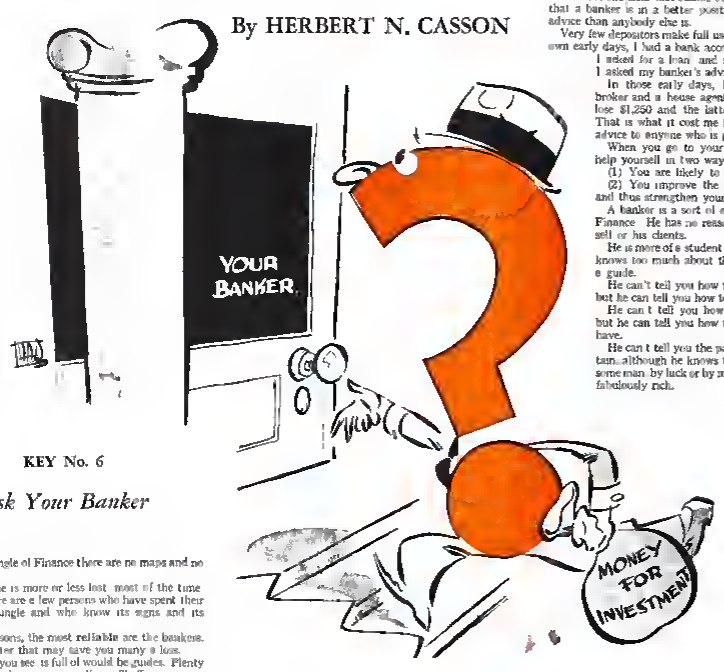
This lecture on South America cost us a thousand dollars and we have to cut down, to save money," continued Dr Munro wretchedly

"But—" Barney's fingers groped at his chin. "It comes kind o' suddenlike I thought I was doin'

Continued on page 58

How to Make Money Grow

By HERBERT N. CASSON



KEY No. 6

Ask Your Banker

Your banker can tell you how to hold fast to what you have

IN THE Jungle of Finance there are no maps and no paths.

Everyone is more or less lost most of the time.

But there are a few persons who have spent their lives in the jungle and who know its signs and its dangers.

Of these persons, the most reliable are the bankers. That is a pointer that may save you many a loss.

The Jungle you see is full of would-be guides. Plenty of pedometers and common swindlers will offer you maps and guidebooks.

They will offer to guide you anywhere and to hold your interest they will tell you anything you want to know.

In fact, as soon as you enter the Jungle with a pocketbook you are liable to be overwhelmed with offers of help.

Hundreds of men who are themselves hopelessly lost will offer to guide you to the Golden Mountain.

That is one of the weirdest customs of the Jungle—that sickly men offer to show you the road to Health and ragged rascals offer to make you Rich.

There is practically no such thing as disinterested advice or service in the Jungle. You had better know this before you go into the Jungle instead of after you come out.

As soon as you lose your pocketbook, all the guides and advisers will disappear. You will find yourself on your own.

The fact is that when a man gets lost in the Jungle, he usually becomes a guide: some kind of a broker.

If he really knew the path to the Golden Mountain himself do you think that, for a small fee, he would show anyone else where it is?

It is not that a broker is dishonest, but he has a code of his own.

His First Commandment is: "Let the client take the risk."

He thinks of Action. Go on! he advises.

The broker keeps everybody in the Jungle moving. This, mind you, is a very valuable service to the people in the Jungle as a whole.

But I am not talking generalities. I am trying to tell the reader how to hold on to his money and make it earn more.

No broker has awake nights thinking of old-time clients who are now penniless. If brokers did this, they would all die of insomnia.

Usually, too, a broker goes by rumors, not by principles. He trots up and down with the market. He seldom studies national tendencies.

He has no chart or map or compass. He merely follows the clients whom he is supposed to lead.

He is not really a Guide at all. He is a companion. Once you realize this, you can make very good use of a broker.

He is a handy man who does what you tell him. He runs your errands and cheers you up and tells you the news of the day and buys for you and sells for you. But a Guide—not for a moment.

But there is another class of people in the Jungle. They do not pretend to be guides, but they know more than the guides. They are the Bankers.

The banker is a custodian. He is a man who protects money from being lost. He is all for Safety.

If he does not know the paths of the Jungle, at least he knows the hiding places. He spends his life studying the signs of impending danger.

More than this, the banker can pull you out of trouble if he wishes.

A broker's idea is to keep his client buying and selling, while a banker's idea is to protect his clients against loss.

A broker is paid by commission on what his client buys or sells, but a banker is paid on a salary. There is one vital point which is perhaps the explanation of all this.

If brokers were put on salary and bankers were put on commission, the whole world of finance would be marvellously altered, and whether for better or worse, no one knows.

But this one clear fact stands out and cannot be denied: that a banker is in a better position to give disinterested advice than anybody else is.

Very few depositors make full use of their banker. In my own early days, I had a bank account for ten years before I asked for a loan, and for fourteen years before I asked my banker's advice about investments.

In those early days, I went for advice to a broker and a house agent. The former made me lose $1,250 and the latter made me lose $6,000. That is what it cost me to learn never to go for advice to anyone who is paid on commission.

When you go to your banker for advice, you help yourself in two ways:

(1) You are likely to be advised wisely.

(2) You improve the banker's opinion of you and thus strengthen your credit.

A banker is a sort of onlooker in the Jungle of Finance. He has no reason to deceive either himself or his clients.

He is more of a student than a busybody, and he knows too much about the Jungle to call himself a guide.

He can't tell you how to make twelve per cent, but he can tell you how to make six.

He can't tell you how to double your money, but he can tell you how to hold fast to what you have.

He can't tell you the path to the Golden Mountain, although he knows that every now and then some man by luck or by merit, finds it and becomes fabulously rich.

A banker plays safe, and for that reason he is the best possible adviser to every investor at first.

There may come a time when a man grows strong enough to outgrow his banker's advice—but that is not often.

Especially at a time like the present, I would advise every businessman to lean heavily on his banker.

The banker is today the central man. The world is on his shoulders. All the international money troubles that politicians are talking about must in the end be settled by bankers, not parliaments and congresses.

The banker is the protector of the people's money: and he must assert himself. He must give politicians their orders.

He is not a mere bookkeeper. He is a Guardian. He is a Trustee. He is a Leader, whether he wants to be or not.

So, our sixth point is—Ask Your Banker.

Editor's Note—Key number seven will appear in Maclean's in an early issue.

To avoid Wrinkles... to Fight Dryness



CHERISH BOTH YOUR SKINS

In UNDER SKIN, (right) ward off dreaded wrinkles with deep, penetrating oil-rich cream.

In OUTER SKIN, (center) stop dryness, roughness, with grease-less moistening cream.

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



Smooth—Happy
1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!

Soft—Sunken
2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken away from the outer skin.

Wrinkled—Discolored
3 Later the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

FEW WOMEN know they must take proper care of both these skins to present a clear, fresh complexion to the world. Their *outer* skin and their *under* skin. That's not only sound sense—that's accepted scientific knowledge!

The outer skin is wafer-thin. It protects the under skin from weather, climate, exposure. The under skin is many times thicker—and is full of nerves, blood vessels, tiny glands that supply it with oil.

WRINKLES. Long before you're aware of them, ruthless wrinkles start way down in your half-starved under skin. Natural beauty oils there keep it young, firm. After '20' these oil glands often fail to function precisely. Pond's Cold Cream penetrates deeply—carries to your under skin the oils it lacks. It keeps mortifying wrinkles at bay. And Pond's Cold Cream has been famous for years as a skin cleanser!

THE ANSWER TO DRYNESS. Your extremely delicate outer skin should always be kept moist. Weather, wind, steam heat, dust—all sap natural moisture from your thirsty outer skin. Even young women suffer from skin roughening. Don't use a grease cream for this. You need the wonderful moisture-restoring substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream! It is wonderful for softening chapped, dried-out skins quickly. Smooth it on hands, neck, arms and face.

This is how the stunningly beautiful Mrs. JOHN DAVIS LODGE describes her *Pond's Two-Skin Treatment*:

1 "*My nightime cleansing*. Pond's Cold Cream, patted in well, removed with Pond's Tissues. Then a second cleansing, to haul away any last traces. Again, Pond's soft Tissues.

2. "*Finally*, Pond's Vanishing Cream which I leave on overnight. It softens and smooths my skin.

3 "*Morning*, and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream furnishes daytime protection, makes powder and rouge go on evenly.

Try the Pond's Two Creams yourself! Send for samples (see coupon at right). In no time at all you will see how velvety soft and fresh your skin, too, will be.



■ For Your UNDER SKIN—a delicious oil cream—Pond's Cold Cream. Or the Lightening Cream that melts instantly.

■ For Your OUTER SKIN—a greaseless cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Holds powder tightly.

Mrs. John Davis Lodge (née Francesca Braggiotti) *keeps both her Outer and Under skins young, fresh, with Pond's Two-Skin Treatment.* "*I really believe these Two Creams are all any woman needs to keep a lovely skin.*"

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171 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.
I enclose 10¢ for cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and two different shades of Pond's Non-Fade Powder as checked. I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

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SHOTS AND ANGLES

By CANDIDA

Twenty Million Sweethearts

THE TWENTY Million Sweethearts are the admirers of a radio crooner (Dick Powell), which may or may not strike you as a fair estimate. The story of the hero's troubles with his private sweetheart (Ginger Rogers) comes into it, but most of the picture is taken up with the hero's song, "I'm Looking for an Angel." Mr. Powell sings it first to Miss Rogers; then in an audition test, then several times to his radio audience, then in a night club and finally as a duet with Miss Rogers. In the meantime the orchestra takes up the slack in the performance by playing it off-stage.

"I'm Looking for an Angel" carries the hero to such crooning heights that he is finally required by his backers to forego marriage lest it spoil the illusions of his public. Instead, he manfully tears up his radio contract, jilting his Twenty Million Sweethearts. Later, of course, he is rewarded by a larger contract—plus true love. Pat O'Brien supplies the stalls to the love duet and gives the picture a certain liveliness.

We're Not Dressing

There is so much interchange of talent these days between Hollywood and the radio that you scarcely know whether you are at home twisting your dial or around the corner at the movies. In "We're Not Dressing" it is Bing Crosby who is the crooning hero. However Mr. Crosby is moderate with his talents and doesn't get in the way of the story—a lively tale about a yacht party shipwrecked on what it believes to be a desert island. If not a desert island being practically overrun by Green Allen.

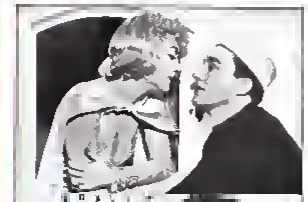
Gracie is a very busy little lady who spends her time dressing, by means of guy ropes, a phonograph and a portrait of her uncle, a homelike trap for tigers. From which you may gather that "We're Not Dressing" has its farcical moments. Carole Lombard is the heroine—very beautiful, but so easily tempered that it is quite filling she should fall into Gracie's tiger trap. If you distrust all this oddity, there is still the love story, which follows the usual lines with quite a lot of slapping and kissing going on between Miss Lombard and Mr. Crosby. "We're Not Dressing" is Bing Crosby's most amusing picture to date and Carole Lombard is always worth watching.

Melody in Spring

Finally there is radio crooner Lanny Ross in "Melody in Spring." This picture is very springlike indeed, all festooned like a grand millinery opening with apple and peach blossoms and twittering with bird song. Mr. Ross himself sings very agreeably, but his acting range suggests the microphone rather than the camera. The picture however, has Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in it—always something to a picture's credit. Mr. Ruggles is a dog biscuit manufacturer whose hobby is to collect knobs from the bedposts of great men—a singularity which helps to push things along. However "Melody in Spring" is not actually recommended unless you have nothing whatever to do on a long afternoon.

Wharf Angel

When it comes to movie assignments, no one can cover the waterfront any better than the talented Alison Skipworth. With an apron and an old shawl and the genuinely









Top: Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing."

Second from top: Preston Foster, Dorothy Dell and Victor McLaglen in "Wharf Angel."

Third from top: Lionel Atwill, Betty Furness and Jamieson Thomas in "Beggars in Ermine."

Above: Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers in "Twenty Million Sweethearts."

Right: Lanny Ross and Ann Southern in "Melody in Spring."

which is a blend of sentiment and gin, she makes the waterfront a perfect hostess. Unfortunately, she has only a subsidiary part in "Wharf Angel," the major roles going to Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell. Miss Dell plays a fily rooted-on-the-mud with rather too much agony and, wharf etiquette being what it probably is, I wasn't at all convinced that Mr. Foster's nefarities wouldn't in actual life have caused him to be dropped one dark night off the wharf's dark end. In the picture, of course, he exercises a strange refining influence on all these rough lives. It may be possible, if you are in the right mood to come away loves "Wharf Angel" is better person. At any rate, that, or something, seemed to be the intention.

Bottoms Up

"Bottoms Up" has its moments. I liked particularly Sid Silver's retort to Herbert Mundin when the latter snobbishly declared that he "worked with his head." "Yah! So does a woodpecker!" Then there was Pat Paterson, the new English importation. Miss Paterson, though not an overwhelmingly beautiful as some of the stars, has a charming voice and a nice unworldly manner. John Boles is in it, too, and it is a little disconcerting to see the dignified Mr. Boles usually cast as the sensitive husband in high-class domestic predicaments, jumping in a plaid suit and singing "Waiting at the Gate for Katy." "Bottoms Up" is a satire without any particular focus. And, while I wouldn't recommend it as a picture of the month I found it pleasantly entertaining.

Beggars in Ermine

In "Beggars in Ermine" Lionel Atwill has the worst time of any here in months. First, a cauldron of boiling steel is tipped over on him and he loses his legs. Then his wife signs away his steel business and, taking his daughter, goes off to Europe with the man who arranged the cauldron tipping. Finally he is reduced to begging on a corner.

Mr. Atwill bears it all without a quiver, and gradually wins back his place in society, his fortune, his daughter, his steel business. There is a maximum of so-called feminine appeal in this picture. But as feminine appeal is the element in movies most likely to hold up the action, "Beggars in Ermine" manages to be a fairly exciting, if improbable picture.

THE SIGN POST

Riptide—(When a Woman Loves)—What happened when Lord Rexford (Herbert Marshall) discovered that it was always Riptide with Lady Mary (Norma Shearer); Miss Shearer wears some grand clothes and plays with great charm in a picture of little value. For adults.

You're Telling Me—The only thing that can make this picture worth seeing is Comedian W. C. Fields. But Mr. Fields makes it worth seeing twice. For everybody.

The Last Patrol—With Victor McLaglen. The fate that awaited eleven men lost in the Arabian desert. Very simple, very tense and very improbable.

The House of Rothschild—The first Baron Rothschild (George Arliss) plays financial dare-devil against Napoleon in Europe. Mr. Arliss's best picture since Disraeli. A family film.

The Red Wagon—If you like circuses very, very much you will enjoy this picture. If you don't it will seem rather long. With Charles Bickford. Not too adult.

Death Takes a Holiday—The stage play transferred with fair success to the screen. With Fredric March as Death and not quite up to the assignment. For adults.

Gambling Lady—Barbara Stanwyck as a lady gambler found lolled but high principled. With a delusion on the gambling syndicate. Children won't be greatly interested.

Continued on page 34

Why We *Dislike* English

By SPENCER PIPER



Of course he chooses the simple-minded one with the big feet.

THE STUFF we have to read for our English course looks as if it had been chosen by an old maid's sewing circle. And regarding a good many members of the Department of Education, this guess is not so far out. In their noble efforts to keep our youth unsullied by any modern ideas they have managed to dig up a collection of books worthy of the most saintly Puritan. If you suggest any improvement to a member of the Department, he will reply in the awe inspiring tone of one possessing superior understanding.

"It has been this way for the past seventy years, and if it's good enough for our grandfathers it's good enough for us."

This happened not long ago. A history teacher in a vocational school found that the pupils would learn more by studying Industrial History instead of Political History, which he had to teach. He gained a five-minute audience with an official of the Department of Education and stated his case. This official was profoundly shocked. He replied that Political History had been taught for the last thirty years, so of course it would continue to be taught. And it still is. Thus one of the reasons why we have dry, feeble-minded literature stuff fed down our throats is clear. Small wonder we youngsters think the people in power are a bunch of narrow-minded, self-sufficient, ignorant busybodies.



He was horrified. "Our innocent young lambs being taught such worldly wisdom!"

But there is a more deep-seated ill than this in the system. The Department of Education is ruled by political dictatorship. Instead of being an institution for the people it is a tool for political propaganda. The members are hired to assert themselves. This happened last fall. The class was taking up Hugh Walpole's "Fortitude." The girl who was reading came upon some naughty words like "damn." Being a virtuous maiden innocent of such dastardly English she refused to continue. The teacher forced her to.

She ran home to her mother and with true filial obedience unfolded the awful tale. The lord parent tore off to the minister. He was horrified. "Are our innocent young lambs being taught such worldly wisdom as this?" He rushed off to see the mayor. The mayor wrote to the Minister of Education who was responsible because he had authorized the book asking whether he had read it or not. So the blame is placed on the party in power and the Conservatives will lose votes in that ruling in the next election. And no more books, containing the least bit of lively realism will be permitted. They have learned their lesson. As long as the Department is ruled by this fear of individual dissension it dare not put anything on the course that is controversial. So we get the colorless slow moving unimpeachable works of the old days. There is nothing bad about them but there is also nothing good. There are plenty of good books published today, but until the Department of Education ceases to be a political body, these books will not be authorized.

Shorter Poems

IN HIS collection entitled "Shorter Poems" Mr. Alexander has earnestly tried to exclude anything that might be of the slightest interest to a high school pupil or anyone for that matter. He has been nicely per cent successful. The poems are neatly classified. The most common type is the frivolous insincere love poem like "Phillida Flouts Me." Then there are whole sections devoted to poems in dialect. They are all Greek to me and everybody else I have come across so far. The book is full of empty poems to little flowers—very cute but somewhat pointless. Fables like "The Peacock, The Turkey and The Goose" are well suited to infants of five, but it is an insult to expect us to read them. Descriptions of such things as thunderstorms, skylarks and cats being fed milk may be masterpieces but you would not want to read them either.

Then there is a whole raft of narrative poems that is a credit to Mr. Alexander's ingenuity for collecting the ridiculous. Little Sister of the Prophet is the pinnacle of his achievement. If you want a good laugh by all means read it. There are a lot of poems that express a thought of the author. I often wonder what some of them used to think with. In "My Days Among The Dead" the poet certainly did not ever exert himself. There are some of this type, like "A Man's a Man for a' That," that express an idea that was world-shaking a century ago. They are now aged in wood. The realization of the equality of man is second nature to us. Seventy per cent of the poems in this book were written before our time. Have we no good poets? Of course we have but those in authority are afraid to put them on.

The fact that the literature in "Shorter Poems" is seldom found anywhere else, shows that there is something wrong. Poems like Flannan Isle, "The Raven," and "He Fell Among Thieves" are generally liked. We want some good modern poetry about subjects that interest us.

Short Stories and Essays

MR. ALEXANDER must have been kept awake nights digging up the prose selections for "Short Stories and Essays" from the authors school of the Great Unknown. There are writings by farmers and by authors long since dead and most of them are by people who are glad to see their names in print anywhere. "Varsity versus McGill" is the biggest coup. Comus who generally writes very well does not even use good English in this story. The "morals" of the team should be the "morals" of the team. The plot is a vague jumble. This characterization is worse than the jazziest dime novel. The main character trots out of the game at each huddle to see his mother. Connor assigns an eighteen-year-old son to an eighty year-old woman. Yet he has written plenty of good books.

"The Moral Exigency" is a story of a handsome young devil who chose between two girls. One was a simple-minded minister's daughter with big feet, big hands, a thick skin and an honest face who dressed in an unbecoming brown frock. The other was a sweet unpetulous little blonde. He chose the minister's daughter. The student thinks. If that a great literature I'll read the comics. That virile and stimulating humorist and thinker Stephen Leacock wrote one dry and pointless essay in his life so Mr. Alexander grabbed it up. It is "The Train to Mariposa." There are some works of other good authors included in this book but true to tradition they are always the most obscure that they have written. So we get exercises about saying please about geese, bears, garden parties painted faces, kittens, dolls' houses—everything that we don't like.

Markham's "Patriotism and Sport" and "The Municipal Report" are the most popular pieces in the book. We would like to read some good modern short stories and essays about interesting subjects. We are no longer in the first grade.



If Edgar Wallace got on the list half the nosey old women in the province would be up in arms about it.

Novels

"THE MILL ON THE FLOSS" is drier than the Sahara desert. The chief characters are insane. The authoress digresses from the plot to give her opinions of Madonnas, religion and so on, so it is not even well written. The dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver proves that they were both feeble minded. Neither of them ever utters an intelligent thought. Their daughter does not know what she is doing half the time. She carries on as if she were insane. George Eliot, who had no children and knew nothing about them, was trying for the effects of unpish carefree childhood. Her artificiality is brought out by the morbid, grotesque characters she created.

"Fortitude" by Hugh Walpole is at least a tale of real life. It grows a trifle laborious in spots but it is the only instance of the Board of Education emerging from the dungeon of tradition. Unfortunately the members have been scared back.

Numberless good modern novelists are completely forgotten. I would suggest two books—"Greenmantle" by Buchan and "The Adventures of Heine" by Edgar Wallace—to take the place of the above-mentioned two novels. The latter is one of the most subtle studies of an ego character ever written. Jake Judkins could not touch a candle to it. There is nothing in either of these two books that could cause embarrassment in mixed classes. Yet if an author like Edgar Wallace was on the list, half the nosey old women in the province would be up in arms about it. They have influence in petty politics but they would have to resort to law in dictating to an independent Board. They would be powerless because there is nothing in either of these books that is not suitable for a high-school course.

Individuality is Taboo

THE SUBJECT matter in "Longer Poems" is pretty dry. The theme of "Gray's Elegy" has been worn threadbare. The central theme of "Mort d'Arthus" deserves some thought. It can apply to any custom including English teaching methods.

Wherever sturdy modern drama. Play boy of the Western World by John M. Synge and "Dauber" by Masefield, would make a good volume to be studied extensively.

Supplementary reading is the shining light of the course. Plenty of freedom should be allowed in the choice of books, and no laborious questions should be asked about them.

Whether a pupil shows a liking for a certain selection or not, he is required to know it by memory. After that he is sure to dislike it. That meaning of. The old order changeth. Just one good custom should corrupt the world. is not grasped by memorizing Arthur's speech. It is cheapened by repetition. Memorization does not train the mind to remember ideas, but rather the sound and order of words.

Continued on page 34

Review of Reviews

Says Britain Should Pay

Being a Creditor Nation, the Consequence of Default Might be Disastrous

REGARDING the British budget surplus and the American debt "Consus," writing in *The National* (London) thinks that default might lead to very serious consequences.

True many debtor nations have defaulted in the past but it must always be remembered that we ourselves are a creditor nation. Default on our part would gravely prejudice our position with our debtors in Europe in South America and in Asia. The people of the Irish Free State would unanimously claim new justification for withholding the annuity payments. Indian petitioners to whom we are about to give increased powers would joyfully note the precedent and seek an early opportunity to repudiate all debt liability to their country.

But these are the lesser effects which would follow default by Britain.

Despite the war and economic crisis this country still holds, and indeed holds more securely than ever, an honorable and respected position among the nations of the world. While others are beset with troubles and are either desperately seeking a solution by means of dictatorship or else struggling chaotically, Britain stands apart as the leader of democratic civilization, the champion of free institutions, the exponent of honesty and justice and the supporter of oppressed minorities.

How is it that she holds so high a position in the councils of the world? It is not by virtue of the size of these islands nor on account of the size of the population nor yet by the strength of her armaments. Her position rests rather on the character of her people. Their reputation for commercial integrity, the equity of British justice and the patently pacific intentions of her political leaders.

Britain's honorable position rests not on material but on abstract qualities and it is of the utmost importance not only to ourselves but to the whole world that our reputation in respect of these qualities should be jealously guarded. The prospect of any weakening of the British tradition, particularly in the field of financial integrity, gives cause for the gravest alarm.

Is the position such that we are wholly powerless? And must we wait on the good graces of America with the danger of an intimate demand for such payments as will either jeopardize our economic recovery and lower the standard of living of our people or else involve us in default?

I suggest that we are too prone to view the subject from our own standpoint and to assume that in due course America will take our view and be willing to forego the debt. Coolidge's laconic comment "They hired the money" may be unfair but it is for the Americans to say so.

It would have been truer and more apt if he had said "They confirmed the terms and when it is recalled that the terms were confirmed not during the stress and anxiety of the war but in cold blood some years later it is a little difficult—always viewing the bargain from the American point of view—to see why the terms should be abrogated.

Did we make a mistake? Were we badly served by our agents? Are we being held to the letter of the law on an agreement entered into by agents who we feel have let us down? On the contrary, the two individuals mainly responsible for the terms have ever since been held in the highest favor. Far from being repudiated they have held and still hold posts among the highest in the land. Their positions, one as a leader of our biggest political party and the other as head of our banking system, are more firmly established than ever. If Britain thinks so well of those who made the contract why should she not abide by it?

But America, though having the justification that we agreed the terms has behaved inequitably in demanding payment in dollars while at the same time making through her tariff system our acquisition of dollars almost impossible. Goods she will not take and the only alternative to dollars is gold.

Payment in gold is correct and acceptable and if America does decide to stand strictly to the terms of the contract, regardless of the debtor's difficulties, we may fairly stand by the letter also.

We are already off the gold standard for exchange transactions and it would be better to pay away the gold we hold than to incur the ignominy of default.

The financial policy being pursued by America is approximately doubling the value of gold in terms of dollars, which means that the gold we hold would suffice for six or seven years payments.

Moreover if we and the other sterling standard countries abandon gold entirely and irrevocably, the demand for the metal will fall and the stocks we shall require to make our future payments will be obtainable at cheaper and cheaper rates.

It is wrong to assume that the abandonment of gold would involve an unheard-of departure or the adoption of an untried and desperate experiment.

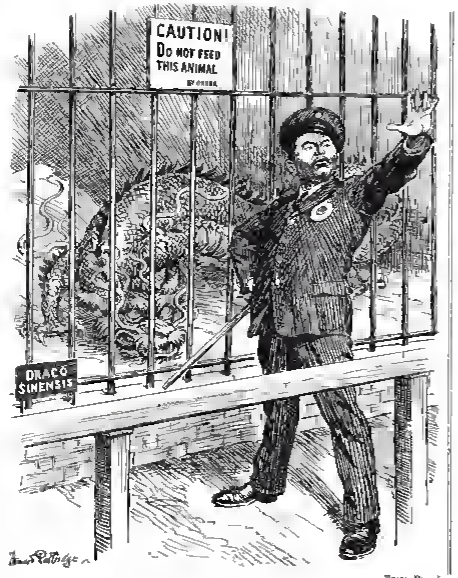
I suggest that the alternative to gold is the adoption of a system under which currency is based on all commodities.

Twenty-four-Hour Clocks

REGARDING the adoption of the twenty four-hour clock system in Great Britain, *Review of Reviews* (London) states:

Sometimes changes do come about in England. For years those most competent to speak have urged the adoption in this country for public purposes of the Continental or twenty four hour clock system. Successive governments have with equal persistence refused to move in the matter until there was evidence of public demand for the innovation. Apparently it was feared that what was not beyond the comprehension of foreign peoples would be too much for the mental alertness of the Englishman.

But the B B C has announced that with the change over to summer time on April 22 it proposes to give the system a trial in connection with its programme timings and other phases of its work. Those who have had experience of the advantages of the twenty four hour clock do not question that its general adoption in England will follow.



THE KEEPER?

Suggested by the recent declarations of Japanese statesmen

—From Punch

New Gadgets Are Invented

One of Them Will Cook a Five-Pound Roast in About Five Minutes

IN AN article printed first by *New Outlook* and reprinted in condensed form in *Readers Digest* we are informed that:

Depressions it would seem are good for invention. In the past four years our laboratories have almost doubled the sum total of new things under the sun shortly to be available to us—at a price.

First there is the matter of housing. We have, thanks to inventive genius, new homes—homes new in kind—proffered to us: homes of steel and glass along with improved air conditioning and oil burners and a thousand and one smaller innovations. Here, for example, is a steam pressure cooking device guaranteed to cook to a turn a five-pound roast in five minutes! Other items among hundreds: colored enamel designs in milk bottles; electric dryers; new fly sprays; silver-white corrosion resisting screens; new water resisting washable wall papers; floor lamps which take up automatically any slack in cords; new plumbing fixtures, very neat and lovely; safety lollypops even with flexible handles; safety shower baths; metal awnings; even rooms with their panels and nearly all else in them made of plastic and synthetic material; and dishes, too, that you can hurl at walls or ceilings without breakage!

Television will be here just as soon as we are prepared to buy televisors. Thousands of experimenters have contrived sets as satisfactory as home movies, in point of performance.

We have automobiles new in kind to prophesy of not far distant day when for a number of reasons of which streamlining is only one, cars will not only be faster and more comfortable but should also be cheaper. And they should be far less costly to operate because as Boss Kettering remarked not so long ago the writer's gallon of gasoline has enough energy to drive a car 300 miles if this fuel is used at full efficiency. Automobile engineers are working on this problem but in general research in the automotive industry has been energized not depressed by the Depression.

If you go to England you will notice, if you look closely, that the wheels of many London buses are made of a new metal lighter even than aluminum. On the continent you learn that a revolutionary fast train the Hamburger is made of this white metal. It is also extensively used in airplanes and all manner of shop machines and home items. This metal magnesium only a little while back was little more than a laboratory curiosity.

A third lighter than aluminum it is already a long way ahead of where aluminum was a generation ago.

In the field of transportation we have the now familiar story of railroad trains scientifically streamlined and air conditioned, running at twice the traditional speed at approximately half the former cost.

To the bright new legion of new things under the sun add Sofka a highly purified cellulose which a little group of men in a Berlin, N H laboratory not long ago discovered how to wrest from the spruce tree. Now it is used in roofing, in surgical dressings, in towels; it is made into yarn for fabrics, rugs and carpets of a new order; it is used in all manner of delicate jewellery and seemingly in all varieties of paper. It is used in shoes, in rayon, in wickerware.

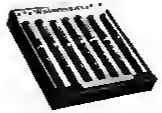
"Mr. Waterman, this is the point I like," said Seth Parker [PHILLIPS H. LORD of Radio Fame]



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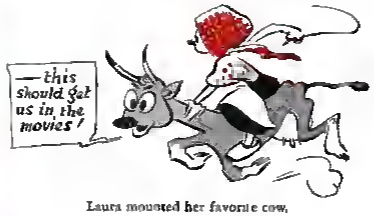


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Laura mounted her favorite cow.

An Inside History of Canada

PART VII

By R. K. HALL, B. A., *(Honors in Sleeping)*

The War of 1812

THE AMERICANS invaded Canada with three armies The army of the West crossed at Detroit and advanced through Western Ontario Their instructions were to conquer Upper Canada

But the Canadian commander tricked them very nicely Every day or two he changed the name of Upper Canada to Lower Canada and vice versa This rase rattled the Americans badly because they were never sure which Canada they were attacking

In the very first battle the army of the West was beating the Canadians decisively when suddenly the American general noticed a sign that read "Welcome To Lower Canada"

Great Scott! he yelled "This is Lower Canada and we're supposed to be attacking Upper Canada

The entire invading army was thrown into confusion by this astounding news. While the American officers were pulling out their road maps and arguing the matter the Canadians suddenly withdrew their welcome and won the ensuing battle, thus originating the term, "welcome victory"



He changed the country's name.

Sir Isaac Brock

NO OFFICER won greater renown in the War of 1812 than General Isaac Brock Born of fighting stock, he drank his first meal in the Channel Islands Here little Isaac grew up, gaining strength and endurance from his favorite pastime of chasing the Guernsey and Jersey cattle for which the islands are famous Little wonder that later he was able to chase the enemy so successfully

As commander of the forces in Upper Canada Brock had to meet the brunt of the American invasion He met it so effectively that the brunt retreated to Detroit With the help of the Indian chief, Tecumseh, Brock captured the fortress

It was not long before the Americans struck at another point Having crossed the Niagara River they took possession of the heights at Queenston Spurring toward the peninsula Brock passed a company of volunteers trying to push a heavy field gun out of a mud hole Without slackening speed Brock shouted those still remembered words "Push on, brave York volunteers"

Every Canadian school child—with only a few hundred thousand exceptions—knows what followed Waving his sword, Brock led his men up the heights to dislodge the Americans. But one bullet got past his blade, and Brock fell His death was a great blow to Upper Canada.

On Queenston Heights, a splendid shaft almost 200 feet high topped by a gigantic figure of Brock, marks the place where the hero of Upper Canada fell Every summer thousands of Canadians and Americans sprain their necks looking up at the sculptured general What could better illustrate the endless suffering war leaves in its wake!

Laura Secord

FEW NAMES in Canadian history are linked with a more colorful exploit than that of Laura Secord, the heroine of the Niagara Peninsula.

To begin with, Laura was the wife of James Secord, an officer who had fought with Brock at Queenston Heights After the battle, word reached Laura in her little cottage at Queenston

Continued on page 38



Mackenzie bid in farmhouses



LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH OF MAGIC ASSURES SUCCESSFUL RESULTS

. . . don't risk failures with inferior baking powder!

EVER stop to think how *little* the Magic Baking Powder you use in a cake costs?

Just check over the recipe for a tempting, spicy Spanish Cake. Your list of prices* will run about like this —Eggs 14¢, Butter 5¢, Sugar 8¢, Pastry Flour 6¢, Milk 2¢, and MAGIC BAKING POWDER *less than 1¢.*

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Why take a chance? Bake with Magic and be sure! Canada's foremost cookery authorities use and recommend Magic *exclusively.* They know from long experience this famous baking powder is absolutely dependable.

Delicious, Spicy SPANISH CAKE with Sea Foam Frosting

CAKE.—Cream ½ cup shortening, slowly add 1 cup sugar beating well. Add 2 eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Sift together 2 cups pastry flour (or 1¾ cups bread flour) 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder 1 teaspoon cinnamon Add to first mixture alternately with ½ cup milk. Mix well. Bake in greased tube pan in moderate oven 350° F about 1 hour Makes 1 eight-inch cake.

•

FROSTING:—Boil ½ cup light brown sugar with 1 cup granulated sugar, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons strong Chase & Sanborn's Coffee and ½ teaspoon Gillett's Cream of Tartar, without stirring until syrup spins long thread or 248° F Remove from fire Beat 2 egg whites stiff Add syrup very slowly, beating continually. Add ½ teaspoon salt. Beat until thick. Add ½ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder Beat until thick enough to spread on cake without running.

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WANTED---
Junior Safety Volunteers!



"Oh, dad, here's something I want to do"

WOULD you like to be a Junior Safety Volunteer and have a booklet with pictures in it showing how you can help to prevent accidents? Your booklet will have a place on it for your name.

Of course you are smart enough to take care of yourself on the street, and you surely know how to keep an eye on kids who forget to look where they are going —especially the little ones.

If you save someone from being killed or having his bones broken you will remember it as long as you live. And you will be on the lookout for just such a chance.

A great many children are killed every month by accident in our country and thousands are hurt —many of them seriously—in spite of all that has been done by fathers and mothers, teachers and traffic officers to keep boys and girls from being injured.

The Metropolitan hopes that when Junior Safety Volunteers are on the alert, all over the country, there will be a very different story to tell about accidents next month and the months to follow.

Print your name and address on the coupon and be one of the first Junior Safety Volunteers in your neighborhood. While being careful about yourself you can do a grand job looking after schoolmates, or possibly grown people who will not know so much about accidents as you will after you get your free booklet. Who will be the first to volunteer?

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Canadian Head Office, Ottawa, Canada.

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CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

A Letter From a Business Man

By A. N McLEAN

Mr McLean is president of Connors Brothers Limited canners and packers of Saint John, N.B. His firm does business regularly in one hundred different countries As he puts it "We are able to get a fairly good viewpoint of world conditions"

I HAVE just read your editorial, "Ask for a Plan" and I want sincerely to congratulate you on bringing this most important matter to public attention the way you have done.

Canada certainly needs a financial plan a plan that will not only cover our Federal debts, but will also cover our Provincial debts, a plan that will ultimately lead us out of the morass of debt pyramiding we have got into by over-expending and paying abnormal rates for money to the detriment of commercial business and then really often reborrowing to pay interest.

You call attention to Australia. It is evident that the world admires what Australia did. Some politicians will say that Australia did not carry out its contract to the letter. However the acid test is simple. Australia is today able to get all the money she needs on a three to three and a half per cent basis. Even the States of the Commonwealth get money at this rate. During the last year they have borrowed at a considerably lower rate than Canada. The lesser rate they are paying is certainly not on account of their physical collateral, for we in Canada have just as good or better of this kind of collateral. It is because they have done the right thing and put their financial house in order.

Investors today are not asking high interest rates. They are asking security and the elimination of deficits. This is plainly apparent in the case of Newfoundland. Some time ago five and six per cent bonds of Newfoundland were selling at seven or eight per cent yield. England undertook to give Newfoundland a business government that put on a balanced budget and the elimination of deficits but would only guarantee three per cent interest on Newfoundland obligations and the bonds immediately went to par. That shows that investors are asking for security not high yield and a country with a balanced budget and deficits eliminated is definitely better security than one that has not set its finances in order, from the standpoint of the investor.

If an investor gets as much purchasing power as was lent, plus interest to date who would not say but what that was an honest transaction? It has always been held that what the Government gives the Government can take away and if our Governments see fit to call the outstanding bonds owing to the great financial crisis we are in and issue bonds at a lower rate we believe the vast majority of our people will view the matter from a patriotic standpoint the same as they did in Australia and instead of asking to be paid in full will reinvest their money in bonds at a lower rate of interest. The plan will have to be worked out federally as it is obvious the provinces cannot refund their indebtedness individually.

We are told that the annual production of new wealth throughout the world is less than four per cent. Therefore it seems to be unsound and unscientific for our Governments to be endeavoring to pay interest beyond the annual increase of new wealth, for all interest has ultimately to be paid out of production. A part of the excessive rates we are endeavoring to pay at the present time will apparently ultimately be paid out of the other fellow's losses or by reborrowing to pay interest and the pyramiding of debt, which has only one ending.

YOU DRAW attention to the enormous amounts consisting of deficits in connection with unbalanced budgets we are passing on annually to the next generation without a corresponding asset or without the wherewithal to pay. Will not those who come after us have just as much difficulty as we have had to meet their expenses of government and live within their means without us passing on to them an avalanche of debt for them to pay interest and sinking fund on simply because we acknowledge that we cannot pay our current bills?

One often hears it stated how proud this generation is of its forefathers who established political and religious liberty in this country but we should ask ourselves whether or not we are preserving this liberty and adding to it for the benefit of those who come after us. When we stop and think that thirty five cents out of every dollar that is produced today goes into government expense a good deal of which is interest and which is steadily increasing the outlook does not seem to be particularly bright for the future generations. Economic bondage is steadily increasing under our present system the same as it increased and ultimately destroyed the old Feudal System.

There seem to be two roads to take and it should not take very long to decide which is the honest way. One way is to continue to pile up deficits and pyramid debt placing the load on those who come after us without their knowledge or consent and not giving them corresponding assets on the other side of the ledger or in other words, passing along economic bondage or to face the situation courageously by refunding our government debts and getting the interest rate down to three per cent or thereabouts, so that it can actually be paid out of current production and not pass it along. Refunding operations will of course have to be coupled with other cuts in government expenditures, so that we can assure investors of a balanced budget and the elimination of deficits.

If a three per cent rate, or thereabouts, can be established throughout the land on government loans look what it will mean to all producers of new wealth. At the present time the government rate sets a standard in the land and producers of real wealth who really should have the first claim on money are obliged to pay that is, if money is obtainable at all two or three per cent above the government rate making the rate almost prohibitive to those whom we all depend on to produce new wealth. In fact there are no profits in industry at the present time to justify the time commercial rate for money that is money for capital expenditures (apart from bank money), that is loaned for a period of years.

We are not going to get very far on the road to recovery in this country until there is a normal supply of money available at reasonable rates for those producers who can increase their activities and increase their payrolls through capital expenditures. Up till three or four years ago we had hundreds of thousands of people employed in this country in what is known as our capital goods industries. It is impossible for these people to find employment in the consumers' goods industries for the simple reason there is not demand enough for consumers' goods, but there is a big potential demand from what is known as the constructive development industries but these industries certainly cannot get under way when the price of money is beyond any profits they can make. We will have unemployment with us until this problem is solved, and it can only be solved through the refunding of all government loans, thus establishing lower interest rates throughout the land.

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Cine-Kodak Eight is a full-fledged movie maker. It takes grand movies at the push of a button . . . gives fine results from the first. The cost is but $39.50 . . . and the upkeep amazingly low.

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When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, two things happen.

FIRST: Colgate's penetrates into every tiny crevice, even where the tooth brush cannot reach. It cleans your teeth thoroughly.

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Use Colgate's only 10 days. Then see how much more attractive your smile has become — because your teeth are whiter. And don't forget — Colgate's delicious peppermint flavour keeps your mouth refreshed — your breath sweet and wholesome.



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Brickbats & Bouquets

Disastee Not Feared

I hope your readere refuse to accept G R. Stevens s diagnosis If I am any judge, I think they will I think he is in need of a trip home to get in touch with the new thinking that is spreading from Halifax to Victoria. Hon. H. H. Stevens should immediately send him leave of absence and a ticket home to catch up. Twelve years in these strenuous times would make a Rip Van Winkle of any Trade Commissioner.

On page eleven under the heading "Export Trade Essential" this dazzling thought appears "If Canadians were forced to cease importing and exporting if we made every item which we need for ourselves and nothing else hall our population would be forced to emigrate or starve."

What-ho! Mr Stevens how could you?

He, evidently is a disciple of Hon. R B. Bennett's Victorian theory. Snap out of it, Canada assert yourself! Let us start acting as if we were grown up. Let us put away childish thoughts.

When the grocer or butcher finds unsold perishable goods on his hands he takes them home or gives them to the needy then when the salesman comes around next time he does not let himself go so readily. He would be a fatuous butcher or grocer who would starve himself to death because the customers refused to buy the food he offered them.

Let us invite immigrants—worker bees, not drones—into Canada to fill up her vast areas and help us eat our surplus if any, then we can budget our needs as we grow. We have practically everything we need to build a great nation. (By great I do not mean monetary wealth.)

G R Stevens ended his article by foreshadowing disaster for Caeada if Britain starts putting in a garden to help her own citizens to live. Let us welcome Britain's return to sanity and kill the fatted calf—fatuousness. The sooner Canada starts building a sound foundation on which to erect a safe, God-loving nation of contented people the better.—W M, Abbotsford, B C.

Ottawa Helps the Farmer

Mr A S. Langley in "State Printing" is slightly off the track.

Never having seen a copy of the Annual Publicity Report published at Ottawa, I imagine it is quite voluminous.

I also venture to state that some of it must be a compilation of reports that appear periodically in pamphlet form. It is not to be wondered that in view of an economic cut a duplication could easily be done away with.

I fail to see how information concerning breeding feeding planting etc. is pigeonholed away from the public eye.

Last month I wrote Ottawa for material on cattle raising, crop rotation, poultry and other features that the average farmer thrives on, and this literature, which was most voluminous, was sent me absolutely free. They even went so far as to state that they would put me on their mailing list for future information that comes out from time to time.

I will say further that the co-operation of Ottawa with the farmer has helped many a one in many a way.

Don't talk about touching one's national pride by being forced to send to Britain and the United States for farming literature. That statement savors of too much space.

This matter stands to be corrected or the public will be laboring under a delusion and the Government will be getting an undeserved black eye.—W. A. Parker, Middle Musquodoboit, N.S.

Death of Joliet

An Inside History of Canada is well written and by its humorous tone is going to attract many people who otherwise might not learn much of our glamorous early history.

It is highly desirable that accuracy should prevail in such a work. Mr Hall referred to La Verendrye as the first Canadian-born explorer, he was born at Three Rivers in 1685. Now there was a man born just forty years before him (1645) at Quebec in whom keen students of our history take peculiar pride for the brilliant place he holds beside the other famous explorers of his time, who all came from France. I mean Louis Joliet. By his achievements and the vast territory he helped to open up, he has left his name on all parts of the continent from the Mississippi River to Labrador.

Mr. Hall had referred to him in an earlier issue as having met his death by drowning in the St. Lawrence River. That is an error also for Joliet died we believe in bed in 1700. Mr Hall confuses him no doubt with an earlier explorer of note, Jean Nicolet, the first white man who ever entered Lake Michigan (1634). He met such a death as mentioned afterward as the St. Lawrence (1642).

Re Joliet: Mr. Hall follows most writers in spelling his name as Jobet, while I use the double l. The father of Louis did spell it as Jobet, but the hero son wrote the name in his fine bold handwriting as Joliet, and many people choose to give him tribute by following the lead he left in that form. Many of his learned compatriots in Quebec cherish the form for his sake, and so write it today.

Let all this not damp the ardor or the humor of Mr Hall's pen. He is doing mighty good work.—(Dr.) R. W. Shaw, Manitowaning, Ont.

Farm Hands Wages

In your May 1 issue Berta Garland takes a rap at unemployed men who prefer relief camps instead of farm work.

Had she only taken into consideration the long hours a farm hand must put in for the ten dollars per month he earns—the ceaseless toil including in many cases Sunday work—she might understand why these men prefer relief camps.

The longer Youth sticks up its educated nose at farmers who only pay ten dollars per month, the sooner these farmers will cease to expect something for nothing.—Marmius Fossum, Vancouver.

No Censorship Needed

We all look forward to *Maclean's* and you are to be congratulated on the clean wholesome magazine you are printing. Keep up the high standard you have set! We Canadians appreciate our national magazine.

In these days of obscene magazines filled with sensational and suggestive rubbish it is refreshing to open *Maclean's* knowing that it does not have to be censored before passing on to the family.—(Mrs.) D. D. C., Vancouver.

A Grand Yarn

Please give us more stories and articles by Will R Bird. "The First Platoon" was a grand yarn.—A. E. Warren, Butterby, Sask.

We Thought So, Too

I wish to express some of the pleasure I had in reading "My Free the Tiger" by Eleanore Griffin in *Maclean's* April 1 issue. It is a delightful story.—(Miss) C. L. M., Ottawa.

Air Service Is Throttled?

Suspension of Air Mail Contracts is Severe Setback to Canadian Aviation

IS CANADA'S splendid air service being slowly throttled to death? Writing in the Halifax *Herald* Evelyn Tufts intimates that it is.

Scattered over this great region (Northern Canada) which represents seventy five per cent of the area of the Dominion are dozens of mining towns and frontier communities some with a population of several hundred people, which depend entirely on the air for transportation, supplies, hospital services and mail. They have neither road nor rail way. In these localities planes are a common place, but a railway train is worth travelling 200 miles to see. No other country on earth is as dependent on air service as Canada and certainly in no other country has the airplane so definitely contributed to the country's wealth.

The air lines carry everything including children and dogs. Beans, bulbon and babies are all one to them; they transport everything including fish furs pressed hay and cook stoves.

The auxiliary services performed by such companies are almost incredible. Their "mercy flights" last year for instance, involved over 100 trips and saved dozens of lives.

Today, with most of the air mail contracts suspended, commercial flying in Canada has received a serious setback. Most of their services such as some of those outlined above, while of incalculable value, have never been very remunerative. What has become a great national industry, representing private investments of millions of dollars, now finds itself hopelessly handicapped.

Here is a splendid, efficient modern machine developed over a long period at enormous cost, oiled, fuelled ready to go about its business of expediting the revival of the nation's trade and industry. Must we be content to see it throttled down, left idle, discarded, eventually scrapped?

Are we in future to undergo the ignominy of having Canadian air mail carried by Americans for companies owned and operated in the United States? Are the photographs of our natural resources to be taken by Americans, and the information concerning these to be filed in Washington instead of Ottawa? Are we to keep Canadian aviation in Canadian hands?

With the winged armadas of other nations darkening the skyways of the world must Canada remain stuck in the mud of her own dooryard, the only lame duck in the lot?

Unsafe Drivers

THAT practically all the motor accidents in Great Britain are caused by no more than twenty five per cent of the motorists is the conclusion arrived at by *Public Opinion*. It quotes Sir Ernest Graham Little, a Member of Parliament.

"There is a small proportion of motorists who do nearly all the damage. They are accident-prone people. The insurance companies know them. There ought to be some means by which the Minister of Transport can collaborate with the insurance companies. If he is going to deal with this question of driving tests or with the efficiency of new drivers, he ought to be able to weed out this particularly dangerous section of drivers who are responsible for many of the accidents on the road.

"It is possible to make a discrimination between drivers who are likely to be mischievous and those who are not, and the tests, as in as often the case, are largely ignored in this country while they are adopted very much more widely in other countries.

"Brake tests which have been conducted in Toronto have impressed another Member of Parliament, Isaac Foot, who has stated:

"I would like the Minister to have his attention drawn to the danger arising from defective vehicles, and to the experiments that were made, particularly in the City of Toronto, in making braking tests. I understand that when the tests were applied in that city it was found that eighty-one per cent of the vehicles were defective and could not pull up within the space allotted.

"As a result of three years experiment in braking tests, Toronto has reduced the accidents in that city by fifty per cent, and the boast now is that Toronto is the safest city in the world.

"I have gone through such statistics as were submitted to me in this matter. I understand that the experiments started in 1928. In the first instance, eighty-one per cent of the vehicles were found to be defective, and a reduction of accidents has been made to the extent of fifty per cent."

Many Amateurs Aid Astronomy

Important Discoveries Have Been Made in Small Private Observatories

THAT hundreds of amateurs and the march of astronomy is pointed out by the *Literary Digest*.

It has been estimated that in this country there are more than a thousand small private observatories tucked away in attics, backyards barns, sheds filling stations and even in open fields. In the clear hours of the evening many a solid American citizen sometimes unknown to the neighbors, lays aside the tasks of the day and becomes a devotee of science.

One of the most prolific observers of variable stars in this country for instance, is not a professional astronomer working in one of the great observatories but an automobile mechanic L. C. Peltier, who has a small observatory at Delphos, Ohio, almost literally among the cornfields. Peltier is world famous among astronomers. Not only has he made thousands of observations of those mysterious and important stars, the variables but he has also spotted four new comets which were named after him.

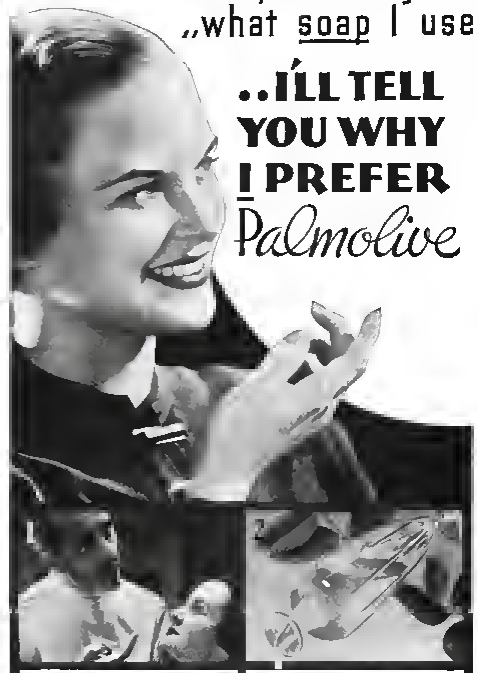
Another amateur Clyde W. Tombaugh, a Kansas farm boy made the most spectacular discovery of all when at work upon a programme initiated by the late Professor Percival Lowell and carried on by Dr V M. Slipher director of Lowell Observatory, he photographed and discovered the planet Pleto. Though employed as an assistant at Lowell Observatory at the time of the discovery Tombaugh's interest in astronomy was stirred when he built a telescope for himself and set it up on his father's farm to gaze at the stars. His engagement of the observatory came about through the training he received as an amateur.

About 400 amateurs belong to an organization called the American Association of Variable Star Observers, which has headquarters at Harvard College Observatory.

Members consider variable star observation to be the most fascinating game possible. Contrary to general opinion it does not require a scientific education or training in higher mathematics. The chief requisites are patience a telescope of three-inch aperture or better and willingness to be careful and accurate. It is fortunate that these requirements are such as to admit many to the brotherhood for observation of variable stars is among the most important tasks of astronomy.

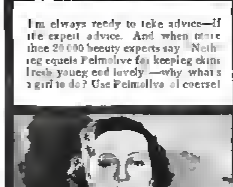
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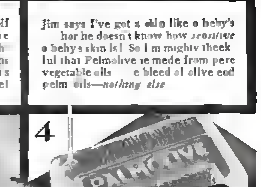
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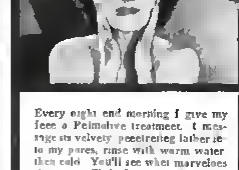


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— Peter the Boatman

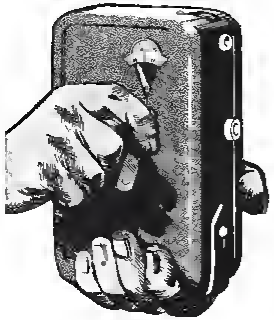


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How America Got Its Name

New Theory is Evolved From Evidence in Westminster Abbey

THAT America received its name from Richard Ameryk, Sheriff of Bristol, England, in 1503, the person who handed the King's reward to John Cabot after his discovery of North America is being seriously investigated following the discovery of an ancient manuscript among the muniments of Westminster Abbey. This manuscript was the Customs Roll of the Port of Bristol for A.D. 1496 to 1499, and its chief interest lies in the fact that among the payments recorded are two of £20 each to John Cabot.

This shows that John Cabot returned to Bristol after his second voyage of 1496 and claimed the pension which had been conferred by King Henry VII on "him that found the new isle." John received his pension from the Collectors of Customs of the Port of Bristol and the senior of the two who probably handed over the money to the explorer was named Richard Ameryk (also written Ap Meryke in one deed). Ameryk seems to have been a leading citizen of Bristol at that time and brasses perpetuating his memory have been preserved in St. Mary Redcliffe Church, Bristol. It is suggested that the name given to the newly found land by the discoverer was "Amerika," in honor of the official from whom he received his pension.

That John Cabot would be likely to do this is borne out by his conduct as reported by Raimondo di Soncino to the Duke of Milan in December, 1497:

"The admiral, as Master Joanne is styled, has given a companion an island, and has also given another to his barber, a Genoese—some Italian friars have the promise of being bishops, etc."

If John was so free with his gifts to his poorer friends his wish to show gratitude to the King's official can be well understood.

There was formerly in the possession of the Fust family, of Hill Court, Gloucestershire, a manuscript (1496-7) which has often been quoted but the original of which has been lost. This manuscript may be looked upon as contemporary evidence of the fact that the newly discovered land was known as America in Bristol long before the name became known on the Continent.

The name America was not given to the land in Spain but "by foreign writers," possibly in England. It is suggested that the name having been invented in England and having been the only name for more than ten years, the resemblance of the name to that of Amerigo Vespucci struck the foreign writer at Freiburg—to whom the English Richard Ameryk was quite unknown—and thus, through an error, Vespucci received the honor which was intended by Cabot for the Bristolian Ameryk."

Why We Dislike English

Continued from page 26

Macbeth is a great drama. Studying a Shakespearian play every year could be an education in itself. But the way we are taught Shakespeare gives us a healthy contempt for the old lad. To pass a departmental examination a knowledge of the play itself is of no use, but we must know a string of irrelevant word meanings and phrases. We have to translate Elizabethan slang into modern English, treating it as if it was sacred.

This is true of all the intensive work. We are not taught literature; we are taught tricks. What has the meaning of "are much condemned to have an itching palm" got to do with the drama *Julius Caesar*? What sense can be derived from "an elfin storm" or "of haggard seeming" anyway? These are all on the 1926 Upper paper.

No English literature should be taught intensively. Textbooks could be used during the examinations because a knowledge of literature and not the memorization of narrow facts would be required.

From the way they teach in English Composition you would think we were a bunch of infants in the second grade. Individuality is taboo. There are so many silly rules hedging in a composition that any originality is invariably marked as an error by somebody who could not get anything accepted in a magazine office if he tried a hundred years. So they rave on about similes and metaphors, introductions and conclusions, and never a word about the author's personality in his writing. And the subjects they give us! Here is a choice one I found on the 1926 Upper paper: "Which is of more educative value, the radio or the gramophone?"

Training in public speaking would be of infinite value to most pupils. If the teacher handed in a report on the students' speeches similar to the Supplementary Reading report we would all have the chance to become good speakers.

If one of the parties in our Provincial Legislature took upon itself the task of freeing the Department of Education from petty politics the members of that party would be doing Canada a service. Then qualified people would control our system and all these ills could be cured. So let's see some action.

Shots and Angles

Continued from page 24

Four Frightened People—An adventure in the Malay Peninsula. How a shy rhumba (Herbert Marshall) lost his inhibitions and became a hare, and how a school teacher (Claudette Colbert) lost her glasses and became a beauty. Mary Boland and William Gargan make up the quartette. Fairly amusing comedy.

Wonder Bar—Restaurant night life together with dancing, singing, love, riches, murder, mirth and Al Jolson in blackface. Anybody's merry's worth if he wants to be entertained and has plenty of time.

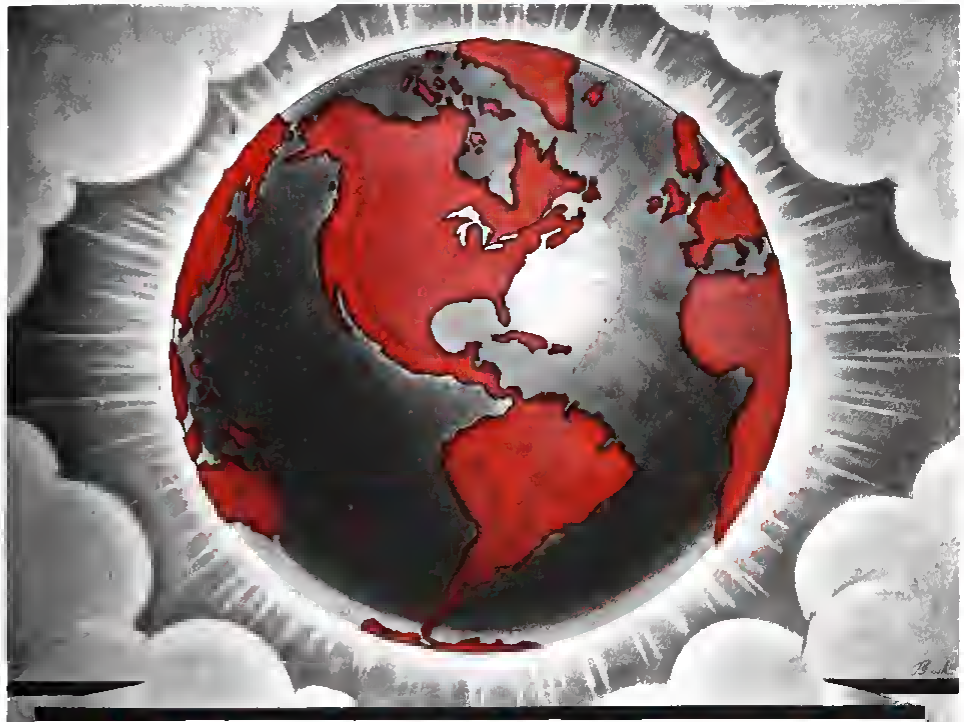
Queen Christina—Greta Garbo in a more or less historical account of a more or less virtuous monarch. Miss Garbo at any rate makes her highly interesting. For Garbo admirers.

Spitfire—Katherine Hepburn's least successful film. But in view of her material, Miss Hepburn is more to be pitied than blamed.

The Trampel Blows—Mexican picture with Adolphe Menjou as a bandit and George Raft even more unfortunately cast as a bullfighter. Not recommended for anybody.

Convention City—The aerial side of Big Business revealed. Deplorable if you take it seriously, funny if you don't. Not for children.

David Harum—Easy going old fashioned comedy with Will Rogers as David Harum. If you are looking for relaxation this is your picture. If you want excitement, you had better go elsewhere. A family film.



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"I never thought I myself would become a pyorrhea sufferer . . . I kept my teeth so clean"

THERE seems to be a rather general belief that scrupulous cleaning of the teeth can and will save them from pyorrhea. The truth is that pyorrhea is a *gum* disease. It is no respecter of clean teeth. And it is responsible for half the adult teeth which are lost. The cleanest teeth and the most sound looking teeth are lost on account of pyorrhea.

Four out of five past 40 have it

The trouble with this gum disease is that you cannot, yourself, detect it in the early stages. You *can* rely on your dentist to recognize the condition, and it is advisable to see him at least twice a year. Dentists today are always alert for signs of pyorrhea. They know that it works secretly, sometimes for years. Four out of five people past the age of forty have pyorrhea. No wonder your dentist wants to see you regularly and examine your *gums* as well as your teeth!

The dentist's dentifrice

The specialist best known in connection with pyorrhea is Dr. R. J. Forhan, who devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. Your own dentist probably uses Dr Forhan's special pyorrhea treatment. This is a formula that is obtainable only by members of the dental profession and thousands of them throughout the country use it in their daily work at the chair. However, you can obtain Dr. Forhan's *home* treatment. This is embodied in *Forhan's Toothpaste*, and you can get it at any drug store in the country.

Prevention is important

Don't you be a pyorrhea sufferer. Give your dentist a chance to help you. And help *him* between visits. Get Forhan's Toothpaste today. Use it night and morning. Encourage the children to use Forhan's, too. It is a fine toothpaste, and worth the money even for the cleaning and polishing job it does so well. Then, in addition, Forhan's does the *extra* job of caring for your gums. Comes in a big tube. Lasts a long time. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.

Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

An Inside History of Canada

Continued from page 28

that her husband was badly wounded. At the moment she was mixing a batter pudding which she immediately dropped. History is silent as to what eventually became of it.

Racing over to the battlefield, Laura found James just as several American soldiers were about to make her a widow.

"Oh please," cried Laura, "make him a widower instead."

While the soldiers were trying to puzzle that out, an American officer arrived on the scene and generously allowed Laura to take her property home as he had found it.

In the summer of 1813 James still lay helpless, slowly recovering from his wounds. Billeted in the Secord home were two or three American officers. One evening at dinner Laura overheard them discussing a proposed attack on Lieutenant Fitzgibbon at Beaver Dam.

Determined to thwart the enemy at any cost, Laura mounted her favorite cow and rode boldly past the American sentries on her twenty-mile journey to warn Fitzgibbon. Of course the Americans thought she was just a silly Canadian girl attracted by the dashing American uniform and, having kissed the cow, let her pass with a joke or two.

All night this gentle girl rode through the dense bush. On all sides were savage Indians, hungry bears, snarling timber wolves, and their young, the dreaded wolverines. Whenever any of these blocked the way Laura tooted the horn of her slow conveyance and pressed bravely on.

When at daybreak she became faint with hunger, she dismounted and milked the cow. What the couldn't drink herself she very thoughtfully gave back to the faithful animal. Later on she sold the cow to a York dairy for $500 and wrote a glowing testimonial which attributed the success of her intrepid ride solely to the use of their milk—"foaming, creamy and strength-giving, the perfect beverage."

A few hours later she dismounted stiffly before Fitzgibbon's headquarters at Beaver Dam and hobbled in with the message that brought complete defeat to the American force. The next day escorted by the entire Canadian detachment she rode triumphantly back to Queenston.

Laura never wholly recovered from the hardships she underwent on that terrible journey. They shortened her life. She lived only to the age of ninety three.

Rebellion in Upper Canada

WE PRESENT-DAY Canadians who elect democratic governments run by the Big Interests find it hard to understand the deplorable state of affairs that led to the explosion of 1837.

The people of that day had no voice in the government. True, they were allowed to elect a legislative assembly whose chief business was to gather once a year and discuss things. But you don't need to be elected in order to gather for discussion—unless you're foolish enough to live in Toronto. Angered at their impotence, the assembly gradually stopped discussing affairs and began cussing them.

The real rulers of the province, ever since 1791, had been the Governor and the Executive Council, both appointed by the Crown. The Governor had a half-nelson on the Provincial Government and the Council had the other half. Scattering money from the people's treasury, tossing grants of land to their friends, and grabbing every well-paid Government office for themselves or their cohorts—these were their milder relaxations. This clique had been dubbed The Family Compact.

Of course a good many persons objected to this lopsided arrangement. One of the principal objectors was William Lyon Mackenzie, of Queenston. William Lyon was a Scotsman and the owner of a newspaper, the *Colonial Advocate*. He had chosen Niagara as his home because it was as far from the detested Family Compact as he could get without leaving the country.

After a time in order that his editorial blasts might strike at shorter range, William Lyon transferred his plant to York, the inner shrine of the Family Compact. This galled the latter intensely—and it thus select association disliked anything it was being galled. So one dark night, stung to fury by his acid pen, a few of its younger members tossed his press into the lake.

Within a week they realized they had made a bad mistake. They should have thrown Mackenzie himself in. As it was, the bereaved editor won substantial damages in court not to mention a host of new friends.

So great was his popularity that he was elected to the Legislative Assembly by the Reformers of York. His opponents promptly had him thrown out. He was re-elected, thrown out, re-elected, thrown out, re-elected, thrown out, re-elected, and thrown out.

He was ejected as often that being thrown out became with him simply a routine affair. Nobody, indeed, could speak more lovingly about the sidewalks of new York than William Lyon Mackenzie. Instead of hailing him with the customary "Good morning," his friends used to say "Happy landings."

When York became Toronto and a city, Mackenzie was its first mayor. But soon the governor, Bond Head, contrived the defeat of the Reformers. On the ground that Bond Head was using a "d" instead of an "e" to conceal his real name, Mackenzie plotted rebellion with his friends.

From their headquarters at Montgomery's Tavern, north of Toronto, the rebels planned to march on, and seize control of, the city. The Government forces were too quick for them, however. Defeated, Mackenzie fled for his life toward Niagara. To escape his pursuers, he hid in farmhouses and caves. Once he spent the night in a sheepfold, where for the first time in Canadian history the Lyon lay down with the lamb.

On Navy Island, in the Niagara River, he set up a provisional government. But he had nothing to govern there except a few chipmunks, some gulls and a polecat or two. So he found refuge in the United States. Years later he was pardoned and permitted to return.

Although Mackenzie's revolt was a complete failure, everything for which he fought was freely granted within a comparatively short time. To commemorate his service to the country, a lifelike statue of this stormy statesman stands in Queen's Park, Toronto. It marks the spot where he struck as often in those striking days.

To be Continued

Decries Pacifism

I thank you for the article, "This Sloppy Pacifism." The majority of returned men will agree with its outlook. Had Britain been prepared in 1914 the war would not have lasted as long or never have started.

An efficient police force protects a nation against crime, consequently efficient armaments safeguard a nation against the attacks of covetous foes. Nothing is more likely to start another war than a defenseless Empire such as we are today.

The distribution of "Cry Havoc!" through the Ontario schools will have little effect as anti-war propaganda on the rising generation. The past has shown that when the British Empire is in danger her men will answer the call.—T. M. Moffet, Parksville, B.C.

"I'd no idea that a PLYMOUTH could be BOUGHT for so LITTLE!"



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Salesmen of Death

A UNITED STATES Senate committee is at work investigating charges that manufacturers of arms and munitions are engaged in propaganda to promote war and a stronger national defense.

Legislators in other countries also are becoming aware of public opinion rising against the workings of the interlocking armament groups whose profits depend on war and the fear of it.

Recently published are two books which deal with the uncontradicted exposés of the machinations of the munition agents. One is "Iron, Blood and Profits" by Gilbert Selden. The other is "Merchants of Death" by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen.

Then in the March issue *Fortune* under the heading "Arms and the Men" published an excellent survey of Europe's armament makers and their ability "to supply every thing you need for a war from cannon to the canus bells."

Maclean's is glad to see these influences being added to a campaign it launched three years ago. When in August, 1931, *Maclean's* presented "Salesmen of Death" by Lieut.-Colonel George A. Drew, it was the first magazine in the world to inform the public of the sinister side of private armament making.

For three years *Maclean's* has been giving to its readers the essential facts which through books and other magazines are now reaching other peoples. "Merchants of Death" makes several acknowledgments concerning material drawn from Colonel Drew's articles published in *Maclean's* and later distributed throughout the world by the Women's League of Nations Society.

It is interesting to note here just what *Maclean's* has done.

In August, 1931, Colonel Drew told the story of Shearer's boast that he wrecked the 1927 Geneva Naval Conference; the story of Zaharoff, the association of the Maxim-Nordenfelt, Vickers and other armament companies.

In January, 1932, Drew revealed that Krupps had opened branch plants in Russia and Holland. He also gave United States expenditures on armaments.

In January, 1933, Drew told of the ownership of French newspapers by the arms manufacturers; he told how Zaharoff and Schneider controlled the vast Skoda plant; how Schneider was supporting Hitler. He told of British cabinet ministers, clergymen, etc., being shareholders in Vickers.

In March, 1933, ex-Premier Nitti, of Italy, in an article written for *Maclean's*, told of the munition makers' subsidized press, of the backing of the Hitler and Fascist movements, of the making of trouble-creating treaties. He mentioned Thyssen, Hugenberg and their associates.

In June, 1933, Drew told how the Vickers president was attempting to divert the rising tide of public opinion against private arms manufacture. He told how the Skoda representative had been arrested in Bucharest for bribing members of the War Ministry to give him orders, and how General Popescu shot himself.

In August, 1933, Fenner Brockway, in an article written especially for *Maclean's*, gave further information concerning the Seletzki and Wendel interests.

Then in November, 1933, *Maclean's* commenced publication of "Cry Havoc!" in which more essential facts, including the circumstances of the immunity of the Briey region from attack during the war, were presented.

At the last Disarmament Conference, Canada went on record as favoring control of the private manufacture of arms. She did so because her people were among the first, if not the first, to become aware of the facts about the warmongers. And officials of the League of Nations Societies have expressed their thanks to *Maclean's* as the medium through which those facts first were obtained and first presented.

Secret Ends

Continued from page 20—Starts on page 18

"Quite too good, sir," said Tremper. Miss Judithe summer in the West was planned for the purpose of—

"Wait! I'm telling this. For the purpose of breaking the thing off."

"Ah," said Tremper, "you've been informed of it?"

"Years ago," I said, "I belonged to a lending library. And if Mr. Berryman, the trusted family counsellor, should get word of her presence at home he would be likely to swoop?"

Swoop would be the word for it, sir."

I had the reason at last for Judith's renunciation of her world. Yet I could have sworn that she had seen no one but Tremper and myself since she arrived. Certainly I had spotted nothing in the way of a small black mustache about the place. I did recall that she had seemed moody once or twice. Slightly as I knew her, I was convinced that if Judith Hastings willed it, a lover's meeting would take place. It added a new facet to my caretaking.

I had the idle thought that I might jot down on a page of the inventory a couple of entries under the heading "Hidden Assets."

1 Daughter—beautiful—an emotional jam.
1 Butler—Grade A—homing variety.

I let it go. My next inventory entry was under quite a different heading and had a bearing on the lives of us all.

IT WAS mid-morning next day when the telephone bell pulled me from my study chair. As I reached the instrument I heard Judith's hurrying footsteps through the kitchen behind me. I stopped with my hand on the receiver and faced her.

"Let's get this straight," I said above the sound of the bell. "Are you living here or aren't you?"

"Oh, go ahead, answer it since you're there. It might be someone."

A metallic voice responded to my hello. "Telegram," it said, "for Mr. Carroll Hastings. Will you take the message?"

In the stillness of the hall the words came clearly to Judith standing beside me, and as I caught her eye, she nodded "yes" violently, then rushed to get a paper and pencil.

The clerk had started to read me the words of a day letter as she returned.

Cochrane, Ontario, July Third. Your son Carroll left today for home at own request stop insisted impossible for him to go on with party packing in for two months through North country stop he will arrive Ste. Agathe on train leaving four p.m. tomorrow July fourth stop regret his decision but could not influence him otherwise.

Paul B. Adamson.

Judith, looking up at me as I replaced the receiver, was gasping for words.

Continued on page 40



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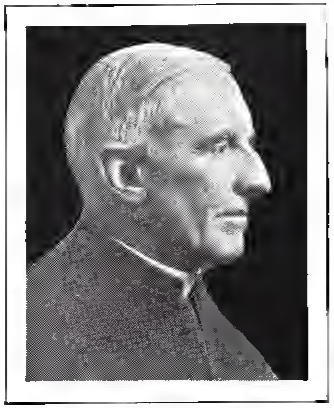


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MACLEAN'S is Canada's national magazine. It is recognized as such by public men from coast to coast. It is known in England and abroad as being truly representative of Canadian opinion. No other magazine in Canada is so frequently quoted and discussed wherever men of affairs are gathered.

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Continued from page 38

"Bud!" she said. "Coming here! The wretch! Oh, what do you 'spose has hit him?" The question had a tone of sharp suspiciousness.

"He must have got word it was Old Home Week at Shoulder Hill. When did you send out the circulars?"

"This is serious," she reproved me.

"It's worse than that," I said, "on fifty dollars a month. Not that I want to be mercenary, you understand. Just to complete my records, now, who is Paul R. Adamson?"

"Oh, who would he be?" she sputtered. "One of those frying-pan profs, of course. The kind that goes charging into the big woods every summer with a precious little gang of prep-school kids." She paused. "Bud!" she groaned. "Blowing back here. And for what?" Again it seemed as if she had her own answer to that.

"For the rest of the summer, at least," I said. "No question of it."

"After all that special outfitting for foiling the wood ticks! And when dad thought he had him safely exiled until school!"

"Well, your father thought he had you stalked out in the middle of the grange."

"It's far different. Bud's a child."

I took the news to Tremper. As I entered the kitchen he looked up from his work table with what struck me as something like expectancy; and when I told him that Bud Hastings was on his way home he gave such an effect of astonishment—dropping a paring knife with a needless clatter and rounding his eyes prodigiously—that I got the feeling I was seeing either a deliberate piece of acting or that the announcement for some reason, floored him even more completely than it had Judith Hastings or myself. This man Tremper was beginning to puzzle me.

"What do you suppose could have been the hitch between the boy and Adamson?" I asked him.

"There might have been no hitch at all, sir. Master Bud is prone to what you might call undependent action."

"Independent action is all very well, but this kid must know," I argued, "that Shoulder Hill is closed. What could he his idea?"

"I wouldn't undertake to say, sir." Tremper closed his lips with finality and with something like an expression of satisfaction about the business.

"Would Bud," I asked without hope, "be likely to be able to pay his board here?"

Tremper smiled and shook his head.

"Most improbable, sir. I've never known him to be in funds."

"Perfect," I said, "and I know how it goes on from there. He'll have a secret reason for staying at Shoulder Hill. He won't know anyone to draw on for money, and he'll talk quite freely about his affairs up to a certain point and then change the subject."

Tremper gave me a quick look. I had hit close to something. He dodged back to the matter of money.

"I should like to renew my offer of a contribution to the household fund, if and when that is, I receive my next cheque."

I declined. I wanted to see how far fifty dollars would go. I liked the irony of making it cover three meals a day for four people on a half million-dollar estate.

"We'll have to force the garden, Tremper. And how would you like a kitchen helper—someone to wash the dishes?"

"No, Master Bud, sir. No, never. The breakage would be terrific."

IT WOULD be after dark the next day when Bud's train reached Ste. Agathe. I told Tremper to meet him with the station wagon. He could park out of sight somewhere, if he didn't want to be recognized.

"Offer to take him anywhere, Tremper. Anywhere except Shoulder Hill."

"I fear he'll insist on coming here, sir."

"I'm positive of it."

At lunch Judith was still hopeful. "How about you trying to deflect him or send him away?"

"After he's once here? And knows that you're here?"

"That's right. It wouldn't work."

"And besides, it's a most unsisterly attitude. I'm prepared to like Bud."

"You'll need to be prepared. He's at the terrible age. Oh, he's awfully nice, really. But an extrovert. The worst kind. I bet he's swarming back here just to get out of tutoring in maths." Judith Hastings made this guess as if she hoped it were true but feared it was not.

We dished up our own dinner next day. Tremper had prepared it and then left in the station wagon to meet Bud. Judith ate abstractedly. With the coffee and cigarettes came the sound of wheels from outside.

"Well, here comes Rack and Ruin," Judith sighed.

Seven league footfalls sounded from the pantry. Next, Bud Hastings seemed to fill the room. He dropped two bags to the floor in a single shattering bang and held out his arms in exaggerated greeting to his sister.

"Julie!" he boomed theatrically. "After all these years! Say you're glad to see me, Jude!"

Judith stood up.

"Well, what a tetherball you turned out to be!" She rushed to him and was enfolded. She kissed him once, then, backing away, she sent an affectionate punch to his ribs. Something in the way she did it, flashed me a picture of these two five years earlier—a boy and a girl socking each other around with boxing gloves on the floor of the squash court in the sports house.

"Hey!" roared Bud. He leaped beyond her reach, six feet of overgrown boy whose width had not yet caught up with his height or the size of his hands or feet.

"Say, I haven't had a meal today. I'll take you on after I get myself fed. What's on the fire—corn-beef hash?" He eyed the depleted dinner table hungrily and then looked at me in a friendly enquiring way. Judith introduced us. I withstood a hand grip that might have accomplished much with a fallen log across a forest trail. Bud seated himself at the table and cleared a little space before him.

"Let the young master be served," he clowned. For an instant and in abrupt contradiction to the gaiety of his words, his eyes as he looked at his sister showed worry and concern.

Judith sat down and gazed at him.

"Why no meals? On a diet?"

"No money," he said. "No meals, no money. No money, no meals. Funny thing, but dining-car stewards are always expecting you to pay for what you eat."

Still a comic, she lamented, and started for the kitchen to get him food.

Can I help it," he called after her. "If I was born with a humorous turn?"

Before Judith had reached the door, Tremper, carrying a loaded tray, came in from the kitchen. As he placed heaping dishes before Bud his face wore the expression of a fond parent feeding a child. And Bud, glancing up at the butler, murmured a thanks that had in it such an element of commonship as to give the impression, strangely, that these two were united in something more than friendship. They were like confidential associates, even conspirators. The revelation startled me. Bud fell to and for several minutes he was unable to speak at all. Then, looking from Judith to me, he said jovially:

"If this is a sample meal, I'll take twenty one a week. And if the rooms here measure up to the meals— He shook his head. "Another farkful. Next: "Tremper!" he said thickly. "Was I ever glad to see him! Skulking around that old platform!" He pulled a dish of apple sauce close to his plate and went at it.

I had planned an evening session at my work table. I paused in the doorway on the way out to tell Judith and Bud to stand by for a conference.

"Just a little discussion of ways and means. Nine-thirty sharp. In my study. The servants' dining room, to you."

"What is this," I heard Bud ask his sister, "chapter meeting night?"

Something very much like it, I reflected. The resident manager of the Hastings Family Association was about to railroad.

Continued on page 43

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JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

Continued from page 40

through a few simple regulations. Among them a rule against taking in any more members. Or even giving out pledge pins. There wouldn't be so much as a rushing party the rest of the season.

WHEN BUD and Judith took chairs beside my table forty-five minutes later it was apparent that the boy had been coached as to my status at Shoulder Hill. He placed me somewhere between headmaster and officer of the day. His new attitude did not affect his tremendous buoyancy. When I asked him to get Tremper he jumped to obey and escorted the butler in. Then, waiting for me to begin, he leaned close to Tremper's chair and asked *sotto voce*:

"How's that old cannonball serve of yours? Whaddya say you and me—"

I interrupted to insist that the meeting come to order, and proceeded to speak my mind.

"It seems to happen," I began, "that I am the only person of the estate who has any right to be here. As you all know, the place is officially and legally closed. I am committing a breach of trust in permitting you three people to move in and stay. I wouldn't consent to it except for one thing. This is the last job of caretaking I ever expect to do. Hence I have no need for what is known as a 'good character.' Otherwise I would turn you all out. And my sole regret would be that there was not a hard snow storm raging."

Bud emitted a Simon Legree chuckle. Judy rebuked him.

He means it," she said. "You'll wish you were back up in the woods fighting lynxes and even studying maths. Wait till you've put in a few days on the vegetable shift."

Bud stared at her unbelievingly. In reply, she turned her hands toward him, palms outward to show their calluses.

"The vegetable shift," I repeated, wishing I sounded less like a preceptor. "I'm going to be more important than ever before believe it would be best to turn the whole kitchen garden over to Bud—working, of course, under Tremper's supervision. Miss Judith Hastings will assume new duties. Hereafter—"

Bud cut in.

"Hey look Mr Kimball how about me getting the tennis court in shape? It'll be just as hard work, probably harder. And we'll get something out of it, too. It's a hot court when it's right."

Maybe you think we won't get anything out of the potato patch?" I suggested.

Judith broke out:

"We won't if Bud does the hoeing."

The idea of tennis tempted me.

"If you find yourself with surplus energy after doing your garden work," I told Bud, "you can go after the court."

Judith jumped to her feet.

"Now be fair," she demanded. "I have not asked for anything, have I? And I've worked too—you know that. If Bud gets the tennis court, I want the swimming pool. That's not asking much. And—now, wait a minute!—I'll scrub it out myself. Do the whole job."

At her last words, Bud affected to go weak with shock.

"Will wonders never cease? he murmured. "Then," Say Jude, I'll teach you a new stroke. It's a sort of supercrawl. Now look."

He laid himself across his chair, stomach down and with arms and legs going, made the motions of something elaborate in the way of a swimming stroke.

I called for order. Bud seated himself again, red in the face.

"It's really good," he assured me. "Old Indian term."

"It looks like a wow!" I granted him. "I can almost see you cleaving the water."

"Then it's a go?" Judith demanded. "About the pool?"

Telling her yes, I felt like a father—and I didn't want to feel like a father toward Judith. She was only five years younger than I. My authority over her had been forced upon me. And now Judith, taking her cue from Bud, was making a greybeard out of me. As I lectured on, they sat like two grade-school kids on the day that prizes are to be given for good behavior.

I appointed Judith housekeeper. She was to make the beds for herself and Bud, straighten up rooms, and be general upstairs maid. Tremper, as well as superintending the garden, was to be steward, chef and, of course, butler. Bud was to assist him in any work Tremper should specify. The job of putting the tennis court and swimming pool in commission was to be done only after regular chores were finished.

"You understand," I explained to Bud, "that this little house party is an undercover affair."

"Okay with me," he subscribed heartily. "I'm completely incog. and *sub rosa*. Not to say insolvent."

"And another Hastings drops from sight," murmured Judith.

IT WAS ten o'clock when I adjourned the meeting. I had come to two decisions. One was to jot down the amount of mileage shown on the station wagon speedometer. Bud had said he intended to live *sub rosa*. But that did not mean he wouldn't be tempted to take out the car. And mileage is property in the caretaker's lexicon. I went at once to get the figure—and entered it on the inventory opposite the words "1 Station Wagon."

My second idea was to inaugurate a curfew patrol. It would be less an inspection of the place than a check up on its inmates. If the safety of hundreds of thousands of dollars of inert property rated two patrols a day, the addition of a boy and a girl, of incalculably greater value to Mr Hastings, called for at least one more look around.

At my suggestion, Bud had taken one of the servants' rooms, two doors from Tremper's and down the corridor from mine. No lights were visible in that entire wing of the house, and when I rounded the corner to the front the main section was equally dark. The night was fine, with a skyful of stars. I strolled lazily.

I had reached a point opposite the far corner of the east wing when a faint click from the direction of the house halted me, midstep. I stood still in the black shadow of a maple to listen. The only door in use in that part of the house was the terrace door, at which Judith had entered the night of her return. So far as I knew, she still had her key to it.

I could not see the door itself from where I stood. But the brick steps leading down to the terrace were within my range. And after a moment of peering I made out a whitish blur close to the ground at the foot of those steps. It was nothing that belonged there, I knew. I was about to start toward the place when the whitish blur divided into two smaller white spots—spots that began to move. They moved as feet walking. Someone in white tennis shoes was leaving the doorway and heading down toward the front drive.

It was Judith. I knew the quick energy of her stride. The way Judith walked—indeed the way she talked, smiled, ran and loved the garden—was recorded in my mind on a thousand bright kinetic strips. I had evaded until that moment admitting how thoroughly she occupied my thoughts.

Just now a furtive Judith had paused on those steps, making sure the coast was clear, making sure she was seen by no one. No one? It was I, of course, whom she was eluding. It was my watchfulness that had made her furtive. I didn't like the thought. Nor did I like what I had to do next. There was no choice but to follow her and see what she was about.

HER WHITE tennis shoes made trailing easy. Judith went quickly at first, then slowed. Near the lily pool in the circle formed by the driveway she stopped and looked around—making sure again. I stepped from the walk to the grass as she started on and paralleled her course, keeping trees and shrubbery between us. She went quickly along the straightaway of the drive that led to the main gate and formed the centre bar of a formal vista extending outward from the front entrance. As I moved I realized that she had prepared for this expedition to the extent of changing from the white piqué frock she wore at dinner to a dark costume. Those white shoes had been selected for their noiselessness.

Two long formal gardens, one on either side of the driveway, marked the halfway distance between the house and the turn where the concrete curved away through a grove of natural elms. As she neared those gardens, Judith veered to the left and the white shoes were lost to my sight for a moment. Then moving faster, the hurrying feet showed again. She had run down the steps to the sunken flagging, and up again at the garden's far end. I speeded up, inclining to the left to keep us from converging.

Trying to escape the conviction that she was on her way to meet someone led me to the futile conjecture that she might be running away from something. I clutched at the idea. I turned to look back toward the house. Its bulk was almost entirely screened from me by foliage. By stooping I could see one lower corner of it. And as I crouched a light shone from a basement window. It came and went and came again, as if someone fumbling for a switch, had found it unexpectedly. As near as I could identify the spot, it was a window in one of the basement corridors.

Two people only were in the house. Either Bud Hastings or Tremper was on a trip to the basement. Yet the rooms of both had been dark a few minutes before instinctively, I took a step or two toward the lights. But I couldn't go back now without losing Judith. Already those white shoes were out of sight. Whatever the light in the basement might mean, I would have to investigate it later.

In a series of short dashes from tree clumps to shrubbery I pressed ahead. I got my next sight of Judith as she took another turn across an open space, then skirted a black bank of trees. Definitely she was headed now for the service gate rather than the main gate—the chained entrance I had used the day I arrived.

At a run, I headed for the same spot. In the darkness and without the help of paths, I missed my course. I turned—and turned again—each time wrongly. I brought up presently at a wisteria trellis far back from the wall and the gate. It served to locate me. But I had lost several minutes. I tried out straight for the gate. Nearing it, I approached slowly, keeping to the shadows. There it was. And there, no longer moving, were the white shoes.

Close to Judith stood a man. He wore a light suit that made him quite distinct in the starlight. He was on the far side of the chains—she on the inside. The murmur of their voices came to me faintly. Her hands seemed to be in his. As I watched, he bent and kissed her.

A twinge went through me. Judith Hastings had kept a rendezvous.

To be Continued

Sorry, Glace Bay

May I correct an error in your editorial relating to Dr Rowell's article "Dusky Diamond Limited" in the May 15th issue?

Number One-B Mine is not in Sydney Cape Breton. It is in Glace Bay the largest town in Canada, with a population almost equal to that of Sydney. We have in Glace Bay mines Number Two, Four, Eleven and Twenty-Four all producing. Sydney, you know is not Cape Breton. Get out your map, or better still come and see for yourself some time.—Ginny, Glace Bay, N S.

We've been, and we know. The error was a slip of the typewriter deeply regretted.—The Editor

THE SCRAP BOOK



A Railway Tunnel With Doors

UNDERNEATH the town of Brockville, Ontario, there runs what is reputed to be Canada's first railway tunnel. And of all such works it is quite alone in the world in possessing at both entrances a double set of stout wooden doors which are opened and closed regularly during severe weather.

This celebrated tunnel, now the property of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was built in 1858, following the construction by the old Canada Central of a line of railway from Brockville to the Rideau, thence to Arnprior and Pembroke. And the amazing part of it is that it was unnecessary, since the tracks could have been laid over level ground about half a mile to the west of the town.

The tunnel, although too narrow for modern rolling stock, is still used to transport goods to and from the waterfront. Hewn out of solid rock it is about three-quarters of a mile long and passes under the town hall. The presence of the doors, of course, is justified during winter, when severe blasts blow and the temperature drops below zero; they are shut tight in order to protect its fabric and to prevent heaving of the roadbed. Trains pass through twice a day, and one official of the company claims that by closing the doors the steam escaping from the passing engines is kept within the subterranean passage for heating purposes!—Frederick H. Wooding, Brockville, Ont.

A Purely Canadian Word

AS A RESULT of enquiries launched by Arthur Stringer, poet and novelist, professional and amateur lexicographers are besturring themselves in an effort to trace the origin of a distinctively Canadian word.

This word, in use along the Lake Erie shore in Kent County, Ontario, for upwards of a century, is "womper." It is the name given by pioneers to a snake that is common in the Rondeau marshes. The snake, which grows to a maximum length of five feet, has black stripes showing beautiful cut-brown and amber-cream colorings. Though sometimes erroneously termed a "copperhead," the correct name of the reptile is "fox snake." But along the Erie shore it has always been known as a womper.

Mr Stringer, familiar with the spoken word, wished to use it, but was uncertain whether to spell it with an *a* or an *o*, or in the French fashion with an *ou*. Consulting a dictionary, he was nonplussed when he failed to find "womper," "wamper," or even "waumper" in the huge volume. A message to the editor of the *Century Dictionary* brought word that "womper" was quite unknown to lexicographers, and at last report these word experts were frantically digging up roots in an effort to solve the questions of origin and etymology.

The word is apparently purely native to the north shore of Lake Erie, where it has been in use for decades. Whether it is of Indian origin or a corruption of "whopper" or a corruption of "swamper"—a term unlettered pioneers might readily apply to a snake living in the swamps—is a question. But it looks like a perfectly good word, and seems destined to be given recognition in the next edition of the dictionary.—Victor Lauriston Chatham, Ont.

A Well-Balanced Rock

A FREAK of nature truly. This rock has been in this apparently precarious position for countless years—and was in all probability deposited there by a glacier long, long ago. There is no evidence of any movement or any sign of it falling, although the supporting clay pinnacles seem to be very frail to support such a huge burden. It is located some nineteen miles west of Kamloops, B.C., on the south side of the Thompson River.—F. M. Rotter, Vancouver, B.C.



For the most unusual photograph and explanation printed in this occasional department Maclean's will pay five dollars. Two dollars will be paid for other items used. Contributions should be addressed to The Editor. They will not be returned unless a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.



TEXCRAFT REFILLS

THOUSANDS of Canadian boys and girls have been fortunate in receiving a set of TEXCRAFT as a birthday gift. They have already realized the endless opportunities it offers for artistic self expression.

Early enthusiasm has no doubt made inroads on the supply of outline drawings supplied with each TEXCRAFT set.

Duplicate sets or refills including many new outlines are available at a very low price, enabling Texcrafters to achieve improvements over early attempts and to experiment with new designs. The use of different pattern cards and colors will get entirely different results.

Refill packages comprise a complete set of 24 colored outline drawings, 12 of which are entirely new designs, including —

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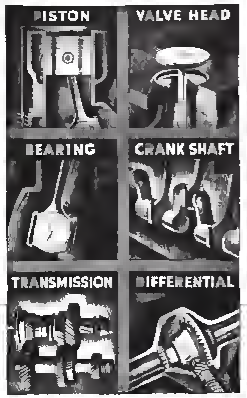
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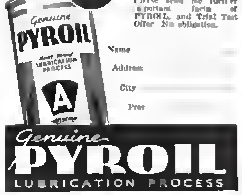
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Continued from page 18

greatly diminish. Mr. Meighen, in other words, was the Jonah who was inviting the tempest. With him overboard the storm might cease.

It was extraordinary reasoning. If there was one thing in all of Ontario calculated to bring the Hydro into election controversy, it was Mr. Meighen's resignation with the first election drum. That, of course, was Mr. Hepburn's signal. With Meighen gone, and no explanation of his going—except a series of wrong explanations—Mr. Hepburn was presented with a heavy siege gun.

And Mr. Meighen luckless as ever has been the chief victim. More than a year ago—these things belong to the records—he asked Premier Henry for a judicial enquiry into the Abitibi Canyon purchase and his (Meighen's) connection with it as a member of Hydro. The request was refused. Why it was refused seems that it would have set the whole question at rest in so far as Meighen was concerned, only Mr. Henry can know. At all events the political consequences of a failure to investigate are the present assaults upon Hydro, the personal consequences, the gross unfairness to Meighen.

The only recourse left to Meighen, therefore, is an enquiry by the Senate. But it is by no means sure—at this writing—that the Senate will help. The Senate likes Meighen, admires and respects him. But between the Liberal Senators who admire him there stands the obstacle of what his vindication might mean to the political fortunes of Hepburn. It is a considerable obstacle.

And there is another obstacle. Some in the Conservative party are not anxious for an enquiry which, while it would vindicate Mr. Meighen, might not help Mr. Henry at election. In other words, some of the Conservative captains who were led so gallantly by Meighen through nearly a decade of brilliant campaigning are not anxious to go to his rescue. What if an old leader's reputation beside a majority of votes?

One hates to end on a sour note. It is possible, tell therefore, that the whole situation has become more encouraging—to the experts at least—that all business returns are better, that even the railway case grows brighter. Moreover—and let this be not forgotten—when politicians start returning to their old ways, that in itself is a sign of the most sincere optimism. "When the devil was sick . . ."

The Vital Statistic

Continued from page 11 . . . Starts on page 10

woman in Number Thirty-two. A Miss Wiley. She — well, she is not a good neighbor.

"Why not?" said Mr. Bursch.

"She goes in and out," said Heber Wace. "Most people do, you know."

"She—she wears pyjamas."

After all, said Mr. Bursch, "a girl's got to wear something."

But you don't understand," said Heber Wace. His voice rose a little. "They are purple pyjamas. They have—ruffles. She leaves the curtains up. She dines small pink—garments on the window sill. She—kisses men on the doorstep."

"That's a funny place," said Mr. Bursch. "Why doesn't she kiss 'em on the mouth?"

Heber Wace saw that Mr. Bursch was not taking his complaint in the spirit in which it was made. He was treating the matter lightly. It was not a lighter one subject.

But you don't understand," he repeated. "She—accosts men in the street. Unmarried men. She makes—advances. She employs—wiles."

"Are you suggesting—" began Mr. Bursch.

"I suggest nothing," said Heber Wace excitedly. "I merely state that if she stays I leave." He had not meant to go as far as that.

Mr. Bursch, however, was in no mind to lose so dependable a tenant as Heber Freeman Singleton Wace. Mr. Wace paid his rent at 8 a.m. on the first of every month. He did not hold roistering parties, or leave the tub running.

"Re-renting," said Mr. Bursch tentatively, "at this season—"

"I can promise you a tenant."

Mr. Bursch relaxed.

"Oh, in that case," he said, "if it's a friend of yours, Mr. Wace—"

Not a friend," said Heber Wace hastily. "That is, not a *friend*. Just a—business acquaintance."

"Tell your business acquaintance," said Mr. Bursch, "that he may have the apartment the first of the month."

Heber Wace called up Mary Heart.

"Thank you," said Mary Heart gratefully. "That was sweet of you."

Not at all," said Heber Wace. "Efficient."

"Thank you," said Mary Heart, "for your efficiency."

MISS WILEY, on being approached by Mr. Bursch, had a tantrum and left at once. Mary Heart moved in the next night.

Heber Wace, going to his window to inspect the ventilation, observed Mary Heart about her setting. She was lifting books into the bookcase. They seemed heavy. Mary Heart, he observed, wore a dress. It was blue. It looked very neat.

Heber Wace heard the fire siren and went to the window to see if the house opposite was burning. It was not. Mary Heart was unrolling a rug. It was a big rug and unrolled hard. Heber Wace wondered if Mary Heart ought to do things like that. Was it, he wondered, to the best interests of the Fundamental Statistical Bureau for its secretaries to be lifting and tugging?

Heber Wace went to the window to take in the pint of milk that he drank before retiring. Mary Heart was putting up curtains. They were blue curtains with gold-colored linings. She was standing on a step-ladder, nonchalantly a-tiptoe on the top to reach the rods. If Mary Heart fell off and broke an arm she could not use the typewriter.

At one side of the curtains was a cord with a tassel on the end. Mary Heart pulled the cord and the curtains marched together across the window from within only a faint radiance shone through the gold linings. Heber Wace opened his window wide. He stood before it a long time, taking his deep-breathing exercises. Then he went to bed.

The next night Heber Wace walked home with Mary Heart. This was necessary because a heavy shower came up at five o'clock. Heber Wace kept an extra umbrella at the office. It is impossible to walk off dryly under one's own umbrella while one's secretary is ruined an. Mary Heart, ruined on, would catch cold. She would have bronchitis. The progress of the matrimonial report would be retarded.

"Permit me," said Heber Wace.

"You're getting your shoulder wet," said Mary Heart.

Perhaps if we walked a little nearer," suggested Heber Wace. "Perhaps if I placed my hand under your arm."

The umbrella covered them both nicely when Heber Wace had placed his hand under Mary Heart's arm. Fortunately it was not a very large umbrella. Heber Wace felt quite warm.

"Four more days," he said, "will finish Propinquity."

"Will it?" said Mary Heart. "I thought maybe it would last longer."

"Four days," said Heber Wace. "After that we begin Habit."

"I think 'Habit' will be awfully interesting," said Mary Heart.

"And how are you getting on with your setting?" asked Heber Wace, when they had almost reached her door.

"Just fine," said Mary Heart. "I've nearly finished except for hanging the pictures. Joe Jeffers is going to do that."

Heber Wace stopped on suddenly that a spurt of rain water went down his neck. The man was no colder than his thoughts. Joe Jeffers indeed! What was the use of all the trouble he had taken, if Joe Jeffers was going to be hanging round hanging pictures? Hang the fellow! Why he might get a habit of coming there. Habit was as bad as propinquity. The Fundamental Statistical Bureau was again in jeopardy.

Nothing of the sort!" said Heber Wace. "I'm going to hang them myself."

"Are you really?" said Mary Heart.

"Fact," said Heber Wace.

That night Heber Wace hung Mary Heart's pictures. There were some good etchings and a portrait of a man in a stock and muttonchop whiskers that Mary Heart said was her great-grandfather. He was a fine upstanding old fellow, with a keen blue eye.

"Blood will tell," said Heber Wace, who had once done a statistical study of heredity.

"Do you think I look like him?" said Mary Heart.

"I don't know," said Heber Wace. "Do you?"

Heber Wace looked at Mary Heart. It was the first time he had looked at her except for business purposes.

"Your eyes are blue!" he said, astonished. They were very blue. Bluer than the portrait's. They were also larger. They—they've got longer lashes," said Heber Wace. "Where is the picture book?"

When Heber Wace had finished hanging Great-grandfather Heart, they had supper. Mary Heart said she was cooking supper for herself, and there was plenty for two. If he didn't stay, she said, it would be wasted. The most tantalizing odors came from the kitchenette.

"I don't think much of your eating at restaurants," said Mary Heart. "Crabs, and I don't know what."

"I haven't eaten crabs for thirteen months," said Heber Wace, sighing. He added wistfully: "I haven't eaten anything else that was any good."

Mary Heart set a card table before the fire and covered it with a tablecloth banded and fringed with gold. There were hot little potatoes and fresh peas in cream, and grilled kidneys in bacon belts garnished with apricots. There was a big green salad tasselled with cress, and toasted cheese crackers, and a dessert made of apples and honey. Heber Wace was afraid he ate a great deal.

"I didn't know you could cook," he said.

"I love to cook," said Mary Heart. "I shall get all my suppers now. I have a kitchenette. It's a cute kitchenette except that it needs painting. Mr. Bursch says I can paint it. I think I'll paint it yellow—a very pale yellow—and have green checked curtains and ivory saucepans with green handles."

"You go climbing round on stepladders," said Heber Wace, "and the next thing you'll fall off. Then where will you be?"

"On the floor, I suppose," said Mary Heart.

"It won't do," said Heber Wace definitely. "I shall paint it myself."

"I wouldn't feel right about that," said Mary Heart. "It would take so much of your time."

We could talk about the matrimonial report while I painted," said Heber Wace. "Professor Bursch had come up during the day. We should thus make better progress. The time would not be wasted."

"Perhaps not," said Mary Heart.

"I will get the paint tomorrow," said Heber Wace. "I think the color of your hair would be a good color."

EVERY NIGHT for three weeks Heber Wace painted in Mary Heart's kitchenette. He did not mind doing it. There was something soothing in slapping on the paint, so neat and fresh. It was very pretty paint, the color of Mary Heart's hair, and Heber Wace tried to make it as smooth as Mary Heart's hair was.

Every night for three weeks, Heber Wace had supper with Mary Heart. It saved time because he could get to painting earlier. Mary Heart said it was no more than right, and Heber Wace made a joke about working for his board. When Heber Wace made a joke, the scar at the corner of his mouth tipped up almost hilariously.

Mary Heart was a good cook. Heber Wace had never imagined food like it. The hungry hollows under his cheekbones smoothed away. He felt a sense of well-being such as even his morning exercises had never given him. For the first time in his life Heber Wace was tempted to doubt the evidence of a statistic. It seemed incredible that painting could be such an unhealthy occupation as the records said it was.

While Heber Wace was painting, Mary Heart cleared the table and washed the dishes. Then she perched on a high stool to watch him, and hooked the heels of her slippers over the top rung. She did not have thick ankles. They tailed about "The Causes of Matrimony."

The work on the matrimonial report had never gone so quickly as it went in those three weeks. In three weeks they finished "Propinquity," dealt with "Habit," and began on "Appearance."

"'Appearance,'" said Heber Wace, "is even more important than 'propinquity.' I have allotted to it thirty-one points. No amount of propinquity will cause a man to marry a girl she has thick ankles."

Mary Heart's foot slipped a little on the top rung of the stool; she spread her skirts smoothly over slim knees.

"I suppose not," she said.

"The matter of appearance, however," said Heber Wace, "has often been misinterpreted. It is not always the great beauties who marry first. The matter of suitability must be considered. The comparative number than the superlative basis."

"Compared with what?" said Mary Heart.

"With the suitor."

"Oh," said Mary Heart. "And what kind of suitability suits the suitor?"

Heber Wace laughed. The scar at the corner of his mouth turned definitely up.

"Tastes," he pointed out, "differ. Some prefer curls. Some blondes. Some the statuesque type, some the petite. Nevertheless, certain general tendencies are indicated. During the normal age of marriage, say twenty-one to thirty-five, men will customarily choose wives two to three years younger than themselves. It is more suitable. Similarly a very short man will not choose a very tall woman, a very thin man a very stout woman, a very pale man a very flaxen-haired woman."

Joe Jeffers is six feet two," said Mary Heart thoughtfully. Mary Heart was a little girl.

"It would not do at all," said Heber Wace sharply.

"Take the matter of clothes," he continued. "Here again there has been misapprehension. Beautiful clothes enhance beauty. But clothes too beautiful act as a deterrent, since they suggest a scale of living which a man may be ill-fitted to maintain. As with height, weight and age—"

"What do you think of this dress?" said Mary Heart.

Heber Wace looked at Mary Heart's dress. It was a blue dress with a hint of grey, like a spring dawning; and it had a wide collar and deep cuffs of soft white wool like a cloud.

"I don't see anything the matter with it," Heber Wace admitted.



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"I thought perhaps something starchy would be more suitable for the office," said Mary Heart. "Only I hate starch. It pricks."

"Starch," he said crisply, "is suitable for trained nurses and shirt fronts. It's not your type."

"And what is my type?" said Mary Heart.

"The neat and sweet," said Heber Wace, painting furiously.

"There is another factor in appearance," said Heber Wace, "of singular potency. This quality is very hard to define. I shall call it charm."

"I wish you would explain it," Mary Heart said.

Heber Wace, to the best of his ability, explained charm.

"Charm," he began bravely, "is the unknown resulting from two or more knowns. Charm is—well—charming."

He came over and stood beside Mary Heart, the better to explain it. Mary Heart was sitting very still on the high stool, her hands clasped in her lap. Her face was shaped a little like her name, with a pointed chin and a nick in her forehead where the hair grew down. Mary Heart's hair was fair of a bright and burnished fairness, and she brushed it straight back, smooth and neat, but where it was gathered in her neck the curls sprayed out, and a curl escaped at each side and tipped her ears with shining golden earrings. A soft color had come up in her cheeks over the heat of the stove. For the first time Heber Wace observed her mouth. It was red. It was a full true red as ripe as a fresh berry. It was lifted a little, poised in light soft. Heber Wace's own lips felt dry and strange. He put up a hand to steady them.

Mary Heart looked up when Heber Wace moved. Her lashes, surprising with her fair hair, were dark; they made shadows on her cheeks. They lifted up slowly. They flickered a little as they lifted, and the shadows flickered too. The full blueness of her eyes met his, as deep and drowning blue as the sea.

"Your lashes are dark," said Heber Wace suddenly breathlessly. "Your eyes are blue. These are two knowns. But the way your lashes jiggle when they come up—that's charm."

"Do you really think I'm charming?" said Mary Heart.

"Facts are facts," said Heber Wace sternly. "Where is my paint rag?"

THE PAINTING was finished. "Appearance" was finished. Heber Wace had dined alone on vegetable plate and rice pudding. He was assembling the elements of "Character." "Character" was very difficult. He went to the window to see if the stars were out. They were out. Mary Heart was in. The light came through a crack in her curtains. Heber Wace wanted to show her what he had done. It would clear his thoughts. He could take the stockings.

The matter of the stockings had come up in the simplest manner possible. Heber Wace had torn his coat on a nail and Mary Heart had darned it. She darned it very neatly, to Heber Wace's admiration.

"I ought to be able to," she said laughing. "I've been darning my stockings for twenty-two years."

"I've been darning mine for twenty-five," said Heber Wace laughing, too.

"Are you twenty-five?" said Mary Heart. "That's just right isn't it?"

"I don't know," said Heber Wace, "that one age is righter than another. After all any age lasts only a year. Next year I shall be twenty-six."

"Next year I shall be twenty-three," said Mary Heart. "Bring over your stockings and I'll darn them."

Heber Wace opened his stocking drawer. Two pairs of the grey; two brown; one dark blue. The golf stockings of springtime green. They were new; but he had caught a thread. Heber Wace liked his green golf stockings. They made him feel intrepid. He took the bouquet of stockings in his hand, the slip of paper bearing the primary elements of "Character," and went over to Mary Heart's.

Heber Wace crossing the street felt no premonition. He went up the stairs, and down the corridor, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," called Mary Heart. Heber Wace opened the door—and there sat Joe Jeffers.

Heber Wace knew at once that it was Joe Jeffers. He was six feet two and obnoxious. He had red hair. He had bold black eyes and a big mouth. He had swaggering shoulders. He had a big, hearty manner.

"Hello," said Mary Heart. "Mr. Wace, this is Mr. Jeffers."

"I know it is," said Heber Wace sullenly. The stockings laboured enormous in his hands. He stuffed them into his pockets.

Joe Jeffers sat by the hearth in his shirt sleeves, his feet stretched to the warmth, looking very much at ease. At home, even Mary Heart was sewing a button on his coat. The coat was so big that it all but smothered her. So she mended coats for him did she?

"Sit down," said Mary Heart.

Heber Wace tried to sit down. His bulging pockets caught on the arms of the chair and bore him up like a pair of birdboys.

"You brought the stockings, didn't you?" said Mary Heart. "I'll mend them as soon as I sew this button on. You've got a hole in your pocket, Joe. Did you know it?"

"Know it," said Jeffers. "Haven't I been striking cigarettes there for a month? I've got a hole in my pants pocket, too. What we going to do about that?"

Well, really!" said Heber Wace. What did the fellow think? Was he going to take off Heber Wace snatched the stockings from his pockets. He sank, weak-kneed, into the chair.

"Every time I put a quarter in these pants," Jeffers said, "it shoots out the leg and rolls down a manhole. That's why I brought you one pound of candy instead of five."

SO THE fellow brought her candy, did he? The box was on the table. It was chocolates. The golf stockings tumbled to the floor. They had never looked so green.

"Nice bright color," said Jeffers. "Verdant."

There was that in his tone which made Heber Wace feel verdant too. He felt a little ill. He snatched the stockings up again.

"Hear you've been doing a painting job. Your first one, isn't it?"

Through the door of the kitchenette the new paint in which Heber Wace had taken pride looked suddenly streaked and lumpy. Rough dry.

"What of it?" he said.

"Oh, nothing," said Jeffers patronizingly. "It will do for now. Later on I can touch it up. He talked as if he expected to be around there a good deal.

"Oh, you can, can you?" said Heber Wace. "I suppose you think you're quite a painter."

"Sure," agreed Jeffers. "I gild the lily and adorn the rose." He reached over and pinched Mary Heart's cheek. A wild rose color came up under his fingers. "Have some cake," he said. "It's good cake. Chocolate. Mary made it."

Heber Wace did not eat chocolate cake. It gave him indigestion. What of that? He took the biggest piece there was. So he called her Mary, did he? So she made him chocolate cake?

Jeffers took two pieces one in each hand. He ate them in alternate bites. He perched on the arm of Mary Heart's chair and turned out his tongue pocket.

"Lookie," he said. "If I sat here, you can sew me up." Heber Wace coughed.

"Choke yourself," said Jeffers. His fingers played a trill up the back of Mary's neck. They ruffled the sleekness of her hair. His arm settled about her shoulders. Why, the fellow was practically hugging her!

A hatred thorough came to Heber Wace. This Jeffers meant no good there. His attitude showed that—condescending, little bit amused, as if Heber Wace did not matter. His attitude to Mary Heart—possessive, that's all you could call it.

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Jeffers, Heber Wace observed again, was red-headed. Red-headed men had impulses. What if Jeffers should have an impulse to elope with Mary Heart?

All Heber Wace's old fears increased a hundredfold. The Fundamental Statistical Bureau. The matrimonial report. Joe Jeffers. Mary Heart. Heber Wace saw clearly that if Mary Heart were to marry anyone, Jeffers was the wrong man. The records showed it. Heber Wace checked the items in his mind. All, completely, wrong. And yet—impulses. What if Jeffers overpersuaded her? What if he picked her up and carried her off? Jeffers was a big man. Mary Heart would be defenseless.

Not, however, quite defenseless. For there was Heber Freeman Singleton Wace.

Heber Freeman Singleton Wace set himself to find a way out of the dilemma. He took a second piece of chocolate cake and savored the icing thoughtfully. He took a third piece. At the fifth piece an idea came to him. It was, up to that time, the most stupendous idea that Heber Freeman Singleton Wace had ever had.

At twelve o'clock, Joe Jeffers gave it up and went home. Heber Wace stayed. He was, like all good statisticians, persistent.

Mary Heart went with Jeffers to the door. When she came back, Heber Wace was standing on the hearth rug. His feet were set wide apart and his hands were locked behind his back.

Mary Heart" he said without preamble, "I want to marry you."

"Why, Heber!" said Mary Heart. She went, Heber Wace thought, a little pale. Paleness was becoming because it made her eyes look bigger. Also bluer. Almost purple. Like violets. "Why—*Heber!*"

"I am aware," said Heber Wace humidly, "that this suggestion must be something of a shock. Nevertheless, I assure you that it is not made without premeditation." He warmed suddenly to his subject as a statistician should. "Why, see," he said, almost eagerly. "Consider the facts. Consider habit. Appearance. Propinquity. All day we work at adjacent desks. We live opposite each other. We walk home together. We dine together. We spend evenings together. You might almost say it was a habit. We are suited to each other, too. I am twenty-five; you are twenty-two. I am five feet nine; you are five feet four. I am of medium complexion; you are fair. Exceeding fair," he added thoughtfully. "We have also the same basic elements in character, the same interests, the same tastes. Don't you see, Mary Heart? If you married me, it wouldn't interfere with the matrimonial report at all."

And so," said Mary Heart slowly, "you want to marry me just for—a statistic."

"Why, yes, said Heber Wace eagerly. "Don't you see? It would prove that the findings of the report are correct."

Mary Heart picked up Heber Wace's stockings, neatly mended and threw them in his face. It is regrettable, but a fact. Her voice was stormy, and it broke round the edges like the slap of small angry waves.

"I wouldn't marry you," said Mary Heart, "if you were the last man in the world."

"But I'm not," said Heber Wace reasonably. "Right in this city there are 100 men to every 137 women."

"I don't care," cried Mary Heart. "I wouldn't marry you if you were 100 men all rolled into one and 1 were 137 women."

Heber Wace found himself in the corridor. The green golf stockings were lying at his feet. Heber Wace picked the stockings up. He went home. He had a shocking attack of indigestion.

THE WEEK that followed was a horrible one. The full horror of it began the next morning.

Heber Wace, emerging from his door, did not see—as was his habit, Mary Heart emerging from hers. He lingered, expecting her to overtake him. She did not. She must, then be ahead. Heber Wace hurried. When he reached the office, Mary Heart was not there. She did not come at nine-thirty. She did not come at ten. In the eleven-o'clock mail there was a note. It contained Mary Heart's resignation. For the rest of that day progress on the matrimonial report was definitely suspended.

The next morning the main office took steps to supply Heber Wace with a new secretary. They telephoned that they were sending him an applicant. The door opened, and a young woman came in. She wore a red suit with fur.

Heber Wace lifted his eyes no higher than the second button of the applicant's coat. They were large buttons and shiny. Brass. Brazen, that was the word. It might as well be Miss Wiley. Maybe it was. He did not look to see. Fancy a red suit flashing round his office. Most unsuitable.

"What are you doing here?" he said.

"I'll do whatever you want me to," replied the applicant. Her voice was hard and bright like the buttons on her coat. Metallic. Voices should be low, crystal clear like the ripple of water. Heber Wace remembered that he had omitted Voices from his survey. He made a note on a pad.

"I want you to go away," he said.

The applicant clasped her hands together on the edge of his desk. The nails were as red as the red suit.

"But they told me," she said, "that you wanted a secretary. They told me that you were working on matrimony. I'd simply love it."

"You'd what?" said Heber Wace, startled. "Love it."

"Not around here, you won't," said Heber Wace with violence.

Heber Wace called up the main office, when the applicant had gone.

"I will finish the matrimonial report myself," he said. "Miss Heart and I had it all outlined. It would take longer to explain to a stranger than to go on alone. I will work nights if necessary."

"Suit yourself," said the main office.

Heber Wace set himself to the task of finishing the matrimonial report. It was, all at a sudden, very difficult. Take the matter of voices. That had to go somewhere. He supposed he ought to say something about hands, too. It had never occurred to Heber Wace that hands were connected with marriage—save, of course, for wedding rings. Now he saw that they were all mixed up with it. He wondered if he ought to mention ankles. There was then the question of character. Character was very questionable. When it came to character, even the records were conflicting. When Heber Wace added up his total points they did not come out right.

That night Heber Wace worked till twelve o'clock. The next night he worked till one. The third night he did not go home at all. When he added up his points in the morning, they came out worse than ever.

Heber Wace called up Mary Heart.

"I am in trouble," he said urgently. "With the Causes of Matrimony. The whole thing is in the greatest confusion. Certain essentials have been omitted. Character is utterly disorganized. When I add up the total points, they don't make a hundred. There must be a mistake somewhere. If you would come back—just till we straighten things out."

"But I can't do that," said Mary Heart. Her voice was low, as clear as water in a brook. Joe Jeffers found me another job in the office where he is."

Heber Wace dropped his head in his hands. He groaned. The groan echoed hollow along the telephone wires.

AT TEN O'CLOCK that night a curious thing happened. A door in a tall apartment house opened and a young man came out. This young man, believe it or not, was Heber Freeman Singleton Wace.

Heber Freeman Singleton Wace, though he was himself unconscious of the fact, were a pair of golf stockings of a lovely springtime green. He had no hat, and his hair was ruffled by the wind, and his tie was slightly askew. He was pale and his eyes were smudged as if he had not slept for a long time; and yet, contradictory as it

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stems, he had the freshly eager look of one who has just wakened

Heber Freeman Singletee Wace was carrying a box It was a large box and weighed ten pounds. The box was shaped like a silver heart, and tied with a blee bow, and in the knot of the blue bow was a bunch of violets Inside was a heart-shaped section of white bonbons surrounded by a border, two bonbons deep, of pink the rest was packed with chocolates wrapped in silver paper It was a very handsome box

Heber Wace hurried dowe the steps He ran across the street, unmindful of the traffic, and entered the house opposite. He weet ep the stairs two at a time, and down corridor aed knocked at a door

Come in " called Mary Heart

Mary Heart was sating by the hearth. She was alone There was a curiously misty look about her eyes as if she had been crying het the lashes flickered when they went up, in the way he had remembered

Heber Wace set the box on the table.

It s for you " he said briefly He crossed over and took Mary Heart s hands and drew her to her feet They were nice hands, with little tender thumbs. Listen Mary, he said breathlessly "I found where I made my mistake. The points add up to a perfect hundred The trouble was I left out a whole section. It s called Love

Mary Heart looked up at Heber Wace Her face was shaped exactly like hir name, and her lips were shaped like a kiss The scar at the corner of Heber Wace's mouth lifted perceptibly Mary Heart smiled

"Love? said Mary Heart softly "What e that?"

I can t explain It, said Heber Wace. "Ent I can show you."

'Round the Gaspé

Continued from page 17

enjoy ruling over it with a driver who was prone to careless driving or untimely slumber along the way Yet the Perron Boulevard is one which delights the occupants of thousands of automobiles which traverse it each season though it is one which may cause minor heart shocks to the auxiliary engineers who occupy back seets in those cars.

The motorist will probably choose to travel via the north shore from west to east a wise decision since it keeps his car on the inside of the road during the whole journey That decision may lessen the heart shocks for the auxiliary engineer though the Minister of Roads and Bie junions have built well aed they maintain their gravel highway in safe and good condition

At the peak of some of the inclines the motorist will be con ent to rest both himself aed his engine the while he enjoys the scenery and gives his motor a chance to cool. For on some of them as at Grande Vallée he will find other cars also stopped for the same purpose. And he may as did the Ancient Tennessean carry first aid for overheated radiators in the form of a demijohn of *aqua pura* which applied generously and at frequent intervals will keep the radiator cap of his car from shooting skyward. That radiators and cooling systeme require first aid is eot surprising when the tourist remembers that in some instances he will, in the space of a few miles have ascended a couple of thousand feet above sea level

The visitor will meet as we did cars from every State and almost every province He will meet local vehicles drawe by horse ot ox or by dog He will eving toward the dirth to allow passage for an ok-cart the motive power of which regards the world with sad, earnest eyes ae it plods along regreting no doubt the pleasant pastures which have been kft behind.

He will dine on the soup of the ebuintous pea and on various dishes fashioned from the fisheries of King Cod His ears will ring with the screech of ten thousand sea birds and his eostrils will thrill at first to the tang of seaweed in the air He will drive past farmsteads where *habitant* women sit at speeing wheels aed hand looms aed lacken homespun as did their mothers aed grandmothers before them where their husbands go down to the sea in ships to harvest cod and salmon aed other fish as important a harvest as that which is reaped from their thirty farms He will meet a thrifty hospitable people who plod along their daily way as did their ancestors with no events as to Leagues of Nations or Banking Commissions.

He will drive past rock and cliff of peculiar shape and form some like hooded monks and knowe as "The Capuchins, and will learn til Cros Morne and of Anse Pleureuse the Weeping Cove where the old curé went along into the forest with his axe to lay the evil spirits which kept the village awake with their nightly moans and groans And he will learn that the *curé* did this by cutting dowe one tree whose trunk produced these weird and terrifying sounds ae it swayed back and forth in the wind against the trunk of its neighbor

The visitor finds many reminders of the perils which face the mee who go down to the sea in ships He will find them in relics here and there of good ships which ended their last voyage on an inhospitable part of the shore Somea here aloeg the way we found one of these reminders in the form of a stable floored with precious woods, mahogaey and the like carried from Brazil in a sailing ship which came to grief on one of the many rocky ledges

As he drives along near Grande Rivière from Pabos to Paspebiac the visitor may hear something of a waeing industry that of growing green peas for the New York market It was an industry that thrived mightily for a while The peas grew splendidly and found their way to New York well sprinkled with ice in the box cars of the Canadian National Railways. And then came a problem In order to grow these peas properly it was necessary that the plants be supported on stakes. The securing of stakes wae eot easy

The peas she e fine but the stakes is — " said one previously ambitious pea culturist He had given up the effort because of the difficulty of securing branches of trees on which to support he growing plants

Stepping Backward

FROM STE FLAVIE to Cap des Rosiers the visitor traverses the shore of the St Lawrence through a succession of scenic beautim From Cap des Rosiers to Cap aux Os his route takes him overland and then along the shore of Gaspé Bay aed the Baie des Chaleurs to the junction of the Restigouche and Matapedia rivers famed for their salmon pools

There is a sense of strangeness as we drive along a feeling of having stepped backward a century or so into a land which somehow let the rest of the world become absorbed in modern hestle and bustle while it wended its way placidly aloeg True there are great pulp mills and other modern developments there are the fish-curing plants of Robins, Jones and Whitman and their "houses along the coast but to a great extent the industry of the Gaspé peninsula is that carried on by the family unit Farmer fishermen catch the fish bring them ashore and clean and prepare them for market In some instances they make their own barrels for their shipment and market the fish in foreign countries Maey a fine looking house has been built and many a healthy looking family has been reared on King Cod

At one or several points during his journey the tourist will stay at small hotels built by fishermen who have become "tourist minded," and who in their later years have turned from pursuit of the elusive dollar at sea to the earning of it by catering to travellers Native handicrafts still flourish in many of the villages and splendid examples of the arts of rug weaving wood carving and other household arts may be purchased at reasonable cost. For the lover of swimming and sun bathing Gaspé offers beaches of virgin sand washed by the fresh waters of the St. Lawrence River or by the rollers from the ocean Percé on the Baie des Chaleurs, has a beach which has become famous and which annually attracts many visitors from all parts of Canada

The Percé Rock is a feature of the village of the same name and one which shares attention only with the famous bird sanctuary of Bonaventure Island not far distant At one time having seven arches according to legend, the famous Pierced Rock towers far above the sea Gradually the force of the waters wore away the rock until today there is but the one arch which shows on indication that at one time this great tower was joined to the mainland. Mention Percé Rock to a dozen different inhabitants of Percé and one is told a dozen different stories concerning its arches and the manner in which they disappeared One old timer tells that the last arch to disappear did so within the memory of his father Father Ferland s record of Percé written many years ago speaks of the two arches of Percé Rock which create the illusion of an immense bridge built by a race of giants to join the Bonaventure Island and Mount Joli."

The visitor crossing from Percé to Bonaventure Island may perchance (we hope he will) run across the French Irish skipper in whose boat we made the journey and who regaled our passage with stories of how "On a Thursday begad in April and a cowld night it was, too a Frenchman was wrecked on them reefs out there and we saved them all every last man of them. We told him not to venture out of the bay but he set his sails and away he went Well he come in again and then he went out the second time That was the last time for him—and a cowld Thursday night in April it was too."

At Percé the visitor will find an English-speaking colony of summer residents many of whom are artists attracted by the beauties of the village and its surrounding territory He will see many beautiful summer homes on the point opposite the rock many of them of the Cape Cod type and at least one of them with a history dating back for more than a century Gaspé also has many English among its residents but for the most part the drive will take the tourist through a succession of *habitant* villages along the seacoast where the people have built their homes in the shelter of towering hills or on the shore of sheltered coves

The lover of good fishing has known of the salmon and trout streams of Gaspé for years. The Restigeuche and Matapedia rivers, together with the other waterways of the area are famous wherever devotees of the rod and line foregather and assurance of continued good sport is found in the continuous restocking of these streams from the hatcheries of the Provincial Government. Numerous lakes and rivers, well stocked with salmon and trout provide plenty of angling sport, while inland the forests offer every attraction for the big game hunter with deer caribou moose and bear being the more common animals.

Access to Gaspé by rail is had through Matapedia from which point the Gaspé line of the Canadian National Railways operates to Gaspé serving New Carlisle Bonchois, Percé and other points en route. To enjoy the journey through the north shore of the peninsula, however the visitor must travel by automobile over the Perron Boulevard, which has opened a new vista of French Canada to the tourist.



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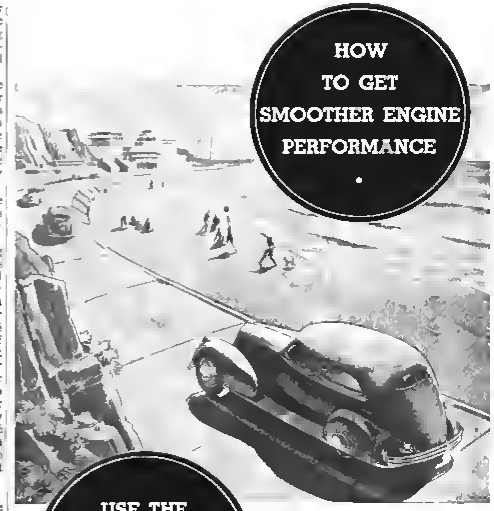
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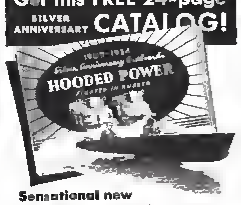


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EVINRUDE Elto

How Australia Has Done It

Continued from page 13

control of private interests for the public good

Racial unity was another advantage It gave Australians poise and the capacity for united action Australians cheerfully accepted drastic economy in public expenditure the cutting of high wages and interest and the lowering of their standard of living and settled down to the task of making the country pay its way

Even in the darkest days of depression there was no panic There was no run on the banks It is a tribute both to the sanity of the people and the soundness of the banking system that only two small banks failed in four years of hardship.

The Australian banking system is unusually solid It is the opposite of the United States system of small units It consists now of nine big banks, all of which operate branches throughout Australia and gain added strength by working in close co-operation with each other and with the Commonwealth Bank—a Government institution, not under political control which has developed the functions of a strong central bank.

Since the end of 1931 the Commonwealth Bank has controlled the rate of foreign exchange and in effect, managed the currency to cushion the economic shocks caused by the fall in Australia's income from the sale of produce overseas. This was done by allowing the external value of the currency to fall and by keeping internal prices stable.

These means of warding off the full force of the economic storm raging in the outside world coupled with the cutting of costs under the Premiers Plan, undoubtedly saved Australian industry from collapse. It saved Australian producers from utter despair and encouraged them to continue to work their land in the face of falling prices.

How magnificently the pastoralists and farmers carried on is shown by the amazing increase in exports. Blessed by bountiful seasons, Australia produced record crops. In different years of the depression the wool clip the wheat harvest the fruit crop and the output of butter and eggs have broken records The value of exports has been maintained despite falling prices, which must be counted among Australia's greatest achievements in restoration

It is an economic paradox Depression has promoted greater productivity The volume of exports has increased by fifty per cent—a tribute to the power of land and labor Australian producers knew that in throwing larger quantities of goods on glutted markets they were depressing prices. They had no alternative. National credit had to be restored That could be done only by exporting more goods to increase the national income and—what was of vital importance to a debtor country—build up funds abroad to pay the overseas debt.

Honesty and Hard Work

THE EFFORT was worth while. Australia has paid all her debts Mr Lang when Premier of New South Wales, did say that he would not pay his creditors but the Commonwealth Government stepped in paid the bill and recovered the money from Mr Lang's State

Under an agreement made between the States and the Commonwealth, the Commonwealth takes responsibility for all debts contracted abroad by Australian Governments. This is in accord with the unified financial policy now followed in Australia.

Policy is directed by the Loan Council—a conference of treasurers of the States and the Commonwealth similar to the Premiers Conference The loan council is guided to an appreciable degree by broker's opinions expressed through the Commonwealth Bank In fact, the prudent financial policy on which Australia has restored her shattered fortunes is largely the product of the wisdom of her bankers In the first place the banks resisted the Labor Party's demands for inflation and throughout the depression they have financed the Governments The banks have given the Governments accommodation to meet their deficits and to undertake extensive works for the relief of unemployment At all times the bankers have curbed the politicians inclinations to revert to the habit of reckless borrowing

Australia's old fashioned policy of honesty and hard work has brought its reward. She is now able to pay her way and put by a bit against the coming of unfavorable seasons. The producers made the most of nature's bounty and the results are reflected in a striking reversal of the trade balance Both in 1929 30 and the year following Australia bought more than she could pay for by exports In 1930-31 there was a balance on the wrong side of nearly $6 000 000 But within a year a surplus of £28,000 000 had appeared and there is every prospect of the surplus reaching £50 000 000 this year This will be sufficient to pay for imports meet the interest bill and leave some in reserve

A change in the price of wool which heralded the depression happily set the seal on recovery Exactly four years after the break in price the welcome cry "Wool is up" rang around the Commonwealth In less than a year the price was more than doubled A freak of fashion and a shortage of supply set Australia's chief industry back on its feet Wool became fashionable for women's wear again, and consequently a keen demand for the smaller clips was accentuated The lift in wool was the chief factor in pulling up the general level of export prices by forty per cent in the last half of 1933. Two other major export industries wheat and beef are still in grave difficulties, however Wheat as Canadians well know is at its lowest level for 100 years.

Conversion of Debts

RECOVERY is reflected also in Government finance Under the spur of the Premiers Plan, the deficits of the six States have been reduced to £3 800 000 and last year the Commonwealth had a substantial surplus on the year's operations More than the total of the deficits however is paid each year to sinking funds for the repayment of loans. Contrary to the practice of other countries, Australian Governments have continued their sinking fund payments throughout the depression. This has been one of the chief factors in restoring public credit both at home and abroad

This phase of restoration is worthemphasis. In September 1931 was completed the conversion of all the internal debts of the Governments to a flat rate of four per cent interest. The market price of some of the bonds had fallen to less than seventy per cent of their face value indicating that Australians were losing faith in their Governments. The terms under which the converted bonds had churned up to par and the Governments were able to approach the public for subscriptions to a new loan at a still lower rate of interest In 1933 a new public loan was quickly oversubscribed and the Governments were so confident of its success that they did not trouble to have it underwritten by financial houses There has been no approach to the overseas loan market for new money attention having been concentrated upon the conversion of Australian loans in London to lower rates of interest

The success achieved in this direction also demonstrates a remarkable revival of faith in Australia Less than two years after the Premier of New South Wales had scared British investors by repudiating his debts to them the first Australian loan—a New South Wales issue was converted in London to a much lower rate of interest Financial writers who had blamed Australians for extravagance began to praise them for having put their house in order Australia regained prestige as rapidly that within eighteen months it has been possible to complete the conversion of loans amounting to more than £100 000 000 to lower rates of interest on favorable terms.

These conversions have reduced Australia's overseas interest by more than £2,000,000 a year In consequence of the revival of confidence in Australian credit money is flowing back into the Australian investment market at a rate that would have seemed incredible two years ago Large amounts of American capital are believed to be ready for investment in the West Australian gold fields if the latest aerial prospecting reveals a major discovery.

Remarkable Recovery

INSIDE Australia enterprise is being encouraged by the banks' policy of cheap money The general rate of interest on bank advances is five per cent which is the lowest for very many years. The pressure of depression and revision of the tariff downward have made for efficiency in Australian secondary industries Business turnover is increasing Profit is returning to many industries, and numbers of companies which disappointed their shareholders for several years are declaring dividends again

The stock exchange which is a reliable index of business prosperity in Australia reflects better days Industrial share prices rose at least sixty per cent last year and the market has retained its strength this year Industry gained a fillip last year from the lifting of taxes by the Commonwealth Government More relief is expected this year The Commonwealth has also restored part of the cuts which were made in pensions and in the wages of civil servants.

There are many signs that the people are spending more freely Twice as many motor chassis were imported in 1933 as in 1932. (Australia imports chassis and builds bodies on them.) Seven thousand of the total of 29 000 came from Canada At the height of the depression the number of telephones cut off exceeded new connections. Subscribers are coming back fast now Bookings for overseas tours are the heaviest since 1929 although Australian money buys abroad only three quarters of what it buys at home Many overseas shipping companies have waiting lists. Most significant, however is the steady decline in unemployment in the last eighteen months The peak of unemployment according to the most reliable returns was in 1932 when thirty per cent of every 100 workers recorded were unemployed Since then there has been a steady reduction until at the end of 1933 the percentage had fallen to twenty three.

There is no doubt that recovery has been achieved in Australia so far as it is possible for a nation to adapt itself to economic depression and make the most of its changed conditions. The future of course, depends upon the trend of overseas prices for Australia's products and the nature of the seasons If Australians are not entirely out of the woods it will not be their fault if they are not out soon.



THERE'S an "atmosphere" about Quebec you will find in no other province . . . in the quaint old-world villages of the Quebec countryside . . . in the cosy Inns of the Laurentians . . . in the majestic sweep of colourful Gaspé.

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ONE OF the chief pests of Porto Rico is a large leaf-eating weevil known locally as the vaquita It normally lays its eggs between two leaves, thereafter sticking the leaves together to protect the eggs, with a mucilage so tough that the little weevils when ready to emerge often have difficulty escaping from their nests

Dr George N Wolcott of the Porto Rico Insular Experiment Station, recently announced that the beetle likes laying its eggs between two sheets of paper, and will do so when paper is available even in preference to leaves The insect's mucilage sticks better to paper than to leaves and sticks the sheets so fast together that the young are totally unable to escape and hence are automatically trapped by their parents This method of control is being widely used.—*Science Service.*

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Forbidden Mesa

Continued from page 21

one work. Well, I'll go then, soon s ye get a new man."

He turned away, took two shuffling steps and came back. He fumbled inside his old coat, sons too large for him.

"I don't hold no grudge, though. Ya remember, doctor, I promised ye somethin' for the museum. It's a little god or some-thin' we picked up—Charley Dodd, my mate, and me—down in South Amerikey."

Out of his tattered pocket Barney pulled something wrapped in a blue bandana. James K. Leyden sniffed with disgust. Dr. Munro coughed to hide his smile. Barney shuffled over to the table, unwrapped the bandana and set down a little stone image, bearing on its shoulder the round, shiny ball of the sun.

The curator stared, and gasped and touched the thing with shaking hands. James K. Leyden's eyes popped. Jenkins's pen was poised in mid-air, a drop of ink forming on its point.

"Where did you get this, Barney?" The curator's eyes were glued on the image.

"Up the Amazon. Me and Charley Dodd—my mate ye know—went huntin' for gold. Years ago, that was. We were young. We pushed through a lot of jungle an' swamp. Flies were bad. Saw a snake or two. Climb up a mountain with a lot of steps cut in the stone—easy steps an' found one o' those old Inky settlements. No gold, though; just some little stone gods—an' I fetched this un away."

Dr. Munro looked at James K. Leyden. The doctor's eyes shone behind his spectacles.

A thousand dollars we paid," muttered Leyden. "I'll people ever found out."

He turned to Barney. "We'll keep you on, Barney, and—and give you that raise."

Barney's mouth hung open. He could only bow and scrape to Leyden and Dr. Munro. He turned to go.

"By the way," said James K. Leyden. "You—ah—won't go around spinning this yarn about that little god. It might be just as well—"

Yes sir," Barney raised his hand to his brow. "I don't yarn at all now, sir and doctor. Anyway, that weren't much of a adventure. It were kind o' tiresome."

Dave Komonen

Continued from page 16

summer underwear and, of course, his own special running shoes.

In addition to being a carpenter, Komonen is a shoemaker. He designed his own foot-gear. Because he tried to sell it in Toronto, his amateur status was imperilled, even though Komonen at the time was stony broke.

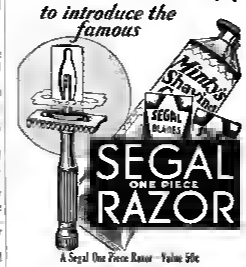
Dave also played soccer years ago, but he's given that up to save his shins. And he won a ski championship in Finland.

But he has never put on snowshoes. Press reports that pictured the Finn plowing over the snows of Sudbury with a set of webbed feet were not at all accurate. They were Dave's own feet that he put every foot and mile of the knot.

Do you know," Habanen declared, "that last winter there was a time when Dave didn't feel well. But he never gave up training. I've seen him run out in the cold air when he had a temperature of 101 and 102."

Last July at the Sudbury Lions' ten mile race on Dominion Day, Komonen won his first race in the nickel city. For nine miles of the race, the speedometer of a car that accompanied him registered ten miles an hour. On the last mile the car had to speed up to eleven miles an hour and Komonen maintained that pace like clockwork until he bit the tape.

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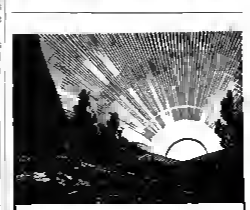
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Dress Rehearsal

Continued from page 7—Starts on page 5

And Barron boomed forth.

"Want to get used to good food, young man."

Pat bowed, said nothing; dignity hung about him like a garment of gloom. Yet later, while Louise was hunting out cards, Lee managed to whisper,

"Sugar plum." And Pat, grinning again, whispered back, "Love-ums! Give me a kiss," and they both laughed aloud.

"Secrets, secrets!" cried Louise, and shook her finger again. "I am going to play with you, Cyrus."

"Well, rather! Surest thing you know," said Pat.

Louise winced a little, but her determined cheerfulness held.

"Do you use the one-over-one convention?" she asked, and Pat, his entrancing smile still upon her, replied:

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Anything you like."

"Ah," smiled Louise, who took her bridge seriously, but Alethea's heart sank, and the end of the evening proved her misgivings well placed. Louise's smile was gone but Barron was jubilant.

"You deserve a nightcap for that, young man, and he."

As Lee followed Louise upstairs, she heard him telling Barron about a man from Edinburgh.

One of poor Theo's little devices was to have the midday Sunday dinner late enough so that there need be only a snack for supper that day; the meal was unusually late. But Dennis was in his most mellow mood. Poor Theo winced when he began to tell his stories again, while his guests grew weak from hunger but Pat played up splendidly and repeated his tale of the man from Edinburgh. They reached Amy's just in time for the early supper the John J. Holmeses had on account of the children.

But the children took to Pat at once.

"We're going to call you Uncle Pat," said Nanette, who was at that decorative age when two front teeth are missing.

Pat sent his adorable smile across the board.

"Surest thing you know," said he.

"The one Auntie Lee brought last time was Uncle Timmy and the one before that was Uncle Bill. We don't know what the next one will be named yet, do we, Barbie?"

"Darlings, darlings!" Amy protested, and her John grinned. But Lee, at sight of Pat's face, said hurriedly:

"There won't be any next one. The others weren't real uncles, Nanette. This one is."

"Well, maybe that's so," Barbara aged eight said judicially. "Because mommy said there had to be an end to 'em finally, and daddy said if you'd only get hold of a he-man for once—"

"You finish that bread and butter," said John J. Holmes sternly. His progeny subsided. Amy and Lee began to talk about clothes.

But the evening was spoiled. Pat might have been a mummy.

"I've had to put Barbara on a cot in your room, Lee," said Amy at last, though it was only ten, so I could give Mr. Ayres hers.

"I am sorry to discommode your daughter," said Pat in his very best manner.

Amy fluttered, said something—and John J. grinned again. But Lee bit her lip. Such a remark, such a word— discommode!" She stiffened, looked down her nose and Pat, at her side, speaking under his breath:

"I always admired it.

Their eyes met, sword against sword.

SHE DID not sleep that is, she did not sleep until into the smaller hours, and then was awakened at six by Barbara's saying "Sssshh! to the others. The three monopolized the talk at the breakfast table and the baby upset his tumbler and milk streamed over Pat. The day was rainy, the children had to stay indoors; on the whole, Lee was glad to escape upstairs to help Amy with the beds. And upon his—or Barbara's—Pat had left a wet bath towel. And Barbara, Amy explained, did take cold so easily.

When they got downstairs again, the children were playing train with the living-room chairs, and Pat was at the end of one at John J.'s cigars. It was not much of a surprise when he said at once, cheerfully:

"Well—all packed? Guess we'd better be getting along if we're to keep that date this afternoon."

That date? But, of course, if he felt that way—and Alethea herself was ready to escape. When they were on the highway once more, there they were together. She felt herself relax, presently slipped a hand through his arm.

"Poor lamb," she murmured. "Darling. Dear."

"Lamb it is," he agreed, and squeezed her hand with his elbow. "Shorn lamb at that."

"Ah—was it so awful?"

"We-ell, no! And it's over with."

The car passed another, skidded.

"Oh do look out—darling," she cried, and grasped his arm tighter.

"Anyway," she said presently, "you seemed to get on with Dennis pretty well."

"He's all right; tells a good story."

"But the same ones over and over, darling."

"Oh well, if a yarn's good it's good."

"Is that what you think of yours? About the Scotsman? Or have you another?"

He started, looked down at her, but her eyes were dancing.

"Surest thing you know," said he. "Got two others, he assured her and passed another car too close. "Now really, darling," he protested when she exclaimed.

"Well, I'm sorry," said she. "But you might be a little wee bit more careful. After all, it is raining, Pat."

"Now, look here, do you wish to—"

"No, I don't! I don't wish to drive today any more than I did the other day. I only wish you to drive properly. And you needn't get peeved about it. Be your age!"

They drove in silence for half an hour. Then at last he stole a look at her, her face was raised wistfully and his heart melted within him.

"Sugar plum yourself," said he. "Give me a kiss."

"I can kiss your shoulder anyway," said she—and did so. A while thereafter she remarked: "Well, my family hked you. I could tell."

"I did. I let Louise down a bit though," said he, looking pleased. "Still—a game's a game, and it made old Nicholson happy."

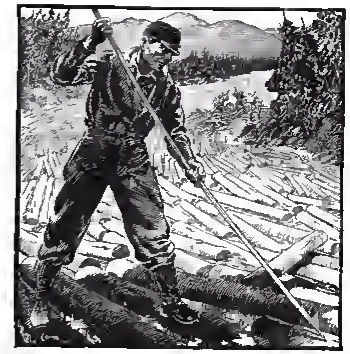
"Yes, Louise will never hear the last of it. But I think what she really minded more my dear," said Alethea with utter reasonableness, "was your not eating the crab. After the had got it especially, you know."

"Well, but look here! I can't eat fish. I said so. It makes me swell up, if you want to know—eyes—nose— all I had hay fever. Look fine, swelled up wouldn't I? Can't eat a thing that comes out of the sea."

She had a vision of him, swelled up—eyes, nose swelled up—And she, brought up on the West Coast.

"Darling," she told him firmly, that is all imagination. It couldn't be anything else."

"No—he persisted. "I tell you—it can't I simply cannot eat fish or crabs. Wasn't brought up on it. Didn't have crabs in Saskatchewan.



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How One Man Lost 19 lbs. Fat

Now Feels Absolutely Fit

A fat man is commonly supposed to be good-humoured easy-going But there is many a fat man who finds the going far from easy The following letter describes one typical instance—

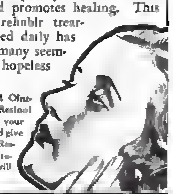
I began to put on weight this year, and developed stoutness in the stomach which was very ugly I took Kruschen Salts each morning for a month, and reduced my weight 13 lbs So I kept on and have now reduced 19 lbs, altogether. Apart from that, it has also relieved me of headaches, and I feel absolutely fit each morning ready for a hard day's work —H M

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"But I'm sure you could get accustomed to it. Honestly, Pat it always seems to me so—so—well I think one ought to eat everything. It's just a part of one's—"

Breeding Say it.

She felt her cheeks go warm

No, I won't say it! Louise was horrid with her innuendos. And it's not what I mean, either I mean it's a part of one's education to appreciate good food. I want you to I do, myself

He laughed down at her, formed his lips for a kiss—and again the car swerved a little

'Surest thing you know I've observed it,' said he. Gosh, the way you do get outside of crab!"

She laughed back at him Meaning that I'm a pig?"

'Mmmm—just a sweet little gourmand. But you can have all you want, from crab to whale. I'll eat anything

Except what comes out of the sea," he teased, and he returned with a decided nod

Except what comes out of the sea.

Still, she said presently, "you will try to learn to eat fish, won't you darling? Just to please me? You know, one of the things that Grace simply couldn't stand in Ludlow was that—"

Wait a minute!" said he,

HIS JAW was set his eyes narrowed

Why, Pat darling what's the matter?" she asked.

Evidently he was trying not to speak too soon His lips drew back, set in a straight line.

"Really, Pat, I don't know what you're showing temper about"

Sorry But I have had enough of being compared with various husbands. Husbands—ha! Especially the one that's paying alimony ' He remembered to add, "Darling"

She leaned back.

'Oh, said the ' Sot darling, do be reasonable. You know we promised to tell each other—"

Surest thing, you know, and I'm telling you now

She drew a deep breath.

"And while we are telling" the said in measured syllables, I may as well inform you, my dear, that you will simply have to stop those little habits of speech. That horrible expression—surest thing—you know It's—it's common. I could see Louise stiffen every time it came out I—

'Common, is it? A difference in breeding—ha! All right, all right! While we're keeping that promise I may as well inform you that I object to your darned superior manner"

Her lips parted, closed, parted again She gulped.

And is that all you object to?'

Not by a long shot, it's not! I object to being kept waiting You're always late, always. I object—gosh!—I object to backseat driving While's doing the driving, anyway?"

Is there anything else?"

Plenty, if you want to know And I won't eat fish. It makes me sick, I tell you. Even to see you eat the darned stuff makes me—'

'Really!

'Stuffing down something that swims or crawls—urrh! And I may as well let you know that I don't particularly enjoy being reminded of Uncle Timmy and Uncle This and Uncle That. And I don't particularly enjoy being one of the try-outs—tail end of the procession—till a he-man comes along And I don't particularly enjoy—

If you say particularly enjoy again—"

And I don't—particularly—enjoy " he said with emphasis, "being paraded any how I'm not a family man and I don't intend to be made a—

You are quite right! I'll say you're not a family man—leaving a wet bath towel in a bed!"

He blinked.

Bath towel? What bed? What's that got to do with—

And I've told you before that I simply will not stand for jealousy The idea—being jealous of men you've never seen, men I wasn't really in love with, men I—Oh, look out!

But the was too late The car had already swerved. There was a crash, a slither, a tilting

They scrambled out in the downpour, stared at the car in the ditch, at the splintered telegraph pole

What about backseat driving now? Or did you mean to go into that ditch?" asked Alethea sweetly She added, with emphasis "Darling?'

GUESS YOU twe had a lucky escape," said the man as they drove away and Alethea agreed

I am sure we did."

For she went back to town with a passerby who had promised to send out a wrecker. Pat, cold of voice and evasive of eye, had insisted

I will see that you get your suitcase," he had said with a little formal bow, by way of farewell and she, with her nose in the air, had agreed

Please do "

A lucky escape? She tried to believe it all the rest of the day—the lonely day, for Molly was out, of course when the got back She tried to believe it each time she almost raised the telephone receiver When her suitcase arrived by messenger, the was momentarily sure of it And the summons after ten o'clock proved to be Betty Clement asking her to lunch on the morrow She knew she was sure of it then.

Well, what'll you have?" Mrs. Clement asked cheerfully when they were seated She was wearing gardenias, looking as happy as ever Crab as usual, I suppose?

Lee caught her breath

No—I—a chop, I think Just a chop, thank you. '

'Chop it is, then—and some plain water cress. Mrs. Clement laid the menu aside, looked at Lee, looked closer ' What's the matter?

Lee managed an airiness

"Matter? Not a thing "

Mrs. Clement cocked her head on one side

"That's out eye-shadow That's real And you've got on too much rouge. You're up to something What'd you do over the holiday?'

Lee shrugged "Oh—family."

'Oh, well—that's enough to account for anything She sat back, lingered her flowers, then remarked dreamily There are times when I hate that man '

Lee's eyes opened wider—but, of course, Betty could not know

You aren't by any chance speaking of my boss are you? she laughed

I certainly are, none other And yesterday was one of the times. We had the family to dinner

'Oh'

I'll only had some family of my own that I could whang back at him. But I haven't

I see '

'You don't see. Nobody could.' Mrs. Clement's expression was savage Heredity, when I think of what I've suffered from Bill Clement's relatives, with their noses up in the air and the way he agrees with everything they say! Last night after they left I just let him have it. I didn't care! She broke off—grinned—glanced down toward the flowers Oh well—I know he's sweet, even while I'm being him. He always sends me gardenias after a fight, and I buy him a necktie she laughed

Alethea was looking thoughtful

And does Bill like the necktie?"

'Oh probably not I'll you could see the horrors he used to buy for himself! One has to manage a man That's marriage '

Yes?' Alethea's tone was dry "I've heard you say something like that before—men are men it's what you do to them. May one humbly ask just how much you think you've changed Bill Clement?

'Change? I said manage Change?' Bill Clement's wife looked dramatically over her left shoulder over her right and dramatically she leaned forward whispered Since he's not around, I don't mind telling you Not —our—bit.

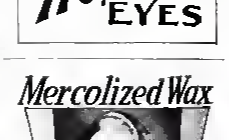
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Canadian Homes

IT WAS the first day since that encounter in the art gallery that he had not been waiting for her after her work. That hour or so before dinner had been so precious. To fill it in somehow then go back and dine alone A lump rose in her throat

Will she would walk home later a bit too She was not—not going to—no, she was not going to telephone after his silence of twenty four whole hours, not that! And—and tears she didn't come, either She turned toward a shop window in which she could see her eyes Those necklaces in there Pat would look sweet

'Oh don't be a fool Alethea Martin!' she told herself, and walked on And, when she opened her door at last he arose

'Oh' said Alethea

He looked like a little boy trying to bluff of his shame

'Hello Brought you—uh—brought you something?"

Me? Really? How very nice!"

Coolly advancing, she took the box. After an instant's hesitation—no, she wouldn't look at his eyes—she opened it. She gasped

'Gardenias!" She gasped again And I —I almost bought you—a necktie '

"Well, what's the joke?" he asked, for her laughter rang out

She shook her head

I—I don't think it is—a joke—at all." Her laughter ceased, her breath caught I —I—oh, Pat darling she cried and threw herself on him. "Darling, darling, I do love you so "

It may have been five minutes later, it may have been ten when he said

"That handkerchief's on good. Take mine" But as he buried her face in its coolness, he cried "Oh good gosh!

He stooped hail that thing on the rug was ash He stood up again, looked at her briefly, scraped at the scorched place with the side of his shoe. He did not see the bite her lip, did not see the melting look she gave him

Tobacco's good for rugs," he said frowning

That's not tobacco. That's a burn and you know it. And you don't help it any by rubbing it in," said she.

He looked at her then, but again she threw herself on him

Loveliness,' he murmured into her hair

But suddenly he put her from him, began to put his pockets, to look alarmed He produced a folded paper a little box he squared his shoulders blew out his breath.

Whew! Afraid I'd lost 'em. Might take a look at those."

She opened the box A narrow ring was in it. She unfolded the paper gasped She looked at him and he nodded

Surest thing, you know! And what's more, we're going to do it today Now. Right off "

But Pat—"

'Yep. I've had all I want of this dress rehearsal for matrimony Made a date with a parson for seven. Get on your hat."

Alethea's world was spinning

'Oh, but darling I couldn't! No, really! The family would never—"

Darn the family," said he ' I'm marrying you.

The Last Shall Be First

Continued from page 18—Starts on page 14

As Thompson took the wheel the helmsman said

'Can you see the compass in that light? It's a bit hazy Stare at it a while and it will come to you.

' I can see it "

"Well, the course is east by north '

Go lor'ard, men, said the captain to the crew. "You have nothing to fear now from Thomson or whatever his name may be. I'll see to that But keep your ears open. We're less than thirty miles to the west'ard of Vancouver Island "

The captain now appeared at the binnacle light. He looked in at the compass. The *Dolphin* was on her course He turned around and squinted low, as if to make sure that Thompson was at the wheel Then he called to the mate

"Has the last of the crew left the poop?

"So far as I can make out they have, sir '

The captain backed away from the binnacle light and disappeared

And now with his eyes on the compass and his ears tuned in on the night Thompson steered the *Dolphin*. He asked himself with a tinge of bitterness why he had gone back to the sea to come under its freakish domination again? And the answer came It was home the only home he knew And thus Pacific that he sailed on now was the ocean he loved more than any other

Suddenly he grabbed thirty spokes of the wheel firmly a second. To, he'd heard him hear the sound of a foghorn It came to his ear as clearly as a bugle call There was no time to report what he heard, for a ship on the starboard tack was bearing down on the *Dolphin*. Thompson jumped off the steering platform and hand over hand pulled the wheel down. The schooner spun on her heel The wind caught the sails aback. The captain hurled his voice at the helmsman

"Thompson! What the devil are you doing now?"

Then there came a crash ship against ship Now the night was loaded with the tearing of timbers and the cries of seamen voices. The unbellied sails of the *Dolphin* shivered her fore and aft As the two vessels came together broadside, the *Dolphin* was raked from aft the foremast to the stern Only Thompson's quick action, without waiting for orders, saved her from being cut in two.

THE CAPTAIN of the *Dolphin* called 'What ship is that?

And the answer came

"The *Falls of Afton*—British register, homeward bound with a cargo of wheat for Liverpool

This is the schooner *Dolphin*, hailing from San Francisco, homeward bound from the South Seas, in ballast for Puget Sound

Then the voices of both captains were lost in the night Thompson put the wheel up and filled away on the schooner The mate sounded the pumps and shouted

She's making water, captain She's coupled below the water line

Is the leaking badly?

Aye.

'Everything is firewood sir The life boat that was lashed to the rail was stove in

What! The lifeboat stove in?'

Aye—so the crew reports

'Any of the crew hurt?'

"No. All's well that way, sir What do you want done captain?

'Done? There's only one thing to do—keep her afloat as long as we can. The small boat in the stern davits won't carry all hands. Pump! Pump!

The mate now called to the crew

'Come on, men Feel your way to the pumps and keep them going Do you hear?"

Aye, we hear you. We're now a lot of rats left to drown Where's Thompson? He's the cause of this. Who told him to luff? If they'd been kept off, this wouldn't have happened

'Never mind, men, said the mate. "If we go down, he'll go with us, and I'll we ever get ashore we'll see that he gets what's coming. There's no escape for him, either way Pump, men! Pump!

As soon as the captain heard the pumps going he spoke to Thompson at the wheel



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GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

"So, you tried to sink the *Dolphin*, after all?" Well, if there's any drowning here tonight, you'll be the first to strangle. And if we reach land, the law will take care of you there. Now then, steer due east."

"Due east it is, sir," Thompson answered calmly enough, but there was a tightening in his throat. The captain and crew of the *Dolphin* had a damnable case against him. Their lies would be recorded as reliable evidence against a man who had been stripped of all honor before his fellow men. A man who could leave his crew to drown was capable of almost any offense.

Later the mate came up on the poop.

"Six feet of water in the hold, captain."

"Is it gaining?"

"Aye. Fast, sir. What does the log show now, captain?"

"Ten miles to the land."

"What! Ten miles? She'll never make it. She's reeling now. She's drunk with the wash of the ocean inside her."

"The southwest swell is rising," said the captain. "It's helping her in toward the rocks, and besides, there's more wind now. Keep the pumps going and trust to the Almighty. I can't leave this fellow Thompson. He might escape in the small boat. If the worst comes, the small boat is something, but he'll never set foot in it. If he should escape the land he'll not the sea."

"Say!" shouted the mate excitedly. "I believe the log is lifting. Look! You can see the mizzen mast."

"Aye, that it is, and no mistake about it. A man can see now to think. Keep the pumps going. The weather is heartening. We may see daylight yet."

Now a stiff wind came blowing out of the southwest. The log lifted, but the horizon was still hazy. On the sea, the white caps were showing.

The mate ran up to the poop again.

"She's sinking under us," he cried. "She can't keep afloat much longer."

"Keep the pumps going," urged the captain. "Her bow is still lifting. And see there is the grey of the morning coming. Keep the pumps going to the last. We'll beach her. It's only a stone's throw to the land."

It will be death on the rocks, anyway, cried the mate. "Look at the waves coming there. No man could live where they will break. She might as well disappear out here, so far as we're concerned."

And now a clear call came from Thompson at the wheel.

"Breakers ahead!"

"Keep steering east," shouted the captain.

The mate ran back to the break of the poop and called:

"Never mind the pumps, men. Stand by for the worst!"

The *Dolphin* was nearing the breakers. She was so low in the water that the waves were dashing over her. The crew stripped, ready for anything. They could see the land ahead, the solid land where the evergreens made a cold blot of blue against the horizon.

"Thank heaven for the bit of daylight," said the captain. "Look! There's gulls flying overhead."

"Aye. They know what's going to happen," said the mate.

"Don't talk that way," cried the captain. "Where there's life, there's hope."

On wallowed the *Dolphin* with Thompson at the wheel. She was in the breakers now, and almost impossible to steer. Thompson, cold and wet, spun the wheel. The eyes that looked out from his dark, bearded face took in everything—the land, the rocks, the belted gulls, the sinking schooner. And to his ears came the cry of the gulls and the roar of the surf and the wail from the crew.

"Keep her going a little longer."

Then she struck a sunken reef. A roar came out of the bowels of her. Her bow pitched high out of the water, her stern settled down in the breakers to wait for the buffering of the white-capped waves.

AND NOW all hands were on the forecastle head. For the moment, that was the only safe place on the schooner. The despairing eyes of the crew were on the land that lay about 200 yards away. To them it might as well have been 200 miles, for it roamed a certainty that no man could make the land in that undertow of roaring surf. Now was there the sight of a soul on the land to cheer them. Combers with the roar of waterfalls broke on the beach and galloped to the high water mark, where the tall trees painted the southwest gale.

The captain's voice made itself heard.

"Men," he cried, "if we could get a line ashore we might have a chance to save all lives."

The crew turned on him. Discipline was no more. He was no better than the rest of them now.

"Take it ashore yourself, then, captain. We'd rather die here. It's hard enough to drown, but it's worse to have a man's bones broken into the bargain."

"She's breaking up under us."

"Aye."

"Men," said the captain in desperation, "we won't be here much longer. But what ever happens, I'm the last man to leave her. That's the law of the sea."

Thompson, too, was on the forecastle head now. He cast a scornful look at the captain of the *Dolphin*. Yes, he would expect other men to do what he was afraid to do himself. Last man didn't count when it was a matter of saving life. But someone would have to take the chance of getting a lifeline ashore now.

Why not himself? He looked around at the crew and bitterness welled up in him. Save these snarling mangrels? They weren't worth it. Besides, they'd turn on him and jail him if they could. Why not jump overboard and try to save himself, and let every other man do likewise? That was the law of the sea too. Why hadn't it stood by him? Law of the sea nothing. There was a higher law than that. If only the souls of the dead crew of the *Sea Witch* were afloat now they'd testify that he, their captain would have laid down his life for every man of them. They were real men and they had trusted him. And he was accused of letting them drown! A yellow-livered coward! Well, he'd prove that he wasn't regardless. And he stripped himself of everything but his trousers.

"I'll try for the beach, men," he said. "If I make it, well and good. If I don't, it's all right anyway. But if I can get a line ashore I'll haul all of you through the breakers to safety."

"Don't put any stock in him," shouted The Crab. "He's not to be trusted. He wants to save himself and leave us behind."

"He's the cause of this."

"Let him go. He'll never make it."

Thompson paid no attention to their snarlings. He ran to the bo'sun's locker under the forecastle head. There he got him a coil of half-inch rope and carried it up to the forecastle head and laid it down. The crew were staring now as if unable to take in what he was doing. As they watched him tie the end of the rope around his bare waist, a grudging look of hope crept into their faces.

Thompson now called to the captain. His voice was as ringing as the crest of the combers.

"You were speaking about the law," he said. "You have only four cork jackets for fourteen men, and you are wearing one of them yourself. Now then, men," he said to the crew, "pay out the line. Pay it out lively. If I reach the beach, bend me more line. Keep bending on till I get you all ashore. If I wanted to escape I wouldn't be bothering with this line at all. You can see that for yourselves. So pay it out, if you want me to haul you ashore."

The eyes of the crew were alive now with hope. Someone shouted:

"Give him a cork jacket!"

But Thompson had jumped overboard and already was fighting the teeth of the curling combers. The crew paid out the line.

"Do you see him, men?"

"Aye."

"No, he's disappeared. That last comber must have crushed him."

"There he bobs again. He's still afloat. Pay out the line!"

The captain was now shouting:

"Give him more slack, men. He may make it. Then we'll see what he'll do."

"You keep you mouth shut," cried a sailor. "You're nothing new but one of us."

"He's ashore, men! He's flat on his belly in the sand. Maybe he's dead. No, he's raising himself. He's on his knees. He's trying to crawl!"

And now the cook of the *Dolphin*, a quiet little man, raised his voice.

"Cheer, men! He's on his feet and waving to us to come on!"

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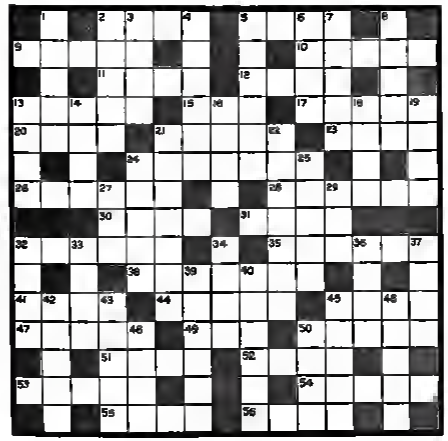
Across

2. The elusive collar button
5. Better than nothing when the ship goes down
9. Set at rooms—or attendants.
10. Illumination
11. Dash, with a Gallic quality.
12. Kingdom west of Assam.
13. Conspicuous part of a flower
15. A scrambled sailor becomes a medium of expression
17. Pulled, sometimes to obtain preferment.
20. Emblem of Wales.
21. Level tract of country.
23. Dull, stupid fellow.
24. Pertaining to medicine.
26. The Angel of Death.
28. A river of the North; a great admiral.
30. "No—— on the air, no —— in the sea." The ship was as still as she could be."
31. Weathercock.
32. Circle parallel to the Equator, about 23 degrees N. or S.
35. Standards of perfection.
38. Hinds gestures of courtesy.
41. "It's the first —— that's the hardest." —Proverb
44. A colored gentleman.
45. A hill. Took a tumble.
47. You ride on air, most often, when you ride on these.
49. With all expenses deducted.
50. Apportion.
51. A flake of soot.
52. A member of the royal race of old Peru.
53. Flat dish.
54. A biting form of speech.
55. Canada's largest wild bird.
56. "There is a —— in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Down

1. East Indian coin.
2. A good thick cut of meat.
3. Say.
4. Man's name. (Scotsman, probably.)
5. Countryman.
6. A blemish.
7. Shy, lacking in courage.
8. There is always enough of this to go round—and that's the way it's made.
13. A scrambled jump, urged on behalf of the defendant.
14. May be in your clothes or in your eye.
16. Little drops of water.
18. An Antarctic sea, named for an explorer.
19. Nuts in reverse.
21. A bird that has a distensible pouch under its beak.
22. A British Columbia colliery town.
24. Halfbreeds.
25. A banker does this, but only on very good security.
27. The snake that bit Cleopatra.
29. The sheltered side.
32. A trial.
33. Above.
34. May be found on either side of a leaf.
36. Cain's brother.
37. Sodium chloride.
39. Plain, meagre fare is sometimes thus described.
40. Not every painter is an ——.
42. A mark of rank.
43. Grasshoppers, cutworms, etc.
45. Bright light of trench warfare.
46. Laughing birds of the North.
48. A seabird. (Scrambled, kittenish sounds.)
50. This eats into metal.

Solution of this puzzle on page 64





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Frankfurters

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

of The Chatelaine Institute Staff

BECAUSE we have talked about desserts and salads and vegetable dishes it's only fair to give meat a showing. So we choose frankfurters or wieners or "hot dogs" or whatever you prefer to call them. These spicy little fingers of meat are popular members of the great sausage family—the most popular members if you accept the opinion of the younger generation. And if all the refreshment booths in the land can please the eating public with nothing more or less than a frankfurter wrapped up in a long white roll, why shouldn't the meal planning homemaker take the hint and benefit by the advantages which this flavorful meat offers? Summertime advantages, they are too. For instance, you can order a branded product of known quality by telephone and save a trip to the butcher's on a hot day. When the meat is delivered there is no preparation necessary. The cooking can be done quickly and very conveniently, the dish can be served easily and attractively, and when the meal is over there is no waste.

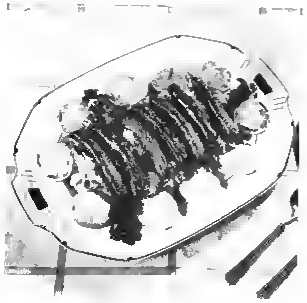
Fine quality frankfurters are about three quarters lean beef and one quarter lean pork shoulder, very finely ground, seasoned and spiced according to individual formulae, stuffed into edible casings and smoked. They come under the heading of fresh sausage, so should be kept under refrigeration until served. Almost any method of heating may be used for this food. If you happen to have the oven on you can bake them—you can brown them in a pan on top of the stove—you can steam them or boil them, and if the top of the stove is filled with other things you can put them under the broiler. In any case when they are hot, if they are good frankfurters, they will break with a snap when they are bent and will show plenty of juice.

Frankfurters are what you might call a 24 hour food, which means that no matter where you go or when you are apt to find that these little sausages have arrived there first and are waiting complacently to hear the welcome which invariably greets their presence on the refreshment table.

For breakfast many people like them browned in hot fat with or without eggs in some form and it's fairly safe to say that it will usually be "with" after the first appearance of a steaming omelet which has thin browned slices of spicy frankfurter tucked between its folds. At lunch, there are several smart and tasty ways of combining frankfurters with other foods and producing a dish with as much flavor as an Oriental stew and as much nourishment as a whole course. Here's an example.

Cut frankfurters—from one-quarter to half a pound—in

Continued on page 60





Strawberries

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director, The Chatelaine Institute

WHEN JUNE comes along, the first thought in a food thinking mind is strawberries—luscious, home-grown strawberries! There's nothing new to say on the subject, but it's always pleasant to talk about things we like.

Any fruit with color, form and flavor as perfect as the strawberry is bound to be called on to share its perfection with some of the less favored foods, and with true democratic spirit this rosy berry shows up very well in mixed company.

But most of us, if asked to state our preference, will vote for strawberries *au naturel*—big, fragrant, sun-ripened berries just as they are, with perhaps a bit of sugar if we have a sweet tooth or a sprinkling of lemon juice if we haven't. Some will speak for strawberries with plain cream, others say that thick, clotted Devonshire cream is the ideal accompaniment. In case you would like to prove this fast statement, the directions for making Devonshire cream are at the end of this article.

Another large group of strawberry fans say the only way to serve them is to spill them all over a shortcake and they specify that it must be an old-fashioned biscuit shortcake—in case someone is tempted to stir up a cake batter. Then there are fresh strawberry tarts—a phrase to gladden the pastry lover's ear and to delight anybody's palate when made by pouring melted currant jelly over whole ripe berries in flaky tart shells. Ripe strawberries in or on ice cream is a combination that is hard to beat. Ask the youngsters! Frozen strawberries in the centre of a sponge cake or angel cake which has been baked in a ring tin, look as luscious as they taste when the cake comes to the table flanked by a bowl of fluffy whipped cream. The recipe is at the end so you will see how easily the frozen berries may be

Continued on page 61

Asparagus

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

WHEN it comes to delicacy of flavor among the vegetables, tender, young asparagus ranks with the highest. But like so many of the fresh things, its reign is all too short. True, the canned product is excellent and a wonderful help to menu planners all the year round, but it doesn't provide quite the same gastronomic enjoyment that comes with the season of fresh asparagus.

To be at its best, asparagus should be cooked and served as soon as possible after being cut, since it rapidly loses its peculiar delicacy of flavor and becomes acrid. Limp, drooping shoots with the cut end showing brownish color are sure to be stale. Fresh cut, crisp, straight stalks with compact tips and no woody or withered appearance are the ones to choose, and they can be kept comparatively fresh for a day or two by placing the stalks upright in a little fresh cold water and storing in a cool place.

Preparation for cooking includes cutting off the tough ends so that the stalks are all the same length, washing carefully in cold water and tying into small, loose bunches with the ends all in one direction. For the most successful results and the greatest convenience in cooking, the asparagus cooker is the thing to use. This is an ingenious little device with a perforated holder in which the stalks stand upright. This holder is lowered into a larger container, boiling water is added to a depth of about two inches, and the cover adjusted. In fifteen or twenty minutes the stalks are cooked by the vigorously boiling water, and the tips are tender, green and intact in the gentler heat of the steam. So you lift the holder, the water drains away, and with a minimum of handling the asparagus is ready to serve. Or almost ready. There's the accompaniment to consider.

Do you like it best with just butter and seasoning? If you do, melt the butter and pour it over the hot asparagus. In this way each stalk gets its share. Melted butter with a bit of lemon juice or *beurre fondu* if you prefer a French name, brings out all the delicacy of flavor in the asparagus.

To prepare it, place the butter in a clean pan over low heat until melted but not oily. Then add the lemon juice gradually—one or two teaspoonfuls to four tablespoonfuls of butter—and season with salt and white pepper. Serve this in a heated sauce dish and let each one help himself. Drawn butter sauce is a favorite to serve with asparagus and so is Hollandaise, so we are giving you recipes and directions for each of these at the end of the article. And if you like to try new things and serve something just a bit different, there's an orange sauce which is delicious with this vegetable.

Occasionally, chilled asparagus works into the menu

Continued on page 60



HOW TO BE HAPPY - THOUGH HUNGRY

BY JOSEPHINE GIBSON



Anyone in your household will be glad to get hungry for the sheer pleasure of eating the delicious foods you can furnish from the Heinz Shelf. Here are savoury, colourful, enticing foods which run the whole scale of taste preference.

The magical Heinz Shelf includes Heinz own Mayonnaise, Heinz Salad Cream and enticing aromatic sauces that make salads sing. You will never be at a loss for delectable sandwich fillings — Peanut Butter—Olives, plain or stuffed—Pickles, sweet or sour—Heinz Relishes—and Sandwich Spread.

To entice the appetite every single day there are Heinz Chili Sauce and Heinz Tomato Ketchup made from pedigreed vine-ripened tomatoes that are picked, cooked and bottled between sunup and sundown the same day. There are Heinz oven baked Beans, cooked Spaghetti and ready to serve Soups to give body to a summer meal. And everything Heinz makes is so good, so dependable! Each Heinz product gives you Nature's own lush, true, garden-fresh flavour.

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Buy Rice Krispies. Always oven-fresh because they are sealed in WAXTITE bag placed inside the red and green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



Listen!—
get hungry

Asparagus

Continued from page 58

nicely. If you choose to serve it this way, cook it in the same way as described above, and let it stand on ice until thoroughly chilled. Then serve it with a sauce to suit your taste. One accompaniment which is particularly good with chilled asparagus is mayonnaise to which has been added chopped, hard cooked egg, chopped pimento and a bit of chopped green pickle relish. Another excellent accompaniment is Vinaigrette dressing, which is a French dressing base with very finely chopped mild onion, minced parsley, finely chopped gherkin and olive or capers added to it. This should be thoroughly chilled before serving.

In combination with other foods asparagus is responsible for the popularity of many other dishes. Soup, entree, salad, sandwiches—in almost every course it has a place. Some interesting recipes for its use are given here.

Drawn Butter Sauce

5 Tablespoonfuls of butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
1½ Cupfuls of boiling water
1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
½ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper

Melt three tablespoonfuls of the butter, add the flour and stir until smooth and well blended. Gradually add the boiling water, stirring constantly, and cook until thickened. Add the remainder of the butter a little at a time, then add the lemon juice and seasonings.

Hollandaise Sauce

3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Egg yolks
¼ Tablespoonful of salt
Dash of cayenne
½ Cupful of boiling water
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice

Cream the butter and the beaten egg yolks and mix thoroughly. Add the seasonings and gradually add the boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook over very gently boiling water, beating constantly until the mixture thickens. Remove from the heat as soon as it is thick or it will curdle, add the lemon juice and serve at once.

Orange Sauce

2 Egg yolks
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
¼ Teaspoonful each of salt and paprika
1 Teaspoonful of sugar
5 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice
Grated rind of one orange
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice

Beat the egg yolks, add the butter, salt, paprika and sugar, and cook over gently boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the orange juice and rind and the lemon juice, mix well and serve over hot asparagus.

Asparagus With Soup Sauce

Cook asparagus as directed, drain and arrange on a heat-proof platter or baking dish. Season and pour over it the contents of a can of asparagus or mushroom soup. Sprinkle with grated cheese and a little paprika and place under the broiler until the cheese melts and the sauce is bubbling hot.

Fried Asparagus Sticks

Cook fairly large stalks of asparagus as directed, drain and allow to cool. Dip each stalk in a fairly thick white sauce and roll in grated cheese. Set aside until the sauce sets, then dip in beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in deep hot fat—375 to 400 degrees Fahr.—until nicely browned.

Asparagus and Egg Supper Dish

Cook asparagus as directed, drain and arrange individual servings on slices of hot buttered toast. Season and pour over the asparagus hot cheese sauce. On top of the asparagus place a poached egg, garnish with parsley and a dash of paprika and serve at once.

Frankfurters

Continued from page 58

small pieces and brown in hot fat. Remove the meat and add one chopped onion to the fat. When lightly browned, add about four cupfuls of cooked spaghetti and enough tomato sauce to moisten. When this is steaming hot, add the cooked frankfurters, which have been kept hot and serve at once. This is a grand combination and there are many others which have macaroni, spaghetti noodles and similar foods as a basis. At the end of the article you will find a recipe for a frankfurter salad which makes a splendid lunch for a busy summer day.

The old favorite which appears in the illustration is frankfurters and sauerkraut, good all year round for luncheon or dinner. For late suppers, frankfurters which have been steamed, skinned, chilled and cut in 1½ to two inch pieces are a decorative as well as an appetizing addition to the *hors d'oeuvre* platter. The toothpick stabbed into each one serves as a fork and makes service simple. Another good "midnight" way to prepare them is to wrap each one carefully in an oblong piece of rolled pastry and bake in a hot oven until golden brown; then serve hot with a cabbage relish or Cole slaw, or, if your guests like to use their fingers, give them a "shrouded dog" in one hand and a dill pickle in the other.

For other occasions—the in between snacks, the picnics, the motor trips—we leave it to you to decide how they shall be served.

Frankfurter Salad

6 Large frankfurters
4 or 5 Medium-sized cooked potatoes
1 Small, mild onion
1 Small fresh cucumber
1 Sour cucumber pickle
Boiled salad dressing

Steam the frankfurters, cool, skin and cut into fairly thin slices. Slice the cold potatoes, dice the onion, the cucumber and the pickle, and toss all the ingredients lightly together. Add boiled dressing to moisten and serve on crisp lettuce with additional boiled dressing or mayonnaise. Five to six servings.

Quick Lunch

6 Frankfurters
1 Can of tomatoes, No. 2½
1 Medium onion
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the frankfurters into one-inch pieces and add to the tomatoes in a saucepan. Add the sliced onion and simmer all together for twenty minutes. Serve plain or on buttered toast. Six servings.

SOMETHING NEW FOR BREAKFAST

BOVRIL OMELETTE

Add at the rate of one teaspoonful of Bovril to each 2 eggs beating them together before cooking.

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YOU Supply the Meal and Purity FREE RUNNING TABLE SALT will supply the Flavor
MADE IN CANADA

Strawberries

Continued from page 58

prepared. Strawberry sauce on a plain blanc mange, a chilled rice mold or other bland puddings, turns them into party dishes and just try it over fresh angel cake! Fruit cups to begin or end the meal have a special air during the strawberry season.

And then comes canning. When berries sell at two or three boxes for a quarter, there are few of us who can resist the temptation to do down a few. Some like plain canned berries, some like strawberry jam, others like to mix the berries with pineapple—which, by the way makes a superb combination—and on for wild strawberry jam, there just isn't anything better.

Frozen Strawberries

1 Quart of strawberries
Juice of two lemons
2 Cupfuls of granulated sugar
4 Cupfuls of water

Crush the berries and add the lemon juice. Boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes, allow to cool, and to the berries and freeze using eight parts of ice to one part of salt.

Devonshire Cream

Pour fresh, whole milk into a large pan and allow to stand until the cream has risen to the top. Scald the milk slowly without disturbing the cream, remove from the heat and allow to chill. The cream may then be removed in a thick, clotted condition. The delicious nutty flavor is very popular with strawberries.

Spring Fruit Dessert

Rounds of sponge cake, about ½ inch thick
Pineapple slices, canned or fresh cooked
Sliced sugared strawberries
Meringue—two egg whites, four tablespoonfuls of sugar
Cocoanut
Whole ripe strawberries

Place a slice of pineapple on each ring of sponge cake and on the pineapple arrange sliced sugared strawberries. Top each one with meringue and sprinkle with cocoanut. Brown very lightly in a slow oven and serve with a garnish of fresh, whole strawberries which have been washed, hulled and allowed to stand in a syrup—equal parts of sugar and water boiled together—and then drained.

Two Fruit Cup

2 Boxes of strawberries
1 Box of raspberries
Powdered sugar
Chopped blanched almonds

Wash and hull the strawberries and chill. Press the raspberries through a sieve and cover the puree with powdered sugar. Chill. To serve, pile the strawberries in chilled glasses, cover with the raspberry mixture and sprinkle with the chopped almonds.

Cod Liver Oil

Maclean's Health Service — Conducted by the Canadian Medical Association

THE EARLIEST recorded use of cod-liver oil for medical purposes dates back to the time of Doctor Samuel Kay, who from 1752 to 1764 was a physician on the staff of the Manchester Infirmary. It is, however, known that for many years prior to this the livers of cod and related species were used in various ways by the fishermen of the Norwegian and Scottish coasts for the treatment of numerous illnesses. It is also true that, well over a century ago, fishermen on the Atlantic seaboard were aware of its curative effect in certain cases of night blindness, and for this purpose they ate chunks of the raw liver or smeared their eyes with the crude product obtained by the old rotting process.

It was common knowledge that this "enyne eyle" was most efficacious in certain respiratory disorders and conditions of malnutrition, especially in the young. Empiricism held full sway and the simple minds of the fisherfolk must have thrilled and marvelled at having wrested from nature a cure so valuable and withal so easily procured. But nobody knew what this material contained or how it worked and years passed before the qualitative aspect of food was to receive consideration from scientific research.

This took place about the beginning of the twentieth century and soon led to the remarkable discovery that an unknown substance existed in certain food materials which, even in minute quantities is an essential for adequate nutrition. These substances were early given the name of "accessory food factors," and later on the descriptive word "vitamin" was applied to them.

We now know that cod-liver oil among other naturally occurring fats, contains at least two such factors, which have been designated vitamins A and D. Other materials rich in these two vitamins are milk, butter, cream and eggs, while vitamin A is variably contained in carrots, lettuce, spinach and cabbage to mention but a few of the vegetables. Cod-liver oil, however, contains both vitamins in an appreciable amount and thus offers itself as a readily available source of supply and especially so in the case of the infant and young child.

The child who is not securing an abundant supply of vitamin A will not grow and develop properly, and as young and old there will be lacking adequate resistance of the body to infection. In the Far East and other countries a nutritional disorder which finds its expression in a severe eye-condition leading to blindness is recognized as being due to a deficiency of vitamin A. During the Great War numerous instances of this disease were noted in Denmark. In that country an increase in the number of cases followed when the children were deprived of milk and dairy products which were exported to satisfy the needs of the belligerent powers.

Vitamin D is concerned chiefly in bone formation and assists in the deposit of lime for that purpose. Rickets, a disease the gross deformities of which are happily fast disappearing and the soft patches of carious teeth of some children owe their origin to a lack of this element.

The normal adult secures a sufficiency of all vitamins when he eats a balanced diet which means the use of milk and milk products, green, leafy vegetables and fresh fruits daily with, in addition, cereals, meat and potatoes. During the years of growth, particularly in childhood, it is advisable to make sure of an abundance of vitamins by adding cod-liver oil and orange juice to the child's diet.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.



SOME tea leaves are tender—some coarse and rank. Tender Leaf Tea is made up of the tender leaves alone. It is *richer* in theol.

Theol is the oil that gives tea its fragrance and flavor. It is found in all tea, but in varying amounts. When tea is flat and tasteless, you know that the leaves are poor in theol.

Tender Leaf Tea contains *more* theol than any but the most costly blends. The leaves are picked when they are not only tender, but at the peak of their flavor and potency—during the favorable dry season.

Your grocer has Tender Leaf Tea in two convenient sizes. Try it!

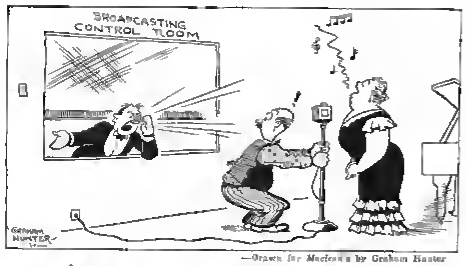
BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

Wit and Wisdom



—Drawn for Maclean's by Lacier

"Miss Pricely—I want you to meet Mr Duckworth!"



—Drawn for Maclean's by Graham Hunter

Psssst! She ain't clear yet, Joe!—Try rassin' it a chin or two!"



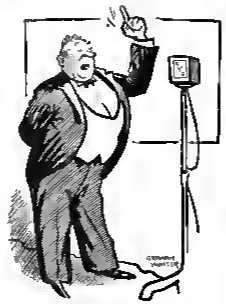
—Drawn for Maclean's by Fred Neher

"*Steel* shafts! How do you manage when you get good and mad?"

Slightly Handicapped

The gotdan sun is setting in the west
(This kitchen's cold—I guess the stove needs wood!)
In gaimy veils the evening sky is dressed
(I'll light the other lamp—this one's no good!)
The filmy shrouds of purple and of pink
(Now say, did I forget to feed the kegs?)
Are really very beautiful, I think!
It surely must put out these tooey dogs!)
The quiet earth is sinking into sleep
(I'll fix that yeast in case I should forgett)
While I a tryst with solture fain would keep,
The sun is setting—
Darn it, let it sett

—Isa Grindlay Jackson.



—Drawn for Maclean's by Graham Hunter.

"All in favor say 'Aye'!"

In Fewer Words

She Needs the Bread—It is reported that one of the lastidious newly married ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on. —Wisconsin weekly paper.

Terrible Prospect—Description of the next war by a veteran:

"Terrible it will be, so skip me. Safest place will be in the army and the infantry will spend all their time knitting sweaters for the civilian victims."—Niagara Falls *Review*.

Courage and Capital—Courage and capital are needed most to ensure complete revival of business. The discouraging phase of the outlook is that those with the capital are too timid and those with the courage have no capital.—New Orleans *States*.

Can and Ought—Most of us talk eternally of what we think ought to be done. A few practical men devote themselves to what actually can be done.—Rosetown (Sask.) *Eagle*.

Scaring Them Off—A jazz band plays every day at a London railway station. The idea is to encourage passengers not to loiter about and miss their trains.—St John's (Nfld.) *Telegram*.

Superiority Complex—It's nice to be college-bred, but enough dough will give you the same kind of crust.—Kitchener *Record*.

Can't Have Everything—The girl with beauty, charm, brains and character seems to have everything except good judgment in picking a husband.—Petrolia *Advertiser-Topic*.

Fable—Once a man quit smoking to save money, and at the end of the month he had the money saved.—Wetaskiwin *Free Press*.

Coming and Going—It requires great philosophy to take things as they come. It requires more to part with things as they go.—Calgary *Herald*.

Always Some Drawback—The new cars eliminate wind resistance but you still feel the jar of pedestrian resistance.—Montreal *Gazette*.

Hundreds—Oh, yes, lots of people are still playing miniature golf, but they're doing it on the regulation courses. Victoria *Times*.

As You Were—

When I was young and in my prime
I thought it great to have a dime.
Now income tax has left me flat,
And once again I feel like that.

—Montreal *Star*.

Crazy—A girl can be crazy about some of the boys all of the time and all of the boys some of the time, but a boy can be crazy about all of the girls all the time.—Fernie *Free Press*.

Springtime—The only thing that worries many a young man these days is a fear that Hollywood will suddenly discover and absorb the world's most beautiful girl.—Sudbury *Star*.

The Feathered City—Ottawa claims possession of 246 species of birds, more than any other city in the world.—*Empire Review*.

Muscular Discourse—An advertisement for a lecturer says he "speaks straight from the shoulder." Too bad some of these talks can't originate a little higher up.—*Lindsay Post*.

Nothing In It—We learn that an English dramatist has written a play in fourteen consecutive hours. This shatters the theory that actors and actresses make up the plays as they go along.—*Punch*.

Around and A Round—Never go around with a married woman unless you can go two rounds with her husband.—Eddie Cantor.

Summer Exposure—The only trouble we can see about the coming of summer is that we are going to have to wear a coat all the time to hide the holes in our shirts, mutters a country editor.—Welland Port Colborne *Tribune*.

Striking—The latest in Paris hats are said to be on the lines of policewomen's helmets. The effect is said to be quite arresting.—North Sydney (N.S.) *Herald*.

Expansive Expense—Women spend any amount of money to keep slim, asserts a writer. They spare no expense to spare expense.—The *Passing Show*.

Could Be Worse—Though the drunk in the gutter is a pitiful sight, he isn't as dangerous as the one behind a steering wheel.—New Westminster *British Columbian*.



HE KNOWS that in business it's an invariable fact: "You get just what you pay for—no more and no less." And now as he drives his car along, his *Better Judgment* reminds him. "The same holds true of gasoline. You can't get Ethyl quality at regular price."

Whether you paid $500 or $5000 for your car, isn't it sound economy to make the most of that investment, every minute and every mile that you drive? Particularly, when Ethyl costs only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline. Less, on the average, than $1 a month! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City

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AS OTHERS SEE IT



Golfer (peevishly) "I'll report you to the caddie master as soon as we get back."
Caddie "Huh! I needn't start worryin' for ages yet!"
—*London Opinion.*



"So stupid, my dear, I used my lighter instead of my lipstick!"
—*Passing Show*



—Drawn for Maclean's by Buford Tune.

"See, I had it cut just like Daddy's!"

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

The Tiresome Part—Old Lady "Don't you ever feel weary going up and down in the elevator all day?"
Elevator Operator "Yes'm."
"Is it the motion of going down?"
"No m.
"The motion of going up?"
"No'm."
"The stopping?"
"No m."
"What is it then?"
"The questions!"—Winnipeg *Tribune.*

—

Skimpy—"All I got at her home was a cup of shamrock tea," remarked a young fellow.
"What on earth's shamrock tea?" asked his companion.
"You know the kind—made with three leaves."—Welland Port Colborne *Tribune.*

—

Salesmanship—Voice Over Phone "Are you the blankety blank blank salesmanager who sent that salesman to my office to sell me your blankety—"
Sales Manager "Yes, yes, but my dear man why—?"
Voice "Well, I gave orders to all of my office force to admit no one to my private office and your man was so persistent that they were forced to get a gun—"
Sales Manager "My goodness, man, they didn't shoot him, did they?"
Voice "No but my bookkeeper wants his gun back."—Niagara Falls *Review.*

—

A Wasted Day—First Hunter "Killed anything?"
Second Hunter "Not a thing! Wish I'd gone motoring."—New Westminster *British Columbian*

—

Naughty Grannie—As a special Whitsun treat grannie was taken to the cinema by her dutiful nephew.
Several years had elapsed since her last visit and in the interval sound films had superseded the silent ones.
After the performance the old lady was asked how she liked the change.
"I think it was fine" she joyfully exclaimed "but I must say I enjoyed the unspeakable ones better."—Quebec *Chronicle Telegraph*

Disqualified—Angry Guide "Why didn't you shoot at the tiger?"
Timid Hunter "He didn't have the right kind of expression on his face for a rug."—Montreal *Standard*

—

Doubtful Strategy—Slowly with a menacing look in his eyes the bulldog approached the two street musicians.
The men looked at him out of the corners of their eyes and then slowly edged away.
"I say, Bill" said the man with the banjo suddenly. "Blow and on your cornet perhaps it'll frighten 'im away."
"Yes, that's all very well" said Bill with a doubtful grimace "But if it don't do the trick where'll I get the wind to run with?"—Montreal *Star*

—

A Popular Fellow—The new superintendent of a private lunatic asylum was strolling round the grounds a few weeks after his appointment when suddenly one of the inmates accosted him.
"Excuse me sir" he said, raising his hat, "but I have the great pleasure in informing you that I and all my unfortunate friends like you better than the last superintendent."
"Thank you" replied the new man pleasantly. "And may I ask why?"
"Well sir" answered the lunatic "you seem more like one of ourselves."—Vancouver *Province*

Solution of the Cross-word puzzle on Page 57

■	R	STUD	■	RAFT	■	W								
SUITE	■	O	U	■	LIGHT	■								
■	P	■	ELAN	■	SIAM	■	E							
PETAL	■	ART	■	WIRED	■									
LEEK	■	PLAIN	■	OOLT	■									
E	■	A	MEDICAL	■	S	■	U							
ASRAEL	■	N	■	NELSON	■									
■	■	STIR	■	VANE	■	■								
TROPIC	■	P	IDEALS	■										
E	V	■	SALAAMS	■	S	■	A							
STEP	■	NEGRO	■	FELL	■									
TIRES	■	NET	■	ALLOT	■									
T	■	SMUT	■	INCA	■	O								
PLATE	E	■	S	IRONY	■									
E	■	SWAN	■	TIDES	■									

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